

THE CRITIC.

VOL. XXV.—No. 627.

AUGUST, 1862.

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APPOINTMENTS OFFERED.

FULL particulars of the following Appointments Offered are entered on the *Gratuitous Educational Registry*. This Registry may be inspected, or further particulars will be supplied to applicants by letter, without payment of any fee. Address the GRATUITOUS EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY, Critic Office, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.
Notice.—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for the reply.

MASTER for a grammar-school in the dlo. of Barbadoes. Salary 250*l*. with residence. One educated at St. Mark's or Battersea College preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6054, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

MASTER in a small school in the south of Ireland, competent to teach drawing in various styles, and good English. To one able to instruct also in middle classics, mathematics, and music (piano-forte), a liberal salary will be given. Must be a Protestant. Applicants to name salary, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6053, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

PRIVATE TUTOR, to educate a youth 9 years of age; must be an unmarried clergyman of the Church of England and with no extreme views, also a graduate of Oxford with honours; an Etonian preferred. Salary 100*l*. a furnished residence, and perhaps permission to perform the service in a neighbouring church, for which 60*l*. extra would be given. Locality York-shire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6060, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTERSHIP.
Candidates must be graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, and of some experience in tuition. Locality Italian. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6062, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

TUTOR. A clergyman requires the services of a gentlemanly young man, not under 23, to teach the middle and lower classics, algebra, arithmetic, writing, &c., and to assist in the French department. Salary 32*l*. board and lodging. Locality Kent. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6064, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT MASTER (second) in a grammar school near London. Must be a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. He will have to teach school mathematics and classics. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6065, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT MASTER in a large boarding school, to take the musical department entirely, and assist the Junior French classes. A thorough knowledge of music and singing, with good execution on the piano, are indispensable. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6063, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT in a large boarding school, a few miles from London, competent to aid in the mathematical department with the usual branches of English. Must have tact in teaching, and be a good mathematician. Salary with residence from 50*l*. to 60*l*. Applicants to state age, qualifications, and length of experience. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6070, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT MASTER in a Warwickshire grammar school. Must be qualified to teach German and writing thoroughly, and to take part in the ordinary routine of the school. He will also be expected to take care, at stated times, of the head master's boarders. Salary 100*l*. with board and lodging. Address inclosing two stamps, Box 6072, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT MASTER in a grammar school. A Graduate of Cambridge (Junior Opt. or First-class Poll.) is required. A Title with very light duty could be obtained. Locality Dorset. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6074, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

JUNIOR ASSISTANT MASTER to teach the Jun or Classical and Mathematical Classes, to assist occasionally in the higher classes, and to take part in the charge of the boarders out of school. Must be a graduate. Salary 75*l*. with board, lodging, and washing. Moderate travelling expenses allowed. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6076, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

JUNIOR ASSISTANT for two or three hours a day in an establishment near Notting Hill. Requirements, general English and Junior Latin. Drawing desirable. Address, stating terms, inclosing two stamps, Box 6078, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GENERAL ASSISTANT in a select school near town, to share duties with other resident masters. A superior disciplinarian the greatest recommendation. Applicants to state age, salary, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6080, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS, to instruct four children, (the eldest 8 years old), and to take charge of their wardrobe. Applicants to state age, salary, and requirements. Locality Lincolnshire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6082, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS (DAILY), required to instruct four little girls, the eldest 13 years of age, in thorough English, French (acquired abroad), and capable of superintending good music. Hours from nine to five. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6084, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS in a farmhouse, to instruct and take the entire management of three children and their wardrobes. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6086, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS, to take charge of two young ladies, aged 13 and 7 years. Must have a perfect knowledge of the English language, and be able to impart a thorough good English education, with music, and to speak French fluently. Age from 35 to 35, with lively lady-like manners. A clergyman's or professional man's daughter preferred. Applicant to state age, salary, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6088, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS in a private family. Required a young lady who is competent to complete the education of an only daughter aged 15, and to take two little boys aged 8 and 6 for a short time. Locality Shropshire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6090, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS in a respectable ladies' boarding school, to teach French (grammatically and conversationally); also the rudiments of German, dancing, and needlework. Locality near Bristol. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6092, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS, for three girls, to teach Junior German and drawing, music, French, &c. Salary 20*l*. Applicants to state age, &c. Locality Sussex. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6094, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

DAILY GOVERNESS in a gentleman's family residing at Acton. Must be competent to instruct young children in the rudiments of English, French, Latin, music, and drawing. Applicants to give full particulars. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6096, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ENGLISH GOVERNESS in a select establishment, at Brighton. A lady not under 30 years of age, and who has had considerable experience in French and junior music. Preference given to one teaching drawing. A very comfortable home, 3*l*. salary, laundry, and travelling expenses. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6104, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ENGLISH TEACHER in a ladies' school near London, to assist generally in school routine and take charge of pupils during absence of principal. Salary moderate, as masters attend. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6100, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AN EXPERIENCED GOVERNESS required in a farmhouse in Lincolnshire. She will have to educate three young children in English, French, and music, and to take charge of their wardrobes. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6102, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A FRENCH PROTESTANT, or Swiss Lady, wanted the beginning of September, for a select establishment of twelve pupils, in Scotland, to instruct in French and junior music. Preference given to one teaching drawing. A very comfortable home, 3*l*. salary, laundry, and travelling expenses. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6104, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

SECOND ENGLISH TEACHER in a first-class ladies' establishment. A lady who would consider board, laundry, and further instruction in music and drawing, an equivalent for her services, is sought. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6106, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED.

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Notice.—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for reply.

AS ENGLISH and MATHEMATICAL ASSISTANT, in or near London preferred. Teaches English in all its branches, Euclid, algebra, trigonometry, plane and spherical, mensuration of superficies, land surveying, mechanics, and elementary hydrostatics, also drawing. Three years experience. Salary from 40*l*. to 50*l*. with board, &c., or from 30*l*. to 40*l*. non-resident. Address Mr. W. Tassé, Rue-du-Faubourg St. Honoré, 119, Paris.

AS ENGLISH, DRAWING, and MATHEMATICAL MASTER, by a gentleman of strict regular habits, who has been a successful teacher for several years, and is a good disciplinarian. He teaches also arithmetic, book-keeping, French, field measuring, writing, fortification, &c. Good testimonials. Age 34. Salary from 50*l*. to 70*l*. if resident. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,025, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

REGISTRY ADVERTISEMENTS

continued on next page.

AS ENGLISH AND WRITING MASTER.

Has had seven years' experience in tuition, and is competent to teach French, Euclid, and junior Latin. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,627, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS MASTER in a school, or TUTOR in a

family, by the son of a beneficed clergyman deceased. Teaches English, the rudiments of Latin and Greek, junior French, Euclid (all books), Model or Perspective drawing, &c. Has some knowledge of Algebra and Trigonometry. Two years' experience. Salary 20*l.* to 25*l.* Age 30. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,629, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS MASTER of a National or Parochial

school, or RESIDENT ASSISTANT in a private one. Advertiser is 24 years of age, has been trained as a teacher, and is in the possession of a first-class premium with certificate attached, obtained at one of the diocesan examinations. Has had six years' experience, and can give excellent references. Salary from 24*l.* with board, &c. to 32*l.* with residence. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,631, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AN OXFORD B.A., and Fellow of his

college, is going to reside for the winter at Nice, and wishes to meet with pupils. French, Euclid, and junior Latin, and had some experience in tuition. Age 24. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,633, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PROFESSOR of Drawing, Fortifica-

tion, Perspective, Geometrical Drawing, and Painting in Water and Oil. Advertiser has been for seven years a student of the Royal Academy, and possesses considerable experience in teaching, and in the discipline of boys. Age 28. Salary not less than 80*l.* if non-resident. In or near London preferred. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,635, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PROFESSOR of French, German, and

Latin, by a young Swiss gentleman who has passed a Swiss States' examination (equal to the degree of B.A.). Has had eight years' experience in tuition, and possesses excellent testimonials. Is able and would not object to teach Greek, if required; also gymnastics. Salary from 50*l.* to 80*l.* resident or non-resident, in a school or family. Knows English thoroughly. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,637, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PAROCHIAL SCHOOLMASTER, in

or near London. Has had ten years' experience, possesses good testimonials, and can give unexceptionable references. Age 24. Is married, and would not object to a mixed school. His wife is certificated. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,639, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PRIVATE TUTOR in a gentleman's

family during the long vacation, by an exhibitor of his college (Cambridge). Is capable of teaching classics and elementary mathematics. Good testimonials can be obtained. Has resided at Cambridge for three terms. Salary at the rate of 100*l.* per annum. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,641, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

PRIVATE LESSONS in French, German,

Italian, and first-class mathematics, by a Graduate of the University of Berlin. Also lectures in schools in German and French literature, history, &c. Terms moderate. Has had considerable experience in tuition and can be well recommended. Age 26. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,643, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

PRIVATE PUPILS. St. Leonard's-on-

the-Sea. A married gentleman, assisted by superior tutors and professors, receives a few private pupils to prepare for the public schools, Indian appointments, and the Universities. The greatest attention to health and domestic comfort, so very desirable for delicate boys. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,645, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT or NON-RESIDENT

MASTER, in a public school preferred. Applicant is 27 years of age, has had a liberal education, and possesses excellent testimonials, and has had several years' experience. Teaches English generally, French (acquired in Paris) all branches of drawing, and commercial subjects. Salary 70*l.* if resident, 100*l.* if non-resident. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,647, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT ASSISTANT in a school, or

TUTOR in a family, by a gentleman of considerable experience in tuition, and who holds a certificate of his classics, French, &c., from the College of Preceptors. Is fully competent to teach also English generally, Euclid, &c. Terms about 40*l.* board and lodging. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,649, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS SECOND MASTER in a grammar

school, at Michaelmas. Age 23. Teaches Latin—Virgil, Sallust, and Horace; Greek—Xenophon, Homer, &c., together with the usual branches of an English education. Has had several years' experience in good schools. Salary, if resident, 60*l.* otherwise 100*l.* Address, including two stamps, Box 11,651, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS SECOND MASTER, by a gentleman,

23 years of age, with five years' experience in tuition, and possessing high testimonials and references. He wishes for a re-engagement as classical and mathematical assistant in a grammar school at Michaelmas. Salary 60*l.* if resident, and 100*l.* if non-resident. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,653, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS TUTOR or ASSISTANT, by a gentle-

man whose experience extends over six years. He is competent to teach English generally, Latin (Virgil, Cæsar, &c.), junior French, &c. Age 25. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,655, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS TUTOR in a family or school, by a

graduate of the University of Berlin. Teaches first-class mathematics, Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian. Age 26. Salary moderate. Has had much experience in tuition, and can be recommended by Dr. Kinkel. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,657, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS UNDER MASTER in a grammar

school, or TUTOR in a private family. Is qualified to teach Latin and Greek, English generally, algebra, Euclid, and arithmetic. Graduated at Cambridge. Salary 100*l.* if non-resident, 60*l.* with board and lodging. Age 23. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,659, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS VISITING TUTOR. A gentleman,

formerly of Winchester College and the University of Oxford, has some hours disengaged. He has prepared pupils for Winchester, Eton, &c. High testimonials. Terms moderate. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,661, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS JUNIOR CLASSICAL MASTER,

by a young man who has resided in a clergyman's school for the last year, and is capable of teaching elementary Latin and French, with English generally. Age 19. Salary 50*l.* Address, including two stamps, Box 11,663, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS TUTOR in a family, or MASTER in a

school, by a graduate of Cambridge and formerly exhibitor of his college. He is competent to teach classics, mathematics, and French. Has experience in tuition, and possesses good testimonials. Age 24. Salary 80*l.* resident, 140*l.* non-resident. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,665, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS VISITING TEACHER in a school or

private family, in and near London. Teaches Latin, Greek, science, engineering, drawing, French, English, and arithmetic. Terms moderate. Good references and testimonials. Considerable experience in teaching and discipline. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,667, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS ASSISTANT or MASTER in a small

country school. Qualification, the usual routine, with grammar, history, geography, and drawing. Age 22. Has been a public teacher five years, and assistant fifteen months. Salary 25*l.* Address, including two stamps, Box 11,669, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS ASSISTANT in a boarding and day

school. Age nearly 22. Can impart the elements of a thorough English education with mathematics, the rudiments of Latin, Greek, drawing, and music. Experience four years. Salary 20*l.*, with a prospect of increase, and board and lodging. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,671, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS ASSISTANT MASTER in a grammar or

other school, by a gentleman possessed of six years' experience and the highest references and testimonials. Can teach English, arithmetic, algebra, Euclid (4 Books), Latin, and Greek. Age 24. Salary not under 50*l.*, and board, lodging, and washing. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,673, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS JUNIOR ENGLISH ASSISTANT, by

a young gentleman, in his 20th year. Competent to take classes, arithmetic, and general branches with the young pupils. Home-steady, studious, and painstaking. Salary 20*l.* to 25*l.* Address, including two stamps, Box 11,675, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS JUNIOR MASTER in a small country

school; aged 19. Teaches junior English, drawing, ornamental penmanship, and arithmetic. Has held a similar appointment for about 12 years. Asks for the small salary of 10*l.*, on account of delicate health. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,677, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS, in or near London pre-

ferred, by a lady of considerable experience in tuition, and whose attainments are English, French, music, and singing. Has just relinquished an engagement of six years and a half duration. Terms 35 guineas. The highest references given. Age 25. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,679, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS to young children.—

Required, by a young lady with good references, an Appointment as Nursery Governess. Is competent to instruct in English, French, music, and singing. Salary required for the first three months. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,681, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in either a first-class

school or family, by a young lady experienced in tuition. Acquirements, English, French, pencil, crayon, and water-colour drawing, and superior music. Is a member of the Church of England. Age 21. Salary 40*l.* and laundress. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,683, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a family or ladies'

school. Advertiser is 22 years of age, fond of tuition, and competent to teach French, German, piano, and pencil drawing, also to impart a superior English education. Has had three and a half years' experience as a French governess, assisting generally. Good testimonials. References. Salary not under 35*l.* Address, including two stamps, Box 11,685, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a private family, by a

lady of much experience in tuition, and who is able to impart a sound education in English, French, German, Latin, and music. She possesses also a tolerable knowledge of Greek. Little boys not objected to. References to families of high respectability. Salary 50*l.* and laundress. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,687, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS to children under 12

years of age, by a young lady who has had three years' experience, and is competent to teach English and music thoroughly, and the rudiments of singing and French. Good references. Age 22. Salary not less than 25*l.* and laundress and travelling expenses. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,689, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS to children under 12

years of age. Is competent to teach English, French, music, and the rudiments of German. Salary not less than 50*l.* Unexceptionable references. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,691, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a gentleman's family,

where the children are young, or as NURSERY GOVERNESS in a nobleman's family. Age 25. Teaches English, music, and rudimentary French and Latin. Can be highly recommended by the lady whose children she educated for three years. Salary not under 25*l.* Address, including two stamps, Box 11,693, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS or COMPANION, by a

lady who has resided three years in France. Can teach good music, singing, French thoroughly, English, and the rudiments of German. Is a first-rate musician, and has had much experience. Children under 13 preferred. Good testimonials and references. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,695, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS and HOUSEKEEPER

in the family of a widower (neighbourhood of London desired), by a widow, aged 44, possessing a complete knowledge of French and music, and experienced in domestic management. Terms 50*l.* per annum. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,697, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a religious family, by

a young lady, who can teach English thoroughly, French, drawing, and music with much ease. No objection to take the musical department in a good school. Salary 25 guineas and travelling expenses. Age 19. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,699, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT GOVERNESS in a family,

or COMPANION, by a young lady, who is competent to instruct in English, French, Latin, good French and music, and the rudiments of singing. Age 19. Salary moderate; would not object to a mixed school. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,701, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS DAILY GOVERNESS, in London, by

a young lady of experience in tuition, and who has resided more than two years in a family of rank. Teaches English, French, music, and the rudiments of Latin. Age 24. Salary from 40*l.* to 60*l.*, according to size of pupils. Possesses high testimonials. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,703, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT GOVERNESS in a

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THE CRITIC.

AS ANNOUNCED, the "CRITIC" will in future be published monthly, in an enlarged form, with its contents devoted entirely to the literature of the month, reviewing all the books and other publications, and presenting just such a collection of the intelligence relating to the books and authors as is required by those classes who, having now daily papers, want leisure to read weekly a journal containing literature alone.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THAT THE JURORS OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION should be unable to complete their labours without exciting a loud chorus of dissatisfaction, is not in the common order of things. Almost every man who has taken the trouble to exhibit specimens of his manufactures and his wares, naturally considers himself entitled to a foremost place in his class; at least, those who do not, must be marvels of modesty, who richly deserve a medal for their modesty alone. We were prepared, then, for a great deal of complaining; and, perhaps, also, the general mismanagement which has presided over every movement and attended every step in this great undertaking, may have prepared us for a little more; but certainly not for the mass of well-founded complaints and patently obvious blunders which the jurors have been guilty of.

The results of the labours of the Juries are before us, and we shall proceed to offer a few of the observations which have occurred to us in the perusal of it. It is a bulky volume, in royal octavo, and contains more than 450 closely printed pages. In the first place, it is clear that the juries have avoided the duty of examining closely into the claims of the exhibitors by giving only one description of prize—the bronze medal. There is no classification of merit, no reward for excellence. The exhibitor of dolls eyes of decent manufacture has the same reward as the discoverer of an element, and, as if to deteriorate still further from the value of the awards, they have so vulgarised them by the numbers given, as to take away any distinction in the possession of them. The number of medals awarded is altogether about 7000; and, in addition to these, 5300 exhibitors have received what is called "honourable mention;" in other words, the juries have imitated the conduct of those puffing pedagogues who send home at the holidays half their boys with prizes under their arms—a proceeding which may be very gratifying to the boys and their admiring friends, but which must greatly tend to lessen the value of the distinction.

In the preface to the report, the principles upon which the awards have been made are explained in the following terms: "Her Majesty's Commissioners decided that only one description of medal should be awarded by the Juries. This decision considerably facilitated their labours, as it became necessary only to reward excellence wherever it was found, without reference to competition between exhibitors. As the work of the Juries advanced, it was ascertained that many articles possessed excellence of a kind which deserved a special mention, without, however, entitling them to a medal; and, although it involved some departure from the principle that had been originally laid down, yet the Council of Chairmen acceded to the wish of the Juries, and permitted such cases to be classed and published under the title of 'Honourable Mentions.'" How they have carried out this principle may be deduced for the following facts selected out of many.

In the first place, we find that persons have had medals awarded to them for articles which they never made and never exhibited. To the Silicious Stone Company a medal is awarded; but the Silicious Stone Company did not exhibit. To Messrs. WHITE and Co. a medal was awarded for the excellence of their Portland cement; but the only cement of Messrs. WHITE in the building has been used in the construction of the walls, and it is the ordinary cement of commerce, neither better nor worse than that which every respectable building firm makes and uses. The richest joke of all, perhaps, is that presented by the award of a medal to a splendid piece of timber from Vancouver's Island. This vegetable marvel is described in the colonial catalogue, was taken from that upon trust by the *Times* reporter, and the Jury have now awarded it a medal; but the piece of timber has never yet, as we hear, left Vancouver's Island; at any rate, it has not made its appearance at South Kensington. Another most absurd award is in the case of Mr. BENSON, the eminent horologist, whose magnificent clock is such a useful and, at the same time, so ornamental an adjunct to the Exhibition. For his clocks and watches Mr. BENSON gets no medal; but for plate (an article which he makes very little of, and that of the most ordinary description) he has a medal. To enumerate the sins of omission would be an endless task. The Chemical Jury (Class II.) at first omitted all mention of the only English discoverer of an element since Sir HUMPHREY DAVY (Mr. CROOKES, the discoverer of Thallium); although they gave the medal to

a Frenchman who only exhibited a quantity of the metal: The omission, however, was too flagrant to be passed by, and the name of Mr. CROOKES has been since interpolated, and its omission excused on the plea of a printer's error.

By way of securing the jurors from the temptation to give dishonest awards, it was stipulated that no juror should have a prize in the class upon which he served. This, however, has proved, we fear, but a very partial protection; for it has, in many instances, by no means prevented the jurors from unfairly favouring their friends, and as unfairly dealing with their rivals. A juror in the Horological Department (Class XV.), and who is one of the most extensive wholesale manufacturers of watches and chronometers in Clerkenwell, has not been able to obtain a medal for his own show; but that has not prevented him and his fellow-jurors from awarding a medal to several of his customers, who exhibit nothing but his wares. Another very flagrant case is the omission of Mr. Alderman HALE from the award of medals in Class IV., Section A. Mr. HALE is one of the largest manufacturers of pure stearic acid in the country, and, with the single exception of Price's Candle Company, makes more stearine candles than any firm in the kingdom. It is also perfectly notorious that the candles made by both these rival firms are of equal excellence. They are simply of pure stearine, and neither can claim a preference over the other. Yet Mr. HALE's name does not appear among the awards; but in its place a number of insignificant and inferior makers and manufacturers, some of whom actually exhibit his goods. In seeking for an explanation of this, we turn naturally to the list of the jurors of this Class and Section, and what do we find? Conspicuous in the list, we find the name of Mr. GEORGE WILSON, the *Managing Directors of Price's Candle Company*. In a similar way we find the name of Mr. EDWARD HOLLINS omitted from the list of medallists in Class XVIII., while manufacturers of very inferior merit are exalted above his head. The show of calicos exhibited by Mr. HOLLINS (considering the very small space allowed him) is one of the finest collection of cotton goods ever shown. At Paris, in 1855, he easily obtained a first-class medal; yet here, by the machinations of rivals and inferiors, he is deprived of the honour which is indisputably his due, and is still further degraded by receiving "honourable mention." We are glad to hear that this gentleman, with commendable spirit, has refused to accept this degrading distinction. An exhibitor in another class, who was daring enough to placard his case with an indignant repudiation of the "honourable mention" proffered, was treated in a very summary manner, by having his case sewn up in canvas, and placed under the charge of a guard of Sappers and Miners.

By a very peculiar arrangement, the awards of the juries (defective as they are in many respects) have been rendered still more so by the exercise of the power reserved to the Committee of Chairmen. This august body, we understand, claimed and exercised the power of altering, amending, or adding to the awards of the Juries in any manner they saw fit. The results in many cases have been curious, but we need only mention one as an example. The jurors of Class III. were so disgusted with the manner in which some of the articles exhibited by two firms had been adulterated, that they debated for some time whether they should not exceed their functions slightly, and give them special mention in their award as being *dishonourably* conspicuous. This idea was, however, abandoned under the impression that it was beyond their power to carry it out. The amazement of the jurors may, however, be conceived when their award reissued from the Committee of Chairmen, and they found these two identical firms set down for medals.

We repeat that this is but a selected collection of the cases which have been brought under our knowledge, of erroneous and dishonest awards by the Juries of the Great Exhibition, and even these present a melancholy picture. The scheme, which was born in jobbery, and has been developed in jobbery, seems destined to remain in jobbery to the end of the chapter. Nothing is to be fair in the whole affair, nothing honest, not even the awards of the Juries. It is impossible for the disgrace of such proceedings to be hidden, and we really advise all those who have been so fortunate—or so unfortunate, as the case may be—to be distinguished by the juries, to avoid the imputation of having participated in the intrigues by which those juries have been swayed, by putting their medals by and saying nothing about them.

A few days ago, those readers of the *Times* who know or care anything about the politics of Europe were powerfully startled by coming upon a leading article which gravely opened with the announcement that "Prussia has entered the Zollverein." To those who do not very well understand what this means, we may briefly explain that it is very much as if a journalist were to announce that Austria had absorbed Hungary, or that England had recently joined the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Prussia is, in fact, the originator, the leader, the bond which holds together that great union of German States, which she brought together for purely commercial purposes, and to secure a uniform rate of customs through all their frontiers. The word simply means "Customs Union," and it is under that name that Prussia and the other German States in the confederacy of the Zollverein have massed together their contributions both to the Great Exhibition of 1851 and to that of 1862. We should have thought that there was not a printer's boy in the *Times* office who, if he had been desired to visit the Prussian collection at the International Exhibition, would not have proceeded at once to the department of the Zollverein.

The writer who made this portentous revelation proceeded in his article to explain the consequences which might be expected to ensue from this acquisition of Prussia to the Zollverein. It was to have the effect of spreading the cause of Free-Trade. This also was a serious blunder; for the elemental principle of the Zollverein is Protection; and those Northern German States abutting on the Baltic which still hold aloof from the Confederacy, do so precisely on the ground that they are free-traders; but the Confederated States are not. As if to clinch the matter, and to prevent all possibility of a satisfactory explanation of the mistake, this unhappy publicist went on to explain that Austria also proposed to join the Zollverein, and entered into an elaborate disquisition, pointing out the political consequences to be expected from that event.

Of course, the appearance of such a monstrous *canard* in the columns of the "leading journal" produces what is called "an immense sensation" in all "well-informed circles." It was a kind of blunder for which there was no accounting but by supposing the existence of pure ignorance of the subject. But how could "the leading journal" be accused of ignorance, and of European politics too, and of such a familiar country as Prussia to boot? a country, be it remembered, of which we have lately heard a great deal in the columns of the *Times*; as, how defective her institutions are, and how necessary that we should not allow our alliance with her to blind ourselves to her defects. People waited in amazement for the explanation, and lo! the very next day it came. Here it is, in its unadulterated purity:

An important error occurred in our announcement yesterday respecting the German Zollverein. The negotiations which are on foot refer to the entrance of Austria into the Union, Prussia being not only a member already, but having of late taken a most active part in extending its influence and usefulness by concluding the commercial treaty with France. Austria alone of the German States is not included in the Zollverein, and she now offers to unite with the rest, bringing her whole territory and 35,000,000 of people into the Union. The great gain which will accrue to the Empire and to Europe through this abandonment of a protective and prohibitive system for one of moderate duties makes us hope that political obstacles will not permanently impede a commercial and social change so largely beneficial.

Foregod! said "the well-informed circles," this is "a more excellent song than the other." We question whether it would be possible, *apropos* of any subject, to cram a greater amount of error into an equal number of lines. The words "Prussia being not only a member already," &c., are clearly intended to give an impression that Prussia was not from the beginning a member of the German Customs Union, and that it is only "of late" that she has "taken a most active part" in its proceedings. But more monstrous than this is the statement that "Austria alone of the German States is not included in the Zollverein." Why there are at least seven other German States who hold aloof from the confederacy, and for the reasons we have already stated. What wonder if the journalists of Germany stand fairly aghast at this monstrous ignorance of their country and position on the part of a journal which pretends to instruct England and the world upon the politics of Europe.

There are blunders and blunders. A writer may distort or even misstate a fact, and his error be a venial one. It may be merely a mistake in the way of inaccuracy, an inadvertence, a misunderstanding of a statement; but it is a very different thing with a blunder which betrays fundamental ignorance. A man may tell you that he knows the Arabic language and may commit an error of grammar without laying himself open to the charge of misstating the truth. But what if he betrays that he does not even know the alphabet? If the *Times* be not the political Bible of its readers, what is it? Nine tenths of them draw inspiration from its columns, and daily descant about the counsels and intentions of kaisers and of kings upon the faith of its oracular revelations. What are these trusting individuals to think when they hear that their political prophet does not even know the simple rudiments of German politics? Ought it not to shake their faith in the infallibility of the authority which they parade and quote upon all occasions with such arrogance and obstinacy.

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

But it is hard if this accidental betrayal of the emptiness of the editorial bag does not tend to shake the confidence of thinking men in the political authority of the *Times*.

If that be the result, the incident will not have been thrown away. The announcement that "Prussia has entered the Zollverein," should be carefully kept in view as a sort of standard to test the political coinage which issues from the mint of Printing-house-square. When we are told by that authority that it is our duty to interfere with the quarrels of our neighbours, we should say, "Certainly, and—Prussia has entered the Zollverein." When we hear that we ought calmly to look on while the EMPEROR of the FRENCH is revising the map of Europe, let us reply, "By all means, and—Prussia has entered the Zollverein." When we are assured upon the same high authority, that a war with China is the best mode of increasing our commerce in that quarter of the world, let our reply be, "That is true, and—Prussia has entered the Zollverein." And, finally, when we learn that it is of little moment to our empire in India who occupies the territories between Herat and Afghanistan, then let us say, "Oh! words of wisdom, and—Prussia has entered the Zollverein."

The satisfactory manner in which the dinner of the Acclimatisation Society of Great Britain passed off, may be accepted as a happy augury of the future career of that society in this country. We are

glad to find also, from the reports which reach us through the foreign press, that the task of filling the earth with the good gifts of God, and interchanging the animal and vegetable treasures of the world, is being carried on with equal zeal in other countries.

A recent number of the *Gazette* of Moscow gives an account of the efforts which are being made to introduce the valuable silk-worm into the Russian empire. On the 18th of May last a meeting was held by the Committee of the Agricultural Society of Russia, which is especially charged with all that concerns the propagation of silkworms in the Russian empire, and it appears that the committee has seriously taken in hand the cultivation of the shrub *Ailanthus glandulosa*, from Japan. The Chairman of the Committee, M. MAZLOFF, announced that the governments of the southern provinces had manifested great interest in the acclimatisation of the *Ailanthus*, and for the rearing of the *Cynthia* silkworm which feeds upon that shrub. General BRUNO, who resides near Odessa, has already obtained cocoons of the *Bombyx Cynthia*, and he offers to sell eggs at the price of one rouble (3s. 4d.) the zolotink. The Society of Rural Economy at Odessa has published in its Transactions a notice "On the *Ailanthus* and the *Cynthia*," written by one of its members, Count D. OSTEN-SACKEN; and M. PALIMPSESTOFF, editor of these Transactions, has added to this notice several observations upon the utility of the *Ailanthus*, not only for nourishing silkworms, but also for different economical purposes.

The Inspectors of Rural Economy in the South of Russia have, it appears, distributed in the provinces of Poltava, Tchernigoff, Kharkoff, Voroneje, Orel, and Mohileff, young plants of the *Ailanthus*, taken from the nursery gardens of Odessa and of Bessarabia. Two hundred plants have been received at the Sericultural School of Moscow, in order that observations may be made this year on the transportation of the *Ailanthus* under different climates. The Chairman called the attention of the Committee to the necessity for removing the obstacles which the growers in the southern districts may meet with in the way of the sale of their cocoons, and it was decided that they might be sent to the Committee, and that the Society of Rural Economy at Odessa should look for agents abroad who might sell the cocoons until the Russians have learnt the proper method of unwinding them.

One of the most considerable importations of *Ailanthus* shrub is one of two hundred plants from Karlooka, the estate of her Imperial Highness, the Grand Duchess HELENA. Lady DOROTHY NEVILL may, therefore, perceive that her efforts in favour of this branch of cultivation are being emulated by a Russian lady of distinction. This estate is in the province of Poltova. M. TARATCHKOFF writes to say that, since the foundation of the Orel Committee of Acclimatisation, he has busied himself with the cultivation of the *Ailanthus*, and that he has already in the neighbourhood of Orel about five hundred bushes of this plant. It stands the cold of winter perfectly well, and he says that he is quite ready to commence experiments with the *Cynthia* silkworm, if he can procure the eggs. Professor BOGDANOFF said, that at the request of the Committee he has requested some of the French acclimatists to send some eggs, and that he has already received twelve cocoons from M. PIERRE PICHOT, of Paris, the Secretary to the *Revue Britannique*, and who is also a member of the Acclimatisation Committee of Moscow. M. PICHOT has also promised to send more eggs and cocoons. Colonel COLSON, the Military Secretary to the French Embassy at St. Petersburg, brought the cocoons over himself to Moscow, and has taken great interest in the introduction of these silkworms into Russia. As a token of its gratitude, the Committee has appointed M. PICHOT its agent (*chargé de pouvoir*) in Paris, and Colonel COLSON its honorary member (*membre effective*).

M. ELAROFF has exhibited specimens of *Ailanthus* silk unwound, in the European manner, in the villages of the Ardoubate and Noukha districts. He brought from Transcaucasia to Moscow 11,000 pounds of silk spun in 1861, and 2600 pounds of twisted silk. At Noukha 14,000 pounds of cocoons were sold for exportation in 1861, and nearly 3000 for breeding purposes. More than 4000 pounds have been sold at Noukha for unwinding, and the whole has fetched from 23 to 27 roubles per pound.

M. VARTAZAROFF reports from the province of Erivan, that he has established on his own domains, in the village of Nijni-Akonliss, in the district of Ardoubate, an unwinding factory, containing fifty machines, constructed by M. KRISSENER, of Moscow. They began to work in 1861, in the European style, which some of M. VARTAZAROFF's family had learnt at the Sericultural School of Moscow, and he exhibited ten reels of silk made of four cocoons, the threads of which were exceedingly beautiful. The committee testified their gratification to M. VARTAZAROFF for his zeal in the cause by electing him an honorary member. He is the first Armenian who has sent to Europe to learn the European method of unwinding, and who has established a factory upon that principle on the frontiers of Persia.

Reels of silk from Chamakha have also been sent to the committee, to illustrate a fraud which is practised by dishonest merchants, who fill the reels with rubbish to increase their weight. These silks are sold at Noukha by peasants, who prevent any verification of the proper weight, and when they are brought to Moscow it is discovered that there is a loss of eight or twelve pounds per pound. This fraud, which has been discovered by honest Armenian merchants, has attracted the special attention of the Committee, who have resolved to address the authorities on the subject, in order that they may put a stop to the practice, by making the peasants understand that they will eventually gain much more by selling their goods in a proper condition than by fraudulent practices.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

UNITED ITALY.

Italy under Victor Emmanuel: a Personal Narrative. By Count CHARLES ARRIVABENE. Hurst and Blackett. 2 vols. pp. 847.

COUNT ARRIVABENE has long been known in the literary circles of London as an Italian gentleman of one of the oldest families of Mantua, driven to take refuge in England from the troubles arising in the rebellion of 1848-49 against the Austrian yoke. Were it not well known that for some years Count Arrivabene filled with great ability the chair of Italian literature and history in University College, London, these volumes would take us by surprise as an astonishing proof of his complete mastery of our language. The writing indeed, we are free to confess, is generally far better than we meet with in most books of the kind undertaken by English authors, frequently quite polished and historic in style, and throughout most agreeable to follow as the well-spoken and picturesque narrative of an Italian gentleman, patriotic and staunch to his country, without ever being furious in his enmity against the Austrians.

The opportunities which Count Arrivabene had of seeing the campaign, we should say were in very good measure facilitated by his being sent out for the express purpose as the special correspondent of the *Daily News*; and perhaps the narrative owes its present permanent form in great measure to this circumstance. His point of view is essentially that of a soldier and of a Cavourite, and it is in that sense that the whole book must be read. His faith in Cavour is as firm as his admiration for Garibaldi, and his antipathy to Louis Napoleon. How far this is justifiable, whether we can partake his high estimation of the labours of Garibaldi and Cavour, or whether we can see in the state of things which they brought about a certain prospect of "United Italy," are questions into which there is not now any need to enter.

The bitterness with which he speaks of the secret compromise between the two Emperors—the real Kaiser of the Hapsburgs and the parvenu of the French—at Villafranca, and the disgraceful cession of Nice, shows how deeply all true Italians felt this blow to all their hopes in the champion who fought with one eye for Italy and two for his own glory. Cavour, we are told "was convinced that the man whom a strange destiny had raised from obscurity and exile to sovereign power was an instrument in the hands of Providence for helping to bring about a solution of that question of the Nationalities upon which he had long thought the ultimate peace of Europe depended." Cavour with this view, and fortified with the position attained by Sardinia at the Crimean Congress, boldly discussed the matter with the Emperor. The interest of Louis Napoleon for Italy was, of course, made to accord with those of France, for, says our author, "Sentimentalism and self-sacrifice have never been the only inspirers of policy. To humiliate Austria on the one side, and on the other to enlarge the territory of France and secure a powerful ally for the Emperor in the event of a second Holy Alliance being formed at some future day, were in themselves sufficient inducements to the French Monarch to lend his arms to the enfranchisement of Italy." A change, however, was suspected in the Imperial mind, and Cavour, hurrying to Paris, found the Emperor wavering, and inclined to withdraw; but "Italy had two powerful friends in Prince Napoleon and Count Persigny, and Cavour, having had a second conversation with the Emperor, succeeded in making him change his mind. It was then decided that the first pretext should be seized upon to declare war against Austria." Cavour returned to Turin, leaving Baron Hubner to suppose himself master of the situation. Then came the time for calling in the worthy aid of Garibaldi, the tried hero of Rome, no great friend of the French and their Emperor, and distrustful of Cavour, as our author describes in this interesting account of the first meeting, in April 1859, of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi.

Garibaldi had no great liking for Cavour. He thought him too proud of his descent, and of his intellectual superiority. In the opinion of this honest and fearless republican, Count Cavour bore a lively resemblance to those noblemen of the *ancien régime* who looked down with disdain on the common people, and governed them accordingly. But the little sympathy he felt with Cavour did not prevent him from hastening to the summons. Garibaldi arrived at the palace of Piazza Castello at 5 o'clock in the morning. He was shown into the well-known red room, where he found himself in the presence of Victor Emmanuel, of his Prime Minister, and of Farini.

"Well, General," said Cavour, "the long-expected day is near at hand; we want you. The patience of Count Baol is nearly exhausted, and we are only awaiting the moment when he will have lost it altogether."

"I am always ready to serve my country," replied Garibaldi, "and you know that I shall put all my heart into the work. Here, in the presence of our *Re galantuomo*, I must, however, be permitted to speak my mind openly. Am I to understand that you are going to summon all the forces of the country, and, declaring war against Austria, to attack her with the irresistible power of a national insurrection?"

"That is not precisely our plan," answered Count Cavour. "I have not an illimitable faith in the power of the insurrectionary element against the well-drilled legions of Austria. I think, moreover, our regular army too small to match the 200,000 men our enemy has massed on the frontier. We must therefore have the assistance of a powerful ally; and this is already secured. You will now," added the Count, "fully understand the meaning of the words addressed by the French Emperor to the Austrian Ambassador on the 1st of January."

"Although my principles are known both to you and to the King," Garibaldi is reported to have answered, "I feel that my first duty is that of offering my sword to my country. My war-cry shall therefore be, 'Italian Unity, under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel.' Mind, however, what you are about, and do not forget that the aid of foreign armies must always be paid for dearly. As for the man who has promised to help us, I ardently wish he may redeem himself in the eyes of posterity by achieving the noble task of Italian liberation."

At this moment, the King, who always feels an unbounded regard for Garibaldi, took him by the hand, assured him that Louis Napoleon had always desired to see Italy free and happy, and added that he (the King) had consented to the marriage of his daughter to Prince Napoleon because he was certain of the Emperor's good intentions towards Italy.

I should here state that I do not pretend to give the very words which passed in this important conversation. I only relate what was afterwards reported to me by a gentleman on whom, both on account of his position and his veracity, I can fully rely. But whatever might have been the words which were uttered by those three illustrious personages on the occasion referred to, the fact is, that Garibaldi, on leaving the Downing-street of Turin, had consented to accept the command of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*—a corps of volunteers which had been organised by General Cialdini.

In less than a month Napoleon III. was the soldier guest of Victor Emmanuel at Alessandria, passing under the Porta Marengo covered with flowers and the motto "To the Descendant of the Conqueror of Marengo;" when arrived at the royal palace, there was the very map on which the first Napoleon had planned the movements of his army before the battle of Marengo. The map had been forgotten and left behind in the excitement of victory, and became the treasure of the Marquis Garofalo, in whose country-house the headquarters of the First Consul were fixed. Now, however, says our author, "that gratitude to the Napoleonic family was in every Italian heart, the treasure was naturally offered to the descendant of the Great Captain."

The battles of the campaign are too well known to require that we should go into the full account of them which the writer gives. Those who seek for this kind of information, however, will find it given well as Count Arrivabene is a soldier by education, and writes as if he knew the art of war, aiding his descriptions with some excellent maps. There is an account also of M. Goddard's balloon operations, before the battle of Solferino, which appear to have been of great practical utility, at least so far as telling where the Austrians were not. Balloons were used, it is stated, by the army of the Sambre and Meuse, and at the battle of Fleurus. M. Goddard, however, created an immense sensation on one occasion by suspending himself high in mid air, over Peschiera, during the siege, and coming to earth safely somewhere about Castel Nuovo, to report that the Austrians had got a number of oxen on the quay; at which a party of Zouaves started on spec., and brought them into camp in triumph. With regard to Solferino, it will be observed that while it has generally been stated that this was the first great instance in which the rifled cannon were employed, and that the victory was in a great measure due to the Emperor's use of this new weapon, the Count's description of the battle would lead to the conclusion that it was one of the hardest fought fields ever contested, and that throughout it was constantly a succession of hand-to-hand fights, with varying successes to either side, till the combined attacks of the French columns were victorious. No doubt the French guns reached the enemy and did good service when the Austrian shot fell spent, but the battle, as we read the account before us, does not seem to have been so decidedly a battle of artillery as has been supposed, neither are we disposed to think that this arm would have won without the evident generalship displayed in the Emperor bringing his divisions together, at the moment when it was the object of the Austrian commander to out-flank the right of the French army, and so divert the attack on the position at Solferino. To Napoleon is given the credit of having perceived this plan from the steeple of the church of Castiglione, and of having as decisively opposed it. But it is clear that the battle, on every side, was a most desperate struggle, as also was that of San Martino, fought and won at the same time (June 24, 1859), and part of the same scheme of advance, with the utmost bravery, by the Sardinians.

The camp life of Louis Napoleon, we are told, was exceedingly simple:

Except the regulations necessary to avoid confusion, and certain precautions mysteriously carried out, there were no vexatious formalities to be gone through before getting admittance to the villa. More than once, whilst strolling about the garden, to which my *permis* gave me access, I saw the Emperor in his shirt-sleeves, writing at his desk—sometimes smoking a cigar, but always at work; for it is only doing him justice to say that he saw to almost everything himself, and did not spare either fatigue or trouble during the campaign. The simplicity of his manners contrasted very powerfully with the haughty and reserved countenance which the people of Veggio had been accustomed to notice in the Kaiser. This striking difference secured to the French Emperor a great amount of popularity, which was still further increased by his liberality towards the poor of the place. The Imperial table, however, was by no means an Epicurean one. Four dishes, one quality of wine, and plenty of fruit, formed the unvarying fare of the French head-quarters. At three o'clock in the morning, the Emperor got up, and all the officers of the Staff were to be ready by that hour. During the day, he either rode to the front, or remained in his cabinet, working with Marshal Vaillant, or with one of the *maîtres des requêtes*. When riding out, he generally passed through the allied camp, followed by a few of his officers, and by a small escort of the Cent-Gardes.

In spite of the freedom which seemed to exist at the Imperial head-quarters, the strictest vigilance was kept up by the camp-police. To render this service more

efficient, the Prefect of Police of Paris furnished the Marquis de Cadorre with a host of detectives, under the orders of Inspector Hyrvois—men brought up at the establishment of the Rue de Jerusalem—the best disciples of Maupas and Lespinasse. This Imperial body-guard, dressed in plain clothes, was formed of Corsicans and Italians, the latter being fully acquainted with almost all the emigrants of London and Brussels.

On the 6th July, to the utter surprise of every one, General Fleury was dispatched as *parlementaire* to the Austrian Emperor at Verona. What followed on the 11th Count Arrivabene graphically relates:

At 7 o'clock a.m., the two monarchs met at Valli Francica in a house in Contrada Cappuccini, belonging to a Signor Gandini Morelli-Bugna, who had inherited it, together with large landed property, from a priest devoted to Austria. What passed at that meeting (which lasted a little less than an hour) nobody can exactly tell. It has been stated, however, that the two Emperors conversed, sometimes in Italian, but more frequently in German. During the conversation, Louis Napoleon, as if mechanically, picked to pieces some of the flowers placed in a vase before him, the petals of which were found scattered about on the floor at the side of the table where the landlady of the house had noticed that he sat. When the sovereigns left the house and appeared in the streets, to present to each other the officers of their Staffs, the younger looked pale and embarrassed—the elder, gay and at ease. The proud descendant of the Hapsburgs doubtless felt bitterly the humiliation of that moment. Louis Napoleon, on the contrary, had satisfied what was thought to be one of his greatest desires—the dealing in person with a legitimate Emperor.

Nothing was written by the two monarchs at that meeting. The inkstand and paper which had been placed on the table were not touched, and they may still be seen exactly where they were originally set down.

The King Victor Emmanuel seems to have given a cold and reserved answer to the Emperor's announcement of his plans; but Cavour would not accept the bargain without his strong and scornful protest. Count Arrivabene witnessed the scene he describes when Cavour and Count Nigra went to the King:

Cavour knew by that time that the great sacrifice had been consummated. He was exceedingly excited: his face was scarlet; and his manners, ordinarily simple and easy, were now marked by violent gesticulations showing that he had completely lost his usual control over himself. General Della Rocca and Count Nigra endeavoured to calm him; but all in vain. The Premier every now and then took off his hat with the convulsive movement of a man whose feelings have been roused to the highest pitch of exasperation; and the exhortations of his friends did little towards calming the fury that possessed him. . . .

He advised Victor Emmanuel to reject at once the terms of peace, and to withdraw his army from Lombardy, thus leaving Louis Napoleon to extricate himself from the difficulty of the situation as best he might. Cavour plainly told his sovereign that Italy had been betrayed, and her dignity offended; and he even went so far as to advise an abdication. It is said that during the discussion the King showed a degree of calmness of which he would scarcely have been thought capable. He tried in all ways to appease the excitement of his Minister, who, overcome with grief, seemed almost to have lost his mind. I do not know what warrant there is for such a story; but it was widely reported and generally credited at Monzambano that Cavour's rage went so far as to induce him to use words which led to his dismissal from Victor Emmanuel's presence.

The result was, as every one knows, the resignation of Cavour. The minister rode away, and as the carriage passed the *café* where Count Arrivabene was standing, he stopped, and got out to take a glass of water, when Count Nigra leant towards his friend Arrivabene, saying, "You may write to England that the Count is no longer adviser of the Crown, and that Ratazzi will be asked to form the new ministry." Immediately after the carriage started amidst loud shouts of "Long live Cavour!" Count Arrivabene evidently dare not trust himself to say all he thinks about this matter: he finds vent for his feelings in quoting Mrs. Browning's well-known "Tale of Villafranca." "Yes," he says, "Vienna and Rome must look up into the sky;" must wait, persevere, and hope until the war-cry of the nation is again heard from the banks of the Mincio to the Adriatic shores." The home of Count Arrivabene, it should be known, is in Mantua, still fast bound in the iron grasp of the Quadrilateral. The account of Cavour in retirement will be read with great interest. How he got up with the dawn to walk over his farm, and in the long day busied himself in correspondence about the affairs of Italy; and in conversations with Sir James Hudson—"A man," says Count Arrivabene, "who has done more for the welfare of my country than any other foreign friend of Italy." There is much interesting incident of a personal nature scattered through the volumes which is to a great extent new, as in the story of the mysterious Corsican messenger sent to Garibaldi from Louis Napoleon, and in the singular revelation about the ill-fated Orsini when he wrote to Cavour offering his assistance to the Italian cause in Piedmont; for which we must refer to the work itself.

The liberation of Sicily by the heroic one thousand led by Garibaldi, the entry of the Dictator into Naples, the battle of Melazzo and the Volturno, the siege of Capua, and eventually the entry of Victor Emmanuel into his new kingdom, form the leading features in the second volume. Looking at the strong position of the Neapolitans and their superiority of artillery, by the map, we can see that nothing but the most undaunted spirit had any chance against such odds. It was here that the British brigade fought their one battle and did good service in the field, though Garibaldi, we are told, got terribly plagued by their irregularities throughout the campaign. It is sad to read in the account of the battle around St. Angelo, how the brigade of Adolescenti—youths, all of the best blood of Italy, and commanded by a younger brother of Count Arrivabene, were cruelly decimated by the Neapolitan artillery, but still fighting like young lions, and glorying in the death.

The description of Garibaldi's head-quarters at Faro Point, where he directed his fleet of fishing-boats and assembled for hasty training the motley army that was to rout the regulars of Francis II. and conquer a kingdom, is most amusing. Here were gathered

around the "Albion Club"—improvised by a party of English fighting amateurs, with a sprinkling of wild Irishmen, and under the especial patronage of a certain Countess, dressed half hussar, half Amazon—a strange party; flannel shirts of every colour, white Arab burnous and feathered wide-awakes, with the English officers in red shell-jackets. Colonel Dunne drilling his "picciotti," the veriest riff-raff of Sicily—fellows that, when they would not charge, Dunne used to deliberately sabre right and left. At Melazzo, however, the fire over the garden wall was too hot for them, and they preferred running the chance of the Colonel's vengeance; but he soon changed his system, and, galloping in amongst them coolly, seized two fellows by the breech and hurled them over the wall. The Neapolitans, always ready for the supernatural, thought the men fell from the sky, and took to their heels, shouting "A malora! volano, volano!" ("Oh, horror! they can fly.")

Count Arrivabene modestly devotes but a small part of his narrative to the account of his own very narrow escape when wounded in the field, and afterwards in prison at Capua. As he was dragged through the streets to prison, a general officer promised he should be made to pay for all the calumnies of the English press, and a rabid barber rushed at him with open razor, crying out to the captain in command, "Capitano! let me have one of the fellows! while soldiers propped at them with their bayonets and swords, and men, women, and children pelted them with stones and all sorts of filthy projectiles. Had it not been for the escort not one of the prisoners would have escaped being torn to pieces by these worse than Asiatic barbarians who were the first to shout "Long live our liberators!" when the place was taken. Through the interference of Lord John Russell and Mr. Elliot, M. Arrivabene was released after a fortnight's suffering from semi-starvation and the foul air of the prison room. The desperate character of the ignorant lower orders of the Neapolitan kingdom, especially instigated as they were by unscrupulous partisans of the dethroned King, is shown by the distinct confirmation of some of the most horrible atrocities perpetrated in the Abruzzi upon Garibaldians taken prisoners. Burning to death and mutilation were the common tortures employed. Count Arrivabene does not hesitate to speak of these Southern races of Eastern blood as a debased people. Swarming as Naples is with beggars of every class, from the squalid to the well dressed, the immense poorhouse with its income of 300,000 ducats, and accommodation for 4000 inmates was useless, and the money went to the various employés and the Director of Police. The innate love of duplicity and idleness was not the least rooted out when the new régime began. Farini was no sooner seated at Naples than he was besieged with a crowd of "martyrs of freedom"—fellows who shouted for bread with excellent lungs, and scrambled fiercely for the purse which Farini cast to them. These men were actually the middle class of Naples society—lawyers, doctors, and engineers—yet they did not scruple to beg or scramble if the coveted berth of idleness could not be had for all. "The Comorra," too, is an institution of brigandism which no one thinks of putting down, such is the fatalistic habit of the Neapolitans. M. Arrivabene compares Naples to Ireland in former times, and not inaptly might the comparison be continued to the present day in many points. "Families," he says, "possessing thousands of acres have been reduced to poverty in less than half a century, only because their land has never been effectually cultivated, and the taxes and interest on mortgages have consumed the value of the land itself." No doubt the first step is to secure the material improvement of the peasant class, if this be possible in this land where melons and cauliflower grow wilder than the potato in Ireland; after this, or with it, must come the power of education, which Naples has never yet been allowed to feel. But Garibaldi gave no small burden to the Crown of Italy when he handed over Naples and the two Sicilies. He wished, as we are told in this volume, to be made Dictator of Southern Italy for three years; and in an interview with the King is said to have used the words, "Get rid of Cavour, and allow me to march on Rome;" to which Victor Emmanuel replied, "I will not get rid of my Premier, and you shall not go to Rome." Here is the hitch which to this hour keeps the General at Caprera biding his time.

Our author ably surveys the political position of Italy in a few last pages, ending with this profession of faith in his country: "When twenty-eight millions of human beings have made up their minds to attain national independence, they will at last succeed whatever the obstacles in their way. This, I am certain, is the deeply-rooted purpose of all true Italians; and it would be better for Europe to recognise at once the necessity of a fact which is on the eve of being fully accomplished, than to resist ineffectually and submit unwillingly." The death of Cavour is lamented as a loss of one whose services to his country exceeded by far the achievements of all others, while it is acknowledged how much Italy owes to others, and foremost to the valiant conqueror of Naples and Sicily.

Our limits do not permit of giving any examples of the many delightfully fresh and sketchy pages which constantly relieve the more substantial writing of Count Arrivabene's history, and which refer to matters descriptive more of the Italians than of the campaign in Italy. These, however, are so sprightly and gentlemanly in tone that they lend a very great charm to the book, and surprise the reader into following out a long story without a check to the end, and moreover, while affording much acceptable information, do not interfere with the general understanding of the events of the two campaigns.

DR. LANKESTER AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The Uses of Animals in Relation to the Industry of Man: being a Course of Lectures delivered at the South Kensington Museum. By E. LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S. London: Hardwicke. 1862. 8vo. pp. 380.

THE CORONER FOR CENTRAL MIDDLESEX may be congratulated on his emancipation from the Museum, irreverently called the "Boilers," and promotion to a more dignified and lucrative employment than lecturing on soap and dead horses. Cleanliness and economy are great virtues, and the lectures are good enough, but we question the economy of South Kensington, and the soap is supposed to be needed there chiefly to diminish managerial friction. In fact, King Cole appears to keep his dominions unpleasantly warm, or else he is much misapprehended. Last year the very thought of coming under his sway produced a panic among our natural history officials at the British Museum, who evinced a rare unanimity of sentiment before Mr. Gregory's Committee. They were contented to make shift with the smallest amount of accommodation, and kiss any rod, rather than wear the red tape of the Science and Art Department. We can understand how such a prospect might make Du Chaillu's friend, Dr. Gray, recant all he had said before; but how is it that Dr. Lankester—the incarnation of careless good humour—has failed to propitiate the presiding influence?

The first six of these lectures were delivered at the South Kensington Museum, by permission of the Committee of Council on Education, to whom the doctor returns thanks for placing at his disposal the lecture theatre of that institution. Notes had been prepared for the delivery of a second course, when it was thought desirable to discontinue any further systematic efforts for rendering available for purposes of education the collections placed under his superintendence. In order, therefore, not to break faith with the public and his publisher, he has "thrown together" the notes made for these and other lectures, and produced a volume which is neither too large nor too scientific to be readable; one that may yet outlast the place it was prepared for, and be reckoned amongst its most creditable memorials.

It would be quite superfluous to introduce the author of these lectures to any reader of critical literature. For the last five and twenty years, at least, no more familiar face has been seen in scientific theatre or saloon—no form more jovial at the clubs. As secretary and reporter for "Section D." in the British Association, as President of the Microscopical, and Secretary of the Ray Society, he has long been identified with those associations; and we cannot but hope that his wide experience of men and things, his readiness and versatility, will now be successfully employed in a more serious calling, and with greater benefit to humanity.

These lectures treat of all the animal substances used by man in other ways than as articles of food. The first are on silk, wool, leather, and bone; upon soap, and the utilisation of waste materials. The second course refers more particularly to the animal products used in medicine, and is intended to "supply the student with an outline of medical zoology." So far as it goes the book will serve as a guide to the collections of raw materials which now form a part of many museums both here and on the Continent. The best we have are the Economic Museum in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, formed under the able superintendence of Dr. Price, without Government aid, and the Industrial Museum at Edinburgh, in charge of Mr. T. C. Archer. One objection applies equally to the collections at Sydenham and South Kensington, and still more strongly to Kew—they are practically out of the reach of every one who wants to consult them, and are not quite the kind of thing required by holiday-makers. The proper site for an Industrial Museum is the most central spot that can be procured without actually interfering with business; such as Smithfield, or Charing-cross, or the (at present) position of the British Museum.

The Acclimatisation Society will greatly promote the objects of these museums, and increase their popularity. Some of the smallest animals would repay its care better than the largest. The silk trade gives employment to 100,000 in this country, and to millions abroad. Almost every child in England has reared silkworms, but no one has kept them to any purpose, because the eggs will hatch before the mulberry comes into leaf with us, and the dandelion and lettuce do not answer as substitutes. Mrs. Whitby, of Newlands, has, however, succeeded in producing good crops of silk, of the best quality, by cultivating another species of mulberry (*Morus multicaulis*), which leafed earlier than the common sort. The llama, or alpaca, if it cannot be naturalised in this country, would certainly succeed in some of our colonies, and enable us to produce the material for an important manufacture, which has sprung up within our own recollection, through the enterprise of one individual, Mr. Titus Salt.

Most marvellous and satisfactory—to all but the very squeamish—are the new processes for utilising materials that a little while ago were wholly waste. In nature there is nothing lost; and the chemist deserved his reward who first set to work examining what others threw away. Bones that were unfit for the curler's purposes, were, until lately, crushed in mills for the use of the farmer; and this was thought a grand advance in agriculture. But now the bones are made to yield up their fat and gelatine before the manure-maker converts them into "super-phosphate" by means of sulphuric acid. Even after being twice boiled the bones retain enough animal matter

to be convertible into charcoal, worth 16*l.* or 17*l.* per ton, and far superior to any other kind for filtering water and refining sugar. The animal charcoal makers of Vienna have discovered mines of wealth in the pits, where upwards of 30,000 bodies were thrown in the time of the great plague of the fifteenth century. Ultimately we must all come to the faith of Mrs. Davies Gilbert, who bequeathed her mortal remains for the purpose of growing turnips. It is said that 500 horses die weekly in London, whose carcases are worth 1000*l.* to 1500*l.*, and become infinitely more valuable when "applied." The bones are used for knife-handles and a hundred other purposes; and what remains of them is manufactured into phosphorus, or charcoal, or bone-manure. The hide is leather. The hair is made into crinoline, or, as the lecturer explains it, the *true* petticoat crinoline; for, according to Mr. Trollope, the American "ladies" call their hoops and cages by that inappropriate name. Horse-hair has other uses, such as stuffing mattresses, which Dr. Lankester prefers to the soft eider-down. As to the meat, in England it is only sold "on skewers," and we hope there is no truth in the suggestion about sausages and reindeer tongues. The hoofs are made into buttons, and the refuse generally goes to the makers of prussiate of potash. Here it is melted along with crude potash and iron-filings, in an iron retort, and yields the ferrocyanide of potassium, from which the famous Prussian blue of the dyers is obtained by the addition of another solution of iron. The phosphorus obtained from bones is chiefly used for making lucifers, combined with chlorate of potash. Quiet lucifer-matches are of foreign manufacture, and are made with saltpetre (nitrate of potash) instead. There is a serious objection to the method of manufacturing lucifers with ordinary phosphorus, for it gives off fumes when heated, which, if inhaled, produce the most terrible maladies, destroying the very bones of the workman. Matches are made in France with allotropic phosphorus, which does not vaporise at low temperatures, and "if the manufacture could be introduced in England it would be worth a little inconvenience and trouble to encourage it, in order to get rid of an article which is really produced at the cost of the lives of our fellow-creatures." Of the old matches, Dr. Lankester says:

Many of you can recollect how your grandfathers and grandmothers, after much labour and patience, obtained a light by means of a flint-and-steel and box with tinder, and a match with sulphur; what a blowing there was, and what tears were often shed before a fire was lighted of a morning, and frequently of a summer evening before a candle could be seen on the table; but now all this has gone by. I can remember, when I was a lad, standing in the marketplace of my native town, seeing a man come down the steps of the Shire-hall with a tray full of little boxes of matches, which we all thought wonderful. He said he could not sell them because the magistrates considered them dangerous. These were the first lucifers I ever saw. The magistrates forbade the man to sell them, as they considered them likely to encourage the dangerous practices of ill disposed persons who were signing themselves by the name of "Swing." But mankind has been wiser than the magistrates, and has trusted to good sense and intelligence, and nobody feels that the world is the worse for lucifer matches.

If our civilisation is to be measured by the extent to which we make use of natural products, a very exalted estimate will be derived from the fact, that to meet our requirements in the shape of ivory, no less than 25,000 elephants are annually killed to supply the English market. In addition to our home grown supply of horn we import 3000 tons a year, and the half of this coming from the East Indies implies a mortality among the buffaloes of nearly a million a year. We also import 800 tons of bristles for brushes, and seven or eight thousand pounds weight of human hair, "chiefly for the use of the ladies." The artificial character of this modern civilisation is curiously indicated by the variety and ingenuity of the processes for imitating natural products, or substituting things that are cheap and common for more costly articles. Real isinglass, made of the swim-bladder of the sturgeon, has a peculiar taste which few invalids would tolerate. The article sold at the shops at 16*s.* a pound, of whatever it is made, is practically no better than the gelatine of dubious origin at 4*d.* a pound. And for making jellies, there is no difference between the gelatine obtained by digesting ivory turnings at 6*d.* a pound, and the more costly article stewed from calves' feet. The wine is the essential thing. The substitution of the dyed fur of rabbits and other *rodent* animals for the stronger and more durable "minx" and "sable" of the weasel tribe of carnivores, is simply a fraud, unless the price is diminished in proportion; the difference may be detected by the microscope. One of the best of these fur animals, the sea-otter, is so scarce that a single skin is worth 50*l.* There is no example of it in the British Museum; for the specimen brought home by Lieut. Wool, of the *Pandora*, was stolen at the Custom House. The change of fashion which relieved the beaver from the office of hatter scarcely came in time to save it from extinction. Dr. Lankester is entirely wrong in speaking of this animal as "abundant in Europe;" there are none left now even in the marshes of the Theiss though many places have the prefix *Hof*, the old Hungarian word for beaver. De la Rue's process for converting paper, by means of sulphuric acid, into a substance like parchment, will not save the lives of any sheep; and the extraordinary increase of the steel-pen trade has not diminished the demand for goose-quills. But there is one poor animal—the whale—may yet escape complete extermination through the substitution of gas for train-oil, and "steel" for whalebone. The Chinese have put their river mussels under penalty to produce artificial pearls in the form of hideous little josses. The Frenchman Passy did better when he invented his method of lining glass beads with the pearly scales of the bleak, and other fresh-water fish. There is a stall at the Crystal

Palace where a variety of ornamental articles of this description are sold, and the only objection to them is that they are prettier than real pearls.

Upon the last lecture we shall make no comment. We cannot appreciate "Perfumes," and agree with Dr. Lankester, that all *bad* odours should be put down. It is related of the Duke of Wellington that he was in the habit of using certain odd phrases, such as "a rat in a bottle," which were quite unintelligible to the persons addressed; on one occasion he stated at table that if the Indian musk-rat ever entered a bottle it left behind a scent which nothing would remove. A lady present objected that the bottles must be very large, or the rats very small; but the Duke, who disliked contradiction, assured her "On the contrary, Madam, very large rats and very small bottles!" We mention this to add that the musk-rat of India is a *shrew-mouse*, and the lady was right after all.

LES MISERABLES.

Les Misérables. Par VICTOR HUGO. Cinquième Partie: *Jean Valjean.* Tome IX. et X. Bruxelles: A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven, & Cie., 1862.

THE OPENING OF THE LAST SECTION of M. Hugo's magnificent romance (perhaps it were more fitting to call it his romantic epic) gives him an opportunity for an *excursus* on the subject of barricades generally, and two remarkable examples of that terrible species of street fortification in particular. His own reminiscences naturally revert to that revolution of 1848, in which he himself took part, the events of which are naturally engraven deeply in his recollection. Two redoubtable specimens of the barricade are described by him as typical among their species.

The barricade of the Faubourg Saint Antoine was monstrous. It reached three stories in height, and was seven hundred feet in length. It stretched from one angle to the opposite one, across the vast opening of the *faubourg*; that is to say, across three streets. Cut, slashed, serrated, chopped, crenelated with immense fissures; backed up by heaps which were bastions in themselves; jutting out here and there; resting strongly on the two great promontories of houses belonging to the *faubourg*; it reared its Cyclopean front at the lower end of that formidable Place which had witnessed the 14th of July. Nineteen barricades blocked up the streets behind this master fortress. Merely in looking at it, one could see an immense, agonising suffering, arrived at that extreme point when distress becomes a catastrophe. What was this barricade made of? Of the debris of three six-storied houses, destroyed for the express purpose, as some said. It wore that lamentable aspect of all the constructions of hatred—Ruin! You could say, Who built this? And you could also say, Who destroyed this? It was an improvisation of revolution. . . . The barricade of St. Antoine had every kind of arm; everything that civil war could throw at the head of Society came forth from it. It was not a combat, but a paroxysm. The muskets which defended it—among which were some blunderbusses—were loaded with bits of pottery, knuckle-bones, coat buttons, even castors—dangerous projectiles by reason of the copper. This barricade was as if mad; it raised an irrepressible clamour to the skies. At times, to irritate the army, it covered itself with crowds and tempest; a cohort of flaming heads crowned it; there was a crater all bristling with muskets, sabres, sticks, hatchets, pikes, and bayonets. An immense red flag rustled in the wind. You heard the cries of command, the songs of attack, the beating of drums, the sobs of women, and the terrible bursts of laughter of the starving. . . . It was a mountain of filth, and it was Sinai.

. . . . A quarter of a league from thence, at the angle of the Rue Vielle-du-Temple, which opens on the Boulevard near the Chateau-d'Eau. Advancing the head boldly round the angle formed by the front of Dallemagne's shop, you might perceive in the distance, beyond the canal, in the street which mounts towards Belleville, and on the culminating point of the rise, a strange kind of wall stretching between the second floors of the houses, a bond of union between the houses on the right and those on the left, as if the street had risen upon itself to close itself up suddenly. This wall was built of paving-stones. It was upright, correct, cold, perpendicular, levelled by the square and adjusted by the plumb-line. There was no cement; but that, as in certain Roman constructions, did not disarrange its rigid architecture. You might guess its depth by its length. The parapet was exactly parallel with the basement. At intervals might be perceived on its gray surface, minute apertures which looked like black threads. These apertures were at equal distances from each other. The street was deserted as far as you could see. Every window and every door was shut. At the end rose this barrier, which converted the street into a *cul-de-sac*, a wall immovable and tranquil. Not a sound, not a soul was to be seen. Neither cry, nor noise, nor breath. It was a sepulchre. . . . From time to time if anyone, soldier, officer, or representative of the people, ventured to cross the deserted footway, a sharp and feeble *ping* was heard, and the man dropped wounded or dead, or if he happened to escape, you might see a ball-embedded in a closed shutter, in the joints of the ashlar, or in the plaster of the wall. Sometimes it was a Biscayan; for the men of the barricade had made two little cannons with two gas pipes, stopped at one end with oakum and clay. There was no waste of powder. Almost every shot told. There were corpses strewn about, and gouts of blood upon the pavement. I remember a white butterfly which flew about in the street; for the summer never abdicates. All around the thresholds of the doors were encumbered with wounded. You felt as if you were being aimed at by some one whom you could not see, and that the whole length of the street was under fire. Massed behind the kind of ridge which the arched bridge of the canal makes at the entrance of the Faubourg du Temple, the soldiers of the attacking column gravely and silently observed this formidable fortress, this immovability, this impenetrability, whence death proceeded. Some crawled on their bellies to the curb of the bridge, taking care that their shakos should not be visible above it. Brave Colonel Montevnard admired this barricade in ecstasy. "How beautifully it is built," said he; "Not a stone projects beyond another. It is like porcelain." At that moment a ball broke the cross upon his heart, and he fell.

"Cowards!" said some. "Let them show themselves! Let us see them! They dare not! They hide themselves!" The barricade of the Faubourg du Temple, defended by eighty men, and attacked by ten thousand, was held three days. On the fourth, they did as they did to Zastcha and to Constantine; they broke into the houses, climbed over the roofs, and the barricade was taken. Not one of the eighty cowards tried to fly. Every one was killed except the chief, Barthélemy, of whom we shall presently have to speak.

The barricade of St. Antoine was the tumult of thunders; that of the Temple

was silence. There was between these two fortresses the difference that exists between the formidable and the sinister. The one was like a throat; the other, like a mask. Admitting that the dark and gigantic insurrection of June was composed of a vengeance and a riddle, one might see the dragon in the first barricade and the sphinx in the second.

These two barricades were built by two men, one named Cournet and the other Barthélemy. Cournet built the barricade St. Antoine; Barthélemy, that of the Temple. Each was the image of that which he built. Cournet was a man of lofty stature; he had huge shoulders, a red face, an enormous fist, a brave heart, a loyal spirit, an eye sincere and terrible. Brave, energetic, irascible, stormy. The heartiest of men; the most terrible of combatants. War, tumult, and fighting made up the atmosphere in which he breathed, and put him in the best humour. He had been a naval officer, and by his gestures and his voice one might guess that he came from the ocean and was accustomed to the tempest. He brought the storm into battle. All but the genius, there was in Cournet something of Danton; just as, all but the divinity, there was in Danton something of Hercules. Barthélemy was slim, mean-looking, pale, taciturn, a species of tragic *gamin*, who, being struck by a *sergent-de-ville*, watched his opportunity and slew his enemy, and at seventeen years old was condemned to the galleys. He came forth from thence and built this barricade.

Some time afterwards, at London (fatal chance!) Barthélemy slew Cournet. It was a melancholy duel. Caught in the snares of one of those mysterious adventures in which passion is mingled (catastrophes in which French justice perceives extenuating circumstances, and in which English justice sees only death), Barthélemy was hanged. The sombre social machine is so constructed that, thanks to material distress and to moral obscurity, this unhappy being, who was gifted with intelligence, firmness, and perhaps even with greatness, began with the galleys in France and ended with the gibbet in England.

This detail of revolutionary history, so far as the careers of the two men Cournet and Barthélemy are concerned, may perhaps be as new to most of our readers as it is to ourselves. The description of what fared in the barricade defended by Enjolras, Marius, and their friends, has a more personal interest. The incidents are spread over the greater part of the ninth volume, but they do not weary us. The despairing gaiety of these energetic young spirits, self-doomed to death, is told with tragic pathos, and with the minuteness of the most careful painting. Marius writes a letter of farewell to Cosette, and sends it by Gavroche. It falls into the hands of Jean Valjean, who, by favour of his uniform as a member of the National Guard, reaches the barricade and enters it as a recruit. His arrival is opportune; for the defenders of the barricade having lost all hope of any termination but an honourable death, have resolved that five of their number (being married men upon whom women and children depend), shall go from the midst of them. To accomplish this they have four uniforms, but there are five men. Jean Valjean appears, and releases them from the dilemma. Here, then, we have three of the principal personages of the drama within the narrow limits of the barricade: Marius, the lover of Cosette; Jean Valjean, the noble, the magnanimous, the convict; and Inspector Javert, bound hand and foot in the tavern called Corinthe, awaiting the death which Enjolras had promised him.

The interest culminates. The death of the poor little child will-o'-the-wisp Gavroche, is a touching episode. The last moments of the barricade approach; but, before the final assault this scene takes place. Enjolras is making his last arrangements for the final defence of the barricade:—

That done, he turned to Javert and said: "I've not forgotten you"—Placing a pistol on the table, he added: "The last who goes hence will blow out the brains of this spy."—"Here?" asked some one.—"No; do not mix this carcass with our dead. You can step over the little barricade into the Rue de Mondétour. It is but four feet high, and the man is securely bound. Take him there and execute him."

There was one who at that moment was less moved than Enjolras. It was Javert. Jean Valjean presented himself from the group of insurgents and said to Enjolras, "You command here?"—"I do."—"Just now you thanked me."—"In the name of the Republic. The barricade has two preservers, Marius de Pontmercy and yourself."—"Do I deserve a recompense?"—"Certainly."—"Then I demand one."—"What is it?"—"To blow out the brains of that man myself." Javert raised his eyes, and seeing Jean Valjean, gave an almost imperceptible start, "It is just," said he.

The boon is granted, and Jean Valjean leads Javert into the place indicated by Enjolras. Here they are alone.

Jean Valjean put the pistol under his arm and fixed upon Javert a look which had no need of words to say: "Javert; it is I." Javert replied "Take your revenge." Jean Valjean drew from his pocket a knife and opened it. "A throat-cutter!" cried Javert; "You are right. It suits you better." Jean Valjean divided the cord which held Javert by the neck and then the ropes around his wrists; then he severed the fastenings of his feet and rising up again, said, "You are free."

Javert was a man not easily astonished; but, master as he was of himself, he could not resist this. He stood amazed and motionless. Jean Valjean continued: "I do not expect to get free of this; but, if I do, I am living under the name of Fauchelevent, at No. 7 of the Rue de l'Homme Armé." Javert grinned like a tiger and murmured between his teeth, "Have a care."—"Go," said Jean Valjean—"You said Fauchelevent, Rue de l'Homme Armé?"—"Number 7."—Javert repeated in a half whisper "Number 7." He then buttoned up his frock coat, straightened his chest and shoulders, turned away, crossed his arms, and supporting his chin in one of his hands, began to walk off in the direction of the Halles. Jean Valjean followed him with his eyes. After a few steps, Javert turned round and cried out to Jean Valjean, "I had rather you killed me."—"Go," said Jean Valjean.—Javert walked away slowly and a moment after disappeared round the angle of the Rue des Prêcheurs.

When Javert was out of sight, Jean Valjean discharged his pistol in the air, and then re-entered the barricade saying, "It is done."

The barricade is taken by an irresistible charge of the soldiery. Marius is wounded in the shoulder, and is seized at the moment of his extreme peril by the potent hand of Jean Valjean. That hand is a protecting hand; but the manner of that extraordinary escape we pass by for the present. Enjolras and the other defenders of the barricade retire into the tavern, prepared to fight it out to the death.

The barricade had resisted like a gate of Thebes; the tavern fought like a house of Saragossa. That kind of resistance is murderous. No quarter; no parleying is possible. Every one wishes to die if only they can kill him. When Suchet says, "Surrender," Palafoux replies, "After the battle of cannons comes the battle of knives." Nothing was wanting at the siege of Mother Hucheloup's tavern; neither paving-stones rained from the windows and the roof on the besiegers and exasperating the soldiers with horrible blows, nor gun-shots from the cellars and the garrets, nor the fury of the attack, nor the rage of the defence, nor, when at length the door gave way, the frenzied madness of extermination. The assailants rushing into the tavern, and stumbling and falling among the ruins of the door which had been beaten in, did not find a single combatant. The spiral staircase, cut down with an axe, lay in the midst of the lower room, and a few wounded were on the point of death. All who were not killed were on the first-floor and thence, by the hole in the ceiling which had given admission to the staircase, a terrible fire of musketry was kept up. It was the last supply of cartridges. When these were consumed, when these terrible moribunds had no longer either power or ball, they seized in either hand the bottles put aside by Enjolras, which we have already mentioned, and kept off the assailants with those fearful fragile clubs. They were bottle of *aqua fortis*. We narrate the fearful events of this carnage as they took place. The besieged, alas! used every thing for arms. Greek fire did not dishonour Archimedes, nor did boiling pitch disgrace Bayard. All war is frightful and there is no choice. The musketry of the besiegers, although impeded and difficult to manage from below, was murderous. The edges of the hole in the ceiling were soon surrounded with the heads of the dead, from which flowed long, red, smoking streams. The noise was indescribable; a thick and burning smoke enveloped the fight in a sort of night. Words cannot describe horror arrived at such a pitch. They were no longer men who were engaged in that infernal struggle. It was more like Milton and Dante than Homer. Demons attacked and spectres resisted. It was a monstrous heroism.

Borne away by the potent hand of Jean Valjean, Marius escapes. The story of this almost miraculous evasion is well told. Granted that it is improbable, the manner of it is by no means impossible. They escape by the drains of Paris, and after bearing upon his shoulders the apparently dead body of Marius through the subterranean passages for a league and a half, and after overcoming the most terrible difficulties, he issues with him through the *embouchure* on the banks of the Seine—only to fall into the hands of Javert.

But Javert is a changed man. The watch-dog of justice is changed into a lamb. The magnanimity of Jean Valjean has conquered him, and he is constrained to admit that a convict may become admirable. How could he betray and deliver up to justice the man from whom he had accepted his life? The dilemma was terrible, and M. Hugo analyzes it with the same minute care with which he dissected the anguish and doubts which possess the mind of the convict when, at the Court of Assizes at Arras, in the first part of the story, he gave himself up to save another from the galleys.

His supreme anguish was the disappearance of all certainty. He felt as if uprooted. The code was no longer anything but a broken reed in his hand. He had to struggle with scruples of a kind to him unknown. A sentimental revolution had taken place within him totally distinct from legal affirmation, his only standard hitherto. To remain in his old honesty, that was no longer sufficient. A new order of unexpected facts arose around and subjugated him. A totally new world appeared to his mind. A benefit accepted and requited, devotion, compassion, indulgence, pity-violating severity, the distinction of persons, no more definite condemnation, the possibility of a tear in the eye of the Law, an unknown justice of God working directly opposite to the justice of Man. He perceived in the darkness the dreadful rising of an unknown moral sun and he was horrified by the splendour. He was an owl compelled to use his eyes like an eagle.

The solution to this moral enigma is violent, but not illogical. After a mental struggle of long duration and terrible intensity, Inspector Javert commits suicide.

And now we come to the sweetest and most beautiful picture in the whole gallery—that of the marriage of Cosette and Marius. The life of the latter is, of course, saved. Jean Valjean bore him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from the fierce slaughter of the barricade, and was his unknown saviour. He has laid him between the arms of his really doting grandfather, M. Gillenormand; and after long hovering between life and death, youth and love are triumphant, and Marius recovers. One of his first thoughts is for Cosette, and now the old Royalist, overjoyed at the recovery of his darling grandson, can deny him nothing. The marriage between Marius and Cosette is speedily arranged, the last scruples of the Gillenormand family being entirely swept away by the production of 600,000 francs (24,000*l.*) as the fortune of Cosette (*dit* Mlle. Euphrasie Fauchelevent), on the part of Jean Valjean (*dit* M. Fauchelevent). The gaiety of the old Royalist in arranging the details of that marriage is most charming. He presides over the feast and lectures the young couple upon youth and love. The only painful figure in the group is the mournful visage of Jean Valjean, saddened by the thought of parting with the darling to whom he has consecrated his life and his wealth, and in despair at the thought that that separation must be final and complete. For one sacrifice more is now demanded of him, and he is too honest not to recognise it, and to admit its necessity. As at Arras he might have escaped the galleys at the expense of another's liberty, simply by holding his peace, so in this juncture he may be silent and accept the comfort and the respectability which the love of Marius and Cosette offer to him. But this may not be. Jean Valjean will not put their innocent happiness in peril by attaching to it the burden of his blemished life. To do this would be to ignore the light which entered his heart from the soul of Bishop Myriel. Once more his cross is there for him to bear, and he will bear it. Marius and Cosette are married; but Jean Valjean, on a slight pretence, absents himself from the marriage ceremony. The next morning, after a night spent in sore tribulation and wrestling with himself, he presents himself before Marius, and avows the truth. What follows is natural enough.

Marius knows in him only the escaped convict, who declares that he is not the father of Cosette, that he is not related to her, and that her fortune is inalienably her own. He knows nothing of Jean Valjean's magnificent self-sacrifice; nothing of the fact that he owes his life to him. What more natural than that he should desire to sever himself and his pure wife from that apparently disgraced life? To this Jean Valjean assents with the firmness and meekness of a hero. But the effort is too much for him. Deprived of his Cosette, and debarred even the pleasure of beholding her, the brave heart breaks; but not before it has experienced one melancholy consolation. Before he dies, but too late to save him, Marius discovers the real nature of Jean Valjean, the purity of his conduct towards himself, the noble magnanimity of his self-sacrifice, and hastens, with Cosette by his side, to entreat pardon at the feet, and console the dying moments of the much-enduring man. This casts a tender light around the death-bed of the ex-convict, and this scene, which is the last, is also the crowning one of the whole work. We regret that it is much too long to admit of quotation; but thus it ends:

Cosette and Marius fell on their knees in despair and bathed in tears, each holding a hand of Jean Valjean. Those august hands moved no more.

He had fallen back and the light of the two chandeliers illumined him; his white face was turned heavenwards, and he suffered Cosette and Marius to cover his hand with kisses. He was dead.

The night was starless and profoundly dark; and, doubtless, in the shade some great angel waited with expanded wings to receive the soul.

Thus ends this great drama of human life, this great poetical analysis of human misery. That it will produce very different effects upon different minds is a consequence which it must partake with every great and noble work; that it will provoke much minute criticism of its details is a necessity of its vast extent. Yet we do not believe that there can be many who will turn the final page of its last volume and deny in their inmost hearts that "*Les Misérables*" is a work fit to take its place among the greatest efforts of human intelligence; that it is incomparably the noblest work which this age has produced. That its teachings will be much opposed is what, no doubt, its author hoped for them. They are subversive of some very old and deep-rooted institutions; and if those who are interested in these institutions do not rally around the fortresses which are attacked, the author has written in vain. That he should be vehemently, even passionately, opposed, is the result which he has desired to arrive at; and he has arrived at it. Yet we have never yet read a hostile criticism which has not either openly or by implication admitted that it is in every way a gigantic work. The critics have accused Victor Hugo of Atheism, Deism, and Socialism, but they have not dared to deny that he is a great man.

And now a word as to the purpose of the work. If so vast a theme could be described in a short phrase, we should say that it was a pleading in favour of the misery which man inflicts upon his fellows. Never (as has been asserted) is it suggested that human law should be abolished. Hugo only pleads to make the human law more like the Divine, which is long-suffering and of great kindness. He does not say, let Crime go unpunished; but he says, and he inculcates it by striking example, deal with the criminal as a man who may be changed, and not as a soul lost for ever. Is this anything but Christian teaching? The fate of the repentant sinner on the Cross teaches us that to the last moment, while the sinner is yet in his state of probation, Divine justice has mercy in store for him. Yet man dares to condemn those who offend against his fallible and imperfect laws to a living, hopeless damnation.

The lesson which Victor Hugo teaches is briefly this: Your social system is, as all things human must be, defective. Your civilization creates poverty, creates misery, creates crime. It is in the nature of things that it should be so. Do not, then, be too hard upon those who are, in truth, your victims. Deal with them as human beings; that is to say, as beings whom God himself has declared to be capable of repentance. And at the same time remember, that you are also human beings; this is to say, beings who are as prone to sin and as weak in the presence of temptation as these. Do not dare to degrade the image of God to the level of beasts. Try to reclaim and do not destroy. To punish is easy and to teach is difficult. That is why bad rulers and bad pedagogues prefer torturing the body to bending the mind. To punish merely, harshly, unrelentingly, cruelly, degradingly, is the resource of the ignorant, the idle, and the brutal. You cannot all be like Bishop Myriel, any more than you can all attain the full height of any other standard of excellence; but you may do your best to come as near to him as you can. The objects of your kindness will not all be as Jean Valjean. Never mind; you will have done your duty. As Victor Hugo, in an early part of "*Les Misérables*" explained, a man who has been treated as a brute for fourteen years does not reverse his sentence of hatred against society at the first kind word.

The Christianity which Victor Hugo pleads for in favour of the criminal, is as far removed from the cant of prison chaplains and the per-centages of criminal statisticians, as it is from the Draconian philosophy of Mr. Carlyle, who recommends that the Devil's Black Regiment (as he is pleased to term his erring fellow-mortals—oh, immaculate Thomas!) should be shot down at once and buried in the Eternal Rubbish Heaps. It is based upon a broader foundation than the dogmas of a sect, and holds a sinner to be deserving of pity from some better reason than because he can repeat the Catechism to the Chaplain. In Jean Valjean he shows us the criminal degraded to

the level of the brute by the rigid, merciless system of the galleys. Upon this hardened and apparently barren soil the sweet waters of Christian charity descend, and slowly, but not the less surely, a rich harvest springs up. It is easy to laugh at this, and say that it is impossible. Who will dare to say that it is impossible for the greatest villain now undergoing the hardening process of the hulks to become such a one as Jean Valjean? And if that may be, who will dare to say that that system is right which renders such a reformation all but impossible? To the Javerts and the Jebbs of the day these teachings may be unpalatable; but those who are content to kneel with Victor Hugo at the feet of Eternal Wisdom, and to confess that in His eyes all are sinners alike, and to pray that we may be merciful to one another, will thank the poet for a work which cannot have been written in vain.

DESCARTES AND THE CARTESIANS.

Precursors et Disciples de Descartes. Par ÉMILE SAISSET. Paris: Didier. pp. 484.

IT IS BOTH TRUE that philosophy has a Catholic character, and that every nation has its own philosophy. No less true is it that the philosophy of a nation cannot be deeper, diviner, than the nation itself. French philosophy, as French, has never had more than two expressions—the dualism of Descartes and the sensationalism of Condillac. The attempt of Cousin and others in recent days to give French philosophy breadth, elevation, life, has signally failed. Many researches have been made, many brilliant pages have been written; but French philosophy returns as of old to a materialism which is gross, or a spiritualism which is meagre and dreary. The French translate Shakespeare, but no Frenchman understands, or will ever be able to understand, him. They translate the Neoplatonists, they translate the chief German metaphysicians—Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling; but what is profoundest in the ideas which they transfer from Alexandria, from Germany to France they do not feel—they are incapable of feeling. Though, however, the French cannot march in philosophy beyond a materialism which is one-sided, and a spiritualism which is more one-sided still, they have done memorable service as historians of philosophy. Yet here, alas! as elsewhere, the ineradicable defects of the French nature are conspicuous—vanity, presumption, shallowness, incorrectness, and the abuse of analysis at the expense of synthesis.

In these respects Emile Saisset is neither worse nor better than his countrymen in general. We have here *Essays on Roger Bacon, on Ramus, on Descartes, on Spinoza, on Malebranche, on Leibnitz*. These essays are elegant, scholarly productions, but somewhat arrogant, inaccurate, and superficial. Besides, as Saisset is one of the slaves who have made their peace with the Empire, he bores us with that most odious kind of twaddle, the twaddle of servility. His words, however wise or eloquent, are not those of a free man, and he is painfully conscious thereof. Saisset is an author of considerable mark and experience. Besides numerous other works, he has translated into French Saint Augustine's "City of God," and the whole of Spinoza. He has likewise published separately, elaborate introductions to these writers. Too ambitious achievement—he has announced a History of Ancient and Modern Scepticism. The central figure in the present work is, of course, Descartes. A Frenchman is never so sure to weary as when Descartes comes on the scene. In the very title of this volume there is a glorification of Descartes and of France. Why should we regard Roger Bacon and Ramus as precursors of Descartes more than of any one else? Why should we speak of Spinoza, Malebranche, and Leibnitz as his disciples? And why, to please the French should we sound the praise of Descartes as the founder of modern philosophy? A reformer of philosophy doubtless Descartes was, and it would be foolish to deny his genius and his merits. But even if science had not been piously impelled and inspired by the reformation, the real founders of modern philosophy were the Italian ontologists, of the sixteenth century, and the legitimate successor of those ontologists was Bacon, not Descartes; Bacon himself belonging almost more to the sixteenth century than to the seventeenth. And ought Galileo to be forgotten, the elder of Descartes by more than thirty years? Philosophy can appear only in two grand forms—ontology and experimental science. Bacon, Galileo—not Descartes—enabled experimental science to be the equal of ontology. For experimental science in the Baconian sense, and for ontology in the sense of Plotinus or of Giordano Bruno, Descartes substituted contemptible and ridiculous psychological crochets, the influence of which the world has not yet outgrown. Descartes narrowed philosophy, and rendered it pedantic and mechanical. He divorced nature from God, the body from the soul; made the microcosm of more importance than the macrocosm, and propounded a monstrous and—whatever Saisset may say—idiotic dogma in respect to the proof we have of our own existence. As ontologist, Descartes was either preposterous or a plagiarist. For the loftiest ideas in his ontological scheme he was indebted to Saint Anselm.

The genius of the French is mathematical more than logical, logical more than psychological, psychological more than ontological, ontological more than natural. Nothing is so unanimously conceded as the marvellous superiority of Descartes as a geometrician. But he was so exclusively a geometrician that he was unfit to conceive anything except in geometrical relations. God,

to him, was a problem in pure, man in applied, mathematics. The ceaseless voice of Immensity is, in the ears of Descartes, merely a larger discourse on method than that of which Descartes himself was the author. Metaphysical abstractions are sometimes ghastly; but they are never so ghastly as mathematical abstractions introduced into the metaphysical domain. Many persons persuade themselves that they have a distaste for metaphysics, when they have only a distaste for that mathematical treatment of metaphysics which Descartes rendered popular. There is scarcely a German metaphysical work, however dull or commonplace, which does not awaken our metaphysical sympathies; whereas there is scarcely a French metaphysical work, however brilliant, which is not intolerably tiresome. Why? Because the German is metaphysician by instinct, and because the Frenchman, however hard he may try to be a metaphysician, is a mathematician still. Now in metaphysics, as in mathematics, all for a Frenchman must be clear, connected, and methodical; and thus for him metaphysical sublimity must be ever unattainable. Tell a Frenchman of a mystery, and he immediately proceeds to map it with mathematical exactness; it is a mystery no longer. Descartes innovated recklessly, but proclaimed his discoveries timidly; he liked to have the pride and the joy of heresy without the risk of martyrdom. When Descartes heard of Galileo's persecution, he immediately concealed, as carefully as he could, a book which he was about to publish; and his whole conduct was in harmony with this despicable cowardice. We care not for the truths which a philosopher has to reveal to us unless he himself be eminently truthful. Saisset, sinning as Descartes sinned, has a Jesuitical apology to offer for the poltroonery of Descartes. But we cannot accept it. The prejudices of the vulgar should not be wantonly outraged; but the philosopher should shrink from offending the prejudices of the vulgar for the vulgar's sake, and not for his own; and he should dare their worst prejudices, bear their fiercest wrath, whenever fidelity to truth demands it. When the brothers De Witt were assassinated, Spinoza, who was usually the calmest of men, grew so uncontrollably furious that he was about to rush out to place placards on the walls near the scene of the massacres, denouncing the populace as the most brutal of barbarians; and he was only kept by force from a deed which would have cost him his life. The old Hebrew fire burned in Spinoza's heart, never, perhaps, to flash forth there again. And is not Spinoza dearer to us for this beautiful heroism? In diplomatic trickery, in the accommodation of philosophical systems to conventional circumstances, Leibnitz too closely resembled Descartes. In whatever country, or in whatever age, Leibnitz had lived, he would always have adapted his philosophy to current theological creeds and existing political institutions.

How different from Descartes and Leibnitz those whom Saisset calls the precursors of Descartes—Roger Bacon and Peter Ramus! As the devoted worshipper of the truth, as the enthusiastic priest of science, Roger Bacon spent long years in exile and in prison; as the valiant soldier of the truth, Peter Ramus was ever facing persecution, and at last met death from the cruel and treacherous hand of the persecutor. It is an odd thing that French historians of philosophy are inclined to claim Roger Bacon as being more French than English, because France, not England, was the chief theatre of his trials. Saisset tells a story about Roger Bacon's tower, which may have been told before, but which is sufficiently amusing to be repeated. Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church at Oxford, and afterwards preceptor of George IV. when Prince of Wales, would never pass under Roger Bacon's tower, lest it should fall on him, for there was a prophecy that this tower was to fall whenever a greater man than Roger Bacon passed under it. If the tower still remained, all the Deans in England might venture near it or under it without danger.

More diverting than this story are two of Saisset's blunders. Descartes in his youth served in the army of the Imperialists at the commencement of the Thirty Years War. When the Imperialists entered Prague, Descartes hastened, saith Saisset, to find in the fatherland of Tycho Brahe traces of the sojourn and labours of this great man. Now Tycho Brahe was a Scandinavian of the purest race, and had only lived at Prague for a year or two before his death. But when a Frenchman has a phrase to make, dates and facts are superciliously brushed aside. To fill the third of a page with sonorous sentences Saisset pictures that unfortunate young man whom an ecstatic sentiment of the grandeur of modern mind threw at thirty as a victim into the flames which bigotry had kindled, and in whom overflowed wit, fervour, imagination, enthusiasm, the defender of Copernicus, the innovating Platonist, the noble, the ingenious, the eloquent, the chimerical, the sublime Giordano Bruno. Now we have an exceeding love and reverence for Giordano Bruno, who, if not the most colossal, is certainly the most interesting figure in philosophy. But he was fifty, not thirty, when the Inquisition burned him. And thus Saisset's pretty romance vanishes into air. Though Malebranche is commonly classed with the Cartesians, yet it is not through his Cartesianism that he impresses, but through his mysticism and his unction, through those very things for which Descartes had no sympathy. Again, though Spinoza, in his youth, had been moulded by Cartesianism, which was the fashionable doctrine, he was, when he wrote the "Ethics," simply the man Spinoza, owing little to any one but himself. Descartes was a decided, nay even an extravagant dualist. Yet it was from Descartes it seems that the pantheism of Spinoza was derived. That is, a philosophical system was derived from a philosophical system to which of all philosophical systems it had the least resemblance! Now while

Spinoza has been accused of borrowing from Descartes, he has also been accused of borrowing from the Neoplatonists, from the Kabbala, and from Maimonides. The Neoplatonists were pantheistic, the Kabbala is pantheistic, but Maimonides was intensely, inordinately rationalistic. The most original men are those who appropriate the most, but they appropriate only what harmonises with their individuality. The pantheism of Spinoza has the singular character of being rationalistic and idealistic. Less the life than the thought of God is the universe of Spinozism. As distinguished from all other systems of pantheism, the scheme of Spinoza may be fitly named Protestant pantheism, or to change the terms a little, Spinoza may be designated the Protestant of pantheists. Protestantism was intellect awakened and triumphant. Dwelling in what was at the time the freest of Protestant lands, Spinoza took into his whole soul the Protestant spirit, and he created what had never been created before—an intellectual pantheism. Thus, then, it was not Descartes, nor Maimonides, nor the Kabbala, nor the Neoplatonists, but the awakened intellectual life of Europe, first in the Renaissance, and then in the Reformation, which stimulated and enriched the mighty mind of Spinoza. Saisset quotes Leibnitz in confirmation of his theory respecting Spinoza's Cartesianism. But, disposed as the Germans are to overrate Leibnitz, just as the French overrate Descartes, they yet admit that Leibnitz neither appreciated, nor took any trouble to appreciate, this marvellous Hebrew thinker, if indeed he was not jealous of a man so superior to himself in metaphysical gifts. When, consequently, Leibnitz declared that Spinozism is a Cartesianism carried to extremes; that Spinoza ended where Descartes began—in naturalism; that Spinoza did nothing more than cultivate certain germs of the philosophy of Descartes, he talked in a very absurd fashion. But Cartesianism and Spinozism are equally remote from naturalism. Of Spinozism we may, without hesitation, pronounce that it does not contain naturalism enough, and that it is by its want of naturalism that it repels us. Naked pantheism does not differ greatly from dogmatic theism. Spinoza's universe is the skeleton or scaffolding of a universe, nothing more. Other philosophers have offered us cosmic pantheism—Spinoza's is athletic pantheism. We have, consequently, in the "Ethics" an admirable discipline, but a scanty banquet. Saisset may not be altogether wrong in representing Spinoza as the modern Parmenides unless all similar comparisons tended to mislead. Spinoza, we repeat, was transcendently Spinoza, but transfigured by his own age and the ages immediately before it. Now Descartes, though professedly a Catholic, was just as much as Spinoza the child of Protestantism. The development of France has been a Protestant development, and the Protestantism of France culminated in Voltaire, in the "Encyclopedie," and in the Revolution. Rabelais and Montaigne were essentially Protestants. And France has not been Protestant in the sectarian or theological sense, because unfolding to the utmost the philosophical tendencies of Protestantism. Lord Bacon has compared himself to Christopher Columbus, but Saisset tells us that the real Christopher Columbus for science and philosophy was Descartes. It would be more accurate to represent Descartes as an Amerigo Vespucci than a Christopher Columbus, seeing that he has had a glory to which he was never entitled. Without Descartes, we are informed by Saisset, England would have had no Newton and Germany no Leibnitz. Indeed, it does not seem as if science and philosophy would have been able to survive and to march but for the mortal who was born on the 31st of March, 1596, at Lahaye, in Touraine. Napoleon used to say that no man is necessary. The saying has a deeper truth than Napoleon himself conceived. Even if Descartes had been incomparably greater than he was he would not have been indispensable—he would not have been the one solitary king whom men were for ever to worship. The years rolled on, bearing on their bosom the conquests of all years before, and Descartes came, as others came, to gather the conquests and to add to them. Let, however, the French exalt Descartes as they may, why should they so incessantly assail Francis Bacon. Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon had numerous points of affinity; and when the history of science and philosophy is impartially written, it is Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon to whom mankind will give thrones of highest honour, and not Descartes. It is time that this Descartes imposture were trampled down by the righteous wrath of scholars and of thinkers. And we advise Saisset to seek some other hero. ATTICUS.

Stray Thoughts on Geology and Astronomy in relation to the Bible, as Mutual Expositors of each other. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co. pp. 91.)—We may confidently recommend this brochure to the consideration of those who are curious in what may be called "eccentric literature." As an attempt to reconcile the so-called discrepancies between geological truths and the statements in the Book of Genesis, it seems to us to be entirely unsatisfactory. Some scientific theories of undoubted novelty are, however, very confidently developed. As, for example, the theory to explain the fact that the remains of animals belonging to warm climates are found in the rocks of countries which are now of milder temperature. "Our reply is (writes the author) that on the opening of the fountains of the deep, currents were established which conveyed their bodies into colder parts." Further on we learn that: "The granite mountains, with all the other formations of rock, called by geologists primary and igneous, have all the qualities of aqueous rather than of igneous result." The scientific reader will, by this time, be able to appreciate the value of this attempt to reconcile science with Scripture; and for the general reader, it probably matters very little what he thinks of it.

RECENT POEMS.

Harebell Chimes, or Summer Memories and Musings. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. Longmans. pp. 252.

The Lyrical and Other Minor Poems of Robert Story, with a Sketch of his Life and Writings. By JOHN JAMES, F.S.A. London: Longmans. Bradford: Gaskarth. pp. 200.

Our English Months. By S. W. PARTRIDGE. London: S. W. Partridge. pp. 303.

Romance of the Gold and Silver Lock, and other Poems. By the Hon. CATHERINE HARRIET MAYNARD. London: Kerby and Son. pp. 96.

THE AUTHOR of the first volume of this collection of recent poems is already known in literature as the writer of an entertaining book of travels in Iceland and the Faröe Islands, and of some speculations on "The Beautiful in Nature and Art," to which, if we could not accord undivided praise, we were at its appearance conscientiously able to accord a large amount of credit. Mr. Symington is, we believe, one of those gentlemen who, in spite of the proverbial jealousy with which Commerce and the Muses mutually regard their devotees, contrives to pay a great deal of attention to both. His poems, of which this volume is the second issue, display a considerable amount of taste and habits of careful composition. If they lack the originality which belongs to genius—and of how few modern poets may not this be said?—they have the grace and culture of talent. The "Prelude," addressed "To Mary," is a very favourable sample of Mr. Symington's muse:

Resting in the forest deep,
 'Neath a shady tree,
In a pleasing reverie,
Methought the spirit of the flowers
From her unseen palace-bowers,
 Appeared to me.
"Ho! Zephyrs" said she, "lightly peal
The delicate Harebells;"
And ever as they swang,
A spirit music rung
From their azure cells.

On my inner soul and sense,
With a clairvoyant influence
Felt the chime; and all shone clear:
Mind's Loto-lais mystery
Seemed unfolded unto me:
The links of nature with man's soul;
Past and future lay, one scroll:
Birth, life, and death—love, hope, and fear,

The distant and the near
Mingled in mine ear,
One moment seeming many a year.
Such music soon doth pass away!
Yet, still remain in memory
Dim shadowings of vague delight,
Far lost in lonely forest dells,
Or when I lie awake by night;
And of these I fain would write,
But oh! too pure, too high for me,
That spirit flow of harmony;
Those fitful gushing swells,
Floating 'neath tall branching trees.
In wild aerial mistreleses,
From the blue Harebells;
And which the soul alone can hear,
Far away or stealing near,
When—hushed in silent ecstasy
So deep that time seems scarce to be—
It trembles on infinity!

The most noticeable fault in these compositions seems to us the evidently irrepressible disposition to dwell upon petty details. This, if too often and too much indulged in, weakens the effect of descriptive poetry, and turns it into commonplace. Surely it was not necessary to close a description of the beautiful eyot on Loch Lomond, Inch-cailiach, with an intimation that the party got into the boat to get back again to the mainland.

We re-embark, and push off from the isle!

And, in our judgment, it would have been better to have described the ascent of Ben Lomond without the somewhat unnecessary statement:

We leave the inn,
Delaying not to rest.

A remarkable example of this defect may be found in the poem entitled "A Leaf from Life." It begins with the description of a wedding:

The clergyman arrived,
And, formal recognitions past, there rose
A bustling motion—gloves were handed
 round.
A carriage then came rattling down the
 street.
"The bridegroom!" ran the whisper: forth-
with he
Appeared among them, with a lurid smile,

The impatient guests, in order ranged
 around,
And marriage favours given them, now en-
 gaged
In fluttering talk, with short, deep lulls
 between.
All things prepared, and expectation high,
Her father left the room, and soon returned
Slow leading in the bride.

A much more favourable specimen of Mr. Symington's muse is the description of Sunrise witnessed from Ben Lomond:

The cold West seems a dreary polar sea,
With frozen icebergs, waste and desolate.
The amber Orient kindles into gold,
And crimson flakes hang motionless in
 air
Burning intensely bright. Two island peaks,
Pure amethyst, now seen athwart the light,
Empurpled lie like fair enchanted isles.
Red dawn shoots forth; the tender colours
 spread;
And darkness melts away. Ethereal Light
Proclaims Apollo's "glowing axle" near—
His fire-wing'd steeds swift pawing golden
 air.
The splendour masses in bright radiance;
And from the ruby chambers of the East
The Sun comes forth in dazzling glorious
 sheen,
Smiting the stormy ridges of the mist
Which mouldering away in golden dust,
Are calmed to rippling light!

Such spectacle
Transcending all that mind could ere con-
 ceive,
Of richest gorgeousness, magnificence,
May lead the heart to meditate what He—
Who, with these simple elements, o'er-
 whelms

And storms the soul with beauty—hath
 prepared
In heaven for those that love him!
Now we feel
The fresh earth-sweeping wind which wakes
 the flowers,
And martin-warbling birds throughout the
 groves.
Revived, Fair joyous Nature breathes again
A dewy fragrance through the green-leaved
 earth.
Gazing upon that wonderful fire-sea,
We conjure up the Primal Dawn, when
 Light
Surging from darkling depths of Chaos,
 stream'd
In flood of glory through the liquid air;
While quivering angels, with rapt Seraphim,
Touched golden harps, and hymning sang
 His praise,
The great Creator—marvellous of works.
Then, the bright coming dawn, when
 Love and Truth,
The atmosphere that flows around the earth,
Shall like a genial sun-tide melt the ice
From every heart,—the Sabbath of the
 world!

The editor of Robert Story's Poems has put forth the writings of that rustic bard with so much pretention that it is evident he mistakes his author for a second Burns; we must confess, however, that an examination of the compositions themselves does not lead us to con-

firm that verdict. The volume is dedicated to the Most Noble the Duke of Northumberland, who is informed "it is deemed most fitting by the biographer and friends of Robert Story—as it certainly would have been the wish of the bard himself—that this volume should be dedicated to your Grace." This phrase "the bard" (never properly applicable to any but genius of the very first class), and also the epithet of "Northumbria's bard," reminds us somewhat unpleasantly of that "bard" of the sister county of Westmeria, "the poet Close." We do not, however, class these bards together. Story is worth several Closes; but he is not a poetic genius of the highest order for all that; and it is just one of those injuries which injudicious friends inflict upon the objects of their ill-judged admiration, that these hyperbolic expressions of laudation compel us to award something besides praise to Mr. Story and his works.

Robert Story was a peasant and the son of a peasant, and was born at Wark, a village in the north-west corner of Northumberland, near the banks of Tweed, on the 17th of October 1795. His biographer records that he was his mother's pet, being the son of her mature age, and that "hence sprung very many of the troubles and indiscretions of his youth." Of the exact nature of these indiscretions his biographer does not leave us long in ignorance. He certainly had one quality in common with the "Ayrshire laddie," an unco' fondness for the "lasses oh!" Being settled at Roddam in the double capacity of farm labourer and schoolmaster (for which latter office he had but slender acquirements), he fell in love with a field reaper named Margaret, or "Maggie" Richardson, in whose honour he composed many poems. This girl, however, was very soon jilted for a more seductive rival; or (as the biographer magniloquently expresses it) "her ascendancy over him was now doomed to be overthrown by the superior attractions of Ann Boer, a lady's maid, who had accompanied her mistress from Shropshire, on a visit to General Orde, of Roddam Hall." The reign of the Shropshire beauty was "doomed," however, to be not more stable than that of poor Maggie. Story wrote some poems to her; but after a few weeks' stay she departed with her mistress, and "the bard" saw her no more. Poor General Orde must have been somewhat annoyed by the poet's amours, if we may judge by the following account which Mr. James gives of his proceedings:

On finishing his labours in the harvest field, he resumed his school duties at Roddam, lodging as before in the school-house. One of its windows overlooked the gardens of General Orde, who had now a fresh bevy of female servants. One day three or four of these were strolling in the garden, gathering cherries, when one of the handsomest of the girls approached the open window, through which he was gazing at them, and presented to him a branch of fruit. This, blooming as it looked, was a fatal gift to both of them, and the source of much misery. An attachment sprang up between them, which resulted in the girl showing signs of soon becoming a mother. Not long after, he discovered that she had before been in a similar condition, and this, in his eye, formed an insuperable bar to their marriage. Remorse like a ghoul preyed upon his heart; and he determined to fly from a spot where he no longer enjoyed happiness, but, on the contrary, hourly feared the vengeance of the parish law. Another circumstance also rendered his stay at Roddam very unpleasant, if not impossible. He had long been disliked by General Orde, and for very good reasons. Story was continually prowling about the General's house and grounds, at all times of night, unless, as was often the case, the house was deserted, and the servants had assembled for a merry-making in the school house, where the dance continued until the approach of morning. On these occasions Story, a tolerable performer on the violin, acted as musician and master of the ceremonies. An altercation he had with the General ended in an open rupture; and the latter exerted himself with effect to get rid of so troublesome a neighbour. Story, never disposed to submit with meekness to what he considered an attack, resolved to retaliate with a satire on his opponent. There was some difficulty in finding any one to undertake the risk of putting in print this satirical effusion; but, at last, a broken down printer at Morpeth was induced to run the hazard for half a sovereign. Story fiddled at Ilderton Moor for a night to raise the money; and in the Christmas of 1819, the Satire was published, and clandestinely circulated, making a great noise in the neighbourhood. Though a very harmless squib, it certainly was a hit. One of the General's sons laughed heartily on seeing the piece, and remarked: "The author is a clever fellow. This is my father, every inch."

The incidents of the story need no comment; but the picture of "the bard" fleeing from "the vengeance of the parish law" is not a very poetical one.

In spite of these rather serious drawbacks it would appear that Story had many valuable and powerful friends. He set up a school at Gargrave, and managed somehow to get on upon very slender stores both of "siller" and learning. His biographer tells us that he managed to teach some of his pupils "the rudiments of Latin," after having, by means of "literal translations, made himself familiar with the Pastorals of Virgil, a few of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and also a little of Caesar and Sallust." We are afraid that the instruction which this somewhat empirical course of study enabled him to impart must have been of the most elementary character. At Gargrave it was that his general admiration for the opposite sex took a more concrete form; or, as Mr. James tells us, "the sanctuary of his heart had long been void, when he found in Ellen Ellison, a native of Gargrave, and about four years younger than himself, one who happily filled a blank in his existence." The marriage took place in May, 1823.

Before this time, Story had published many fugitive poems in the local press and in several publications. He commenced a more pretentious composition called "The Hunting in Craven," which was published entire, and was highly appreciated by the people in the neighbourhood. He also published in the *Newcastle Magazine*. By 1827 he was in what was, for him, a thriving position; for his school was flourishing, he was the parish clerk, and received an annual stipend from the vicar for acting as a Sunday teacher. He was out of debt, and "his life, though one of toil, was, on the whole, one of happi-

ness." The publication of a second volume of poems, entitled "The Magic Fountain," "added," we are told, "both to his fame and his purse." But the biographer somewhat significantly adds: "Though some of the London periodicals were severe upon several of the pieces, yet their censures were more than counterbalanced by the praises of his friends." Ah, those terrible London periodicals! How fond they are of crushing the aspirations of rustic genius! How obstinately they are wont to oppose the impartial eulogies of never too enthusiastic friends! Do we not know that it is their function to do this; that it is in their ghoul-like nature to live on "bard's" blood? So cheer up tuneful Damon, whatever county you may have honoured with your birth, and sing to the delight of your rural friends, without caring for these urban Aristarchuses!

In 1834, Robert Story did a stroke of electioneering business. He had previously to this written several pieces on the Reform Bill, "which attracted much notice at the time, and gained him no small share of ill-will; but when the King, in November, 1834, made his celebrated speech to the Bishops, Story concluded the day of his own party had arrived, and under the influence of a strong enthusiasm, wrote 'The Isles are Awake,' and sent it to the *Standard*." The effect of this composition is described by Mr. James:

Instantly, the whole Conservative press caught the cry, and reprinting the piece with hearty praise, spread its popularity throughout the kingdom. Pending the election struggle for the representation of South Lancashire, by Lord Francis Egerton, it became an effective electioneering song on his side, and was circulated by thousands. Hitherto the song had been published anonymously, and his Lordship being known as an excellent poet, the composition was attributed to him. With his name, it appeared in the *Manchester* and other papers, and, thus honoured, it circulated again through the newspaper press. At a dinner given to celebrate the election of his Lordship, the piece was not only sung, but became the text or rallying word of many of the speakers. His Lordship, on rising, after quoting some of the lines, added: "The song has been attributed to me, but, though I should have been proud to be so, I am not the author; and it would be a species of literary theft, not to say so at once." This disclaimer, and the encomiums passed upon the composition, gave it through the press a more extensive celebrity than before. Story now thought that he might, with propriety, avow the authorship; the intelligence was spread by the press, and he found himself, at once, famous. Speedily, "The Church of our Fathers," "The Rock of the Ocean," and many other lyrics of the same cast, were published by him in the newspaper press. Everywhere hailed as the "Poet of Conservatism," he was proud of the title, and threw himself, to use his own words, "heart and soul into the cause," thereby increasing the exasperation of his neighbours of the opposite party, and heaping up against himself vengeance for another day.

Stimulated by this popularity, he published a volume entitled "Lyrical Poems," a first edition of which soon sold off; but a second one flagged. In 1836, he paid a first visit to London, where a friend "introduced him to Mr. Hogarth, of the *Morning Chronicle*, at whose house he was much gratified by the conversation of Charles Dickens." Next year we find him electioneering at Carlisle, in the service of Sir James Graham, then the Conservative candidate. The "baronet of Netherby" lost his election, and Story got twenty pounds for his services, and then "reluctantly returned to his duties of schoolmaster." No wonder if, after this, his school declined in prosperity. To retrieve this, he tried some building speculations, which also failed. This was the beginning of his difficulties. In 1839, he was writing "leading articles" for the *Sheffield Patriot*, a Conservative paper, and in the same year (owing probably to his political services) he obtained the post of Collector of Taxes for the Gargrave district, at a salary of 75*l.* a year. Four years after that, the Hon. John Stuart Wortley, one of the Conservative members for the West Riding, used his influence with Sir Robert Peel, and obtained for Story a clerk's situation in the Audit Office, Somerset House. Here he remained until his death, though the change does not seem to have been either a very profitable or a very satisfactory one. Latterly, however, he was fortunate enough to gain the warm and friendly patronage of the Duke of Newcastle, who caused to be printed at his own expense a magnificent edition of Story's works. "The work was printed in colours, by Messrs. Pigg, of Newcastle, and in a style of beauty and magnificence which I do not remember to have seen equalled by the provincial press. The designs for the illuminated letters were made in Newcastle, the paper was manufactured in Northumberland, and the book bound in Newcastle, with leather dressed on the Tyne. All the accessories thus accorded with a book which breathed the poetry of Northumbria. The mere expense of adorning the work cost his Grace five hundred pounds—a splendid monument to the Bard of Beaumont Side!"

Story held his Government situation until he died, although he was at one time under some apprehension that he would be discharged as a supernumerary clerk. The influence of his great country patrons, however, prevailed, and the "Bard of Beaumont Side" died peacefully at Battersea, on the 7th of July, 1860, surrounded by all the comforts with which kind and solicitous friends could provide him with.

It is, perhaps, hard measure after all, to gauge the local fame which such a man has gained by his writings by the strictest rules of criticism. God forbid that we should ignore the influence of friendship and personal partiality, and in the admiration which such men as Story win, these elements enter largely. The world at large may look coldly on, and refuse to go into raptures about poems which are endeared to the personal friends of the writer by a thousand affectionate recollections. Whatever may be Story's place among the poets of the world, it is evident that his biographer, Mr. John James, ranks him in the very first class; but how far that gentleman is fitted

to pronounce upon such a delicate question may be inferred from the fact that he speaks of Story himself as "living upon the best of terms with a host of Yorkshire and Lancashire poets." Just fancy, a host of Yorkshire and Lancashire poets! and all living at once, too!

A few specimens will serve to give our critical readers an opportunity of forming their own judgment upon the merit of Story's Muse. "I love her," is an excellent example of his mode of treating a class of subjects of which he was naturally very fond:

Talk on! each fault in Mary blame
That hate can think, or envy frame;
Lessen her beauty, taint her fame;
Whate'er you say, I love her!
I look but on her cheek and eye—
They give her base remarks the lie;
How pure the glance! how fine the dye?
By all that's fair, I love her!
Arouse my pride: she spurns my prayer
For one—perchance less worth her care:
Her presence melts that pride to air,
I see her—and I love her!

Describe her weak and unrefined:
She comes—her tones the soul can bind!
Her eye is eloquence and mind?
By all that's grand, I love her!
Depress me with the thought that she
Must ne'er my heaven of rapture be:
Blest be her heart, I say, and free!
Repulsed and scorned, I love her!
And while her form—a sunbeam bright—
To Memory's eye shall lend its light,
By levelled Hope's eternal blight!
By all my woes! I'll love her!

However, the candid and unprejudiced critic may be apt to object that the lines headed "I have heard of fair climes," are remarkable for neither extraordinary beauty nor originality, we can imagine them to be highly popular among "Craven Men:"

I have heard of fair climes lying nearer the sun,
Where the summer and autumn are blent into one,
Where the flowers in unending succession come forth,
And brighter of hue than the flowers of the north,
Where the fruit and the blossom adorn the same tree
Yet Craven, green Craven's the land for me!

I have heard of the azure enchanting all eyes,
The deep, cloudless blue of Italian skies—
But give me the wild heaven, now gloomy, now gay,
That with shadow and sunshine still varies the day,
Forming scenes which a painter or bard loves to see—
And Craven, green Craven's the land for me!

Can lands where the summer and autumn entwine,
Exhibit a contrast more pleasing than thine?
Spring smiles in yon vale where the river is rolled,
And autumn has hung yonder mountain with gold;
You beech tree stands red on an emerald lea—
O, Craven, green Craven's the land for me!

Why talk of Circassia as Beauty's domain?
Or why of the dark-glancing daughters of Spain?
We have maids that might realise dreams of above,
Too lovely—if aught were too lovely—for love,
As sweet as their Spring, as their mountain-winds free—
Yes! Craven, green Craven's the land for me!

Mr. Partridge is another of those who combine their worship of the Muse with the pursuit of business, and as his business is one that brings him more immediately into contact with literature than any other, the conjunction is the less remarkable. Mr. Partridge has been induced to write these pages by "a conviction that, notwithstanding much that is taking place among us in a right direction, the book of nature is still, to multitudes both of our villagers and townsmen, one of far less suggestiveness and improvement than it might be, for want of more observant habits and discriminative intelligence. I am convinced (adds Mr. Partridge) that our minds would be none the less happy for learning more to individualise trees, shrubs, and flowers; our natures are none the less humanised for deeper acquaintance with the habits of the lower animals; and our hearts certainly none less disposed to receive truth, from a keener appreciation of the beautiful." The poems written in this spirit, and with this intention, are composed and imagined in excellent taste. Mr. Partridge has evidently drunk deeply of the pure spring of the Elizabethan literature, and has formed his style upon excellent models. That he is a close observer of nature every page most satisfactorily proves. Who does not recognise the familiar cuckoo-pint of the hedges in

The chalice arum loosening day by day,
Her young barbed leaf from her parental stem?
Ah, 'tis a lovely sight, and will repay
Thy patient watching. From the towering stalk,
Scarce thickened, first a little point appears,

Hardly observed; diverging leisurely,
It stands at length apart, by slow degrees
Emerging coyly from its pillared sheath,
So fresh, so gracefully, so timidly,
Till all its folded crumpled beauty stands
Complete at length—a perfect arrow leaf.

Here, too, is a bright passage full of life; rustling with the wings of early birds, and redolent of the coming spring:

The copse and field,
Silent so long, are vocal once again.
The birds—those tiny angels of the woods—
To their old haunts return. The single note—

The first faint call-note—swells into a song,
To welcome the young springtime. Scattered notes
Orb into music, and a louder strain
Bursts from the echoing wood. With earliest dawn

The fearless thrush warbles his clear bold lay,
Still, with the sooty blackbird, singing on
Long after hushing evetide. Later still,
The robin hastens not to his repose,
So glad his little heart. The greenfinch sings,

That never leaves us, busy in the hedge
After the seeds and insects. Merry tits—
Our sprightly denizens—a jound throng,

Haunt all the hedgerows, full of fussy life.
The bullfinch in the orchard merrily
Busies himself with stripping off the buds
From every cherry bough. The redwings flock

Along the meadow side: the fieldfares flock,
Rolder, into the centre, ere they leave
For colder climes, their scouts and sentinels
Forbidding rude approach. The chaffinch, too,

First of his tribe, welcomes returning spring
With his few notes, so feeble, scarce a song.
E'en the pert sparrow, our familiar friend,
Hath a more musical and lively chirp,
As, by the bird-boy's rattle still unscared
He haunts, with many a sly and knowing look,

The wormy ridges of the seeded field.

The Hon. Catherine Harriet Maynard does not offer a very hopeful preface to her readers. "If," she says, "the reader is only half as much wearied as I was in the writing, I wish him well through them." She does not, however, do full justice to her Muse, which breathes forth its utterances in a spirit of much tenderness, not unmingled

with strength. "Gold and Silver Lock" is the longest and perhaps also the best of these poems. It has many failings. We like not, for example,

The golden corn
With its waves of bread.

But some of the verses are in purer taste:

The sweet spring arose
With her balmy breath,
And, smiling, waved back
The winter of death.

With her glorious robe
Of verdure and gold,
With primroses starred,
And lilies untold.

Her arms bathed in sunbeams,
Teem with flowery wealth,

Soft Zephyrs dispersing
Fragrance laden with health.

Health—for the sick one
Whose low trembling cry
Had pierced thro' dark clouds,
And found mercy on High.

And the young child's first words
Were meek praises lisped forth,
For that mother's life saved
From the angel of wrath.

One more specimen of Miss Maynard in her severer mood, and we have done.

THE EXECUTION.

Why run the people with such haste,
What moves that rolling mass;
Is it some pageant, grand, and gay,
A Royal sight shall pass?

See, see, they rush, and if one falls;
None stay, nor aid, nor heed,
Sure—some great cause of festive joy
Stirs old and young to speed.

Nay, nay, alas, 'tis no glad thing;
Makes thousands fear delay;
Sad, sad, there waits a fellow man,
Doomed unto death this day—

This day—with quivering, trembling tread
(His pale face steeped in tears),
A guilty, conscious, cowering man;
Before his God appears—

Without a word his face is swathed
Beneath the fatal beam,
And his quick panting hissing breath
Bursts forth a vapour stream.

Crowds gather nigh, that fearful sight,—
Watch,—glut,—on agony.—
Aye! jest,—while Death, lo! manifests—
His might,—His Majesty.

One ghastly face, amid that crowd,
With bloodshot eyes of fire,
With outstretched arms, holds forth her babe,
Towards its dying sire.

Like rushing waters, human voices
Sound grandly thro' the air,
Above it all, one anguished cry,
One yell of great despair.

The surging mass close all around,
And hid's that pale, pale, face,
Now—crushed, and bleeding, mangled, lies
Awaiting Heaven's grace.

Her heart had burst—her spirit fled—
With that last cry so wild,
And all that's left is quivering dust,
Of the Murderer's wife and child.

The sight of blood is maddening them
Shout raises shout for more
As the vast forest echoes far
From answering lions roar.

Clustering, cursing, jostling, wrangling,
Drunk—with excitement wild
Their fierce brute nature roused until
The name of man's defiled.

ARTHUR CLOUGH'S POEMS.

Poems. By ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With a Memoir. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. pp. 259.

IF ANYTHING COULD RECONCILE US to that smug humdrum life, which with unphilosophical comfort accepts all things as it finds them, and holds that whatever is is best, it would be the volume before us. It may not be—and indeed it is not—a very lofty pattern of existence for the man with the *divinam particulam aurea* in him, to marry and beget children, to go to church regularly, to do a good deed when the chance offers, and to fulfil all household duties after the fashion in which four hundred out of every five hundred English citizens do. Still we hold even this vegetative stage of existence to be in some degree superior to that erratic wisdom which expends itself fruitlessly in trying to solve "the riddle of the Universe," and to which a consciousness of the strange things of life is "a heavy and a weary weight." We say that the aforesaid vegetative existence is in some degree superior, because in the first place it is a happier one, and because in the second it is at least as useful as that which, ever doubting and dissatisfied itself, impregnates all near with similar doubts and dissatisfaction. The first paragraph of the following passage—much of which is to us very hazy—refers to Mr. Clough's quitting Oxford:

That world was not his friend, he fancied, nor that world's law. Yet this divergence was not such as ever estranged him in heart from that noble corporation which, more than any other of modern times, is apt to retain a life-long hold on the affections and the honour of its members; nor was it, again, such as, after his withdrawal, could be laid at rest within the bonds of some different system. This was no logical tangle, no scepticism in the common sense, no sudden imagined discovery, caprice of vanity, fanciful reverie, far less pride of heart or of intellect. Rather, if frank submission to the inexplicable mysteries of creation, if a reverence which feared expression, a faith in the eternal truth and justice, be the attributes of a religious mind, Clough possessed it with a reality uncommon in the followers of any religion. But the consciousness of the strange things of life, verbally recognized by most of us, and then explained by some phrase, or put by as unpracticable, was to him the "heavy and weary weight" which men like Wordsworth or Pascal felt it. The "voyant trop pour nier, et trop peu pour s'assurer" of the greatest of French thinkers, as truly expressed Clough's conviction; and, convinced thus, it was with mingled perplexity and wrath that he listened to the popular solutions which he heard so confidently, often so threateningly vaunted—to the profane pretence of knowledge (as he thought it) disguised under the name of Providential schemes, or displayed in dogmatic formulas.

We suppose that this, interpreted into plain English, means that Mr. Clough had no liking for the formulas of the Church of England, or, indeed, for those of any other Church.

Mr. Palgrave tells us that his friend Mr. Clough was not "a practical man." This we can readily believe—not so, however, when we are assured that his "truly was a life of much performance, yet more promise." Promise much at one time it undoubtedly did, but where was the performance? Clough was a promising boy at Rugby and a promising tutor at Oxford, which he prematurely quitted. He afterwards became Warden of University Hall—"an employment," which we are assured, was "not altogether congenial to his disposition."

Then he went to America, where he obtained more uncongenial employment, and from which he returned to take a minor post in the Privy Council Office. We see nothing "of much performance" in this changeable, unstable mode of life, and much of the poetry we have in this volume is of a very mediocre kind. Even "The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich"—decidedly in our opinion the choicest piece in the volume—can only claim to rank as a successful long vacation squib, the rank, we believe, assigned to it by the author himself. It presents a very fair picture of Oxford life, contains some little good poetry, and, despite a metre and rhythm almost purposely clogged and fantastic, carries the reader away by its freshness and vivacity. It is a poem, however, popular with few or no ladies. One of the best passages in "The Bothie" is, in our opinion, the following:

There is a stream, I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books,
Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of great mountains,
Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder, enveloped
Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and ample
Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery slopes on both sides:
Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and narrows;
But, where the glen of its course approaches the vale of the river,
Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging onward,
Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a lady would step it.
There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden bridge goes,
Carrying a path to the forest; below, three hundred yards, say,
Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats of shingle,
Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open valley.
But in the interval here the boiling, pent-up water
Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,
Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and fury
Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror;
Beautiful there for the colour derived from green rocks under;
Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam uprising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness.
Cliff over cliff for its sides with rowan and pendent birch boughs,
Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge and pathway,
Still more enclosed from below by wood and rocky projection.
You are shut in, left alone with yourself and perfection of water,
Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the goddess of bathing.
Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the fall and clear it;
Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded sparklings,
Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty ledges.

"The affectation of "Spondeeism" in these lines is not much to our taste, but the whole description of the waterfall is undeniably graphic. The "Amours de Voyage" reminds us of Mr. Coventry Patmore's poetry, to which it is very little, if at all, superior. Indeed, we can hardly help thinking that Mr. Patmore's latest work has been suggested from the perusal of such stuff as the following:—

MARY TRAVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

DEAR MISS ROPER,—It seems, George Vernon, before we left Rome, said
Something to Mr. Claude about what they call his attentions.
Sasan, two nights ago, for the first time, heard this from Georgina.
It is so disagreeable and so annoying to think of!
If it could only be known, though we never may meet him again, that
It was all George's doing and we were entirely unconscious,
It would extremely relieve—Your ever affectionate Mary.

P.S. (1.)

Here is your letter arrived this moment, just as I wanted.
So you have seen him,—indeed,—and guessed,—how dreadfully clever!
What did he really say? and what was your answer exactly?
Charming!—but wait for a moment, I have not read through the letter.

P.S. (2.)

Ah, my dearest Miss Roper, do just as you fancy about it.
If you think it sincere to tell him I know of it, do so.
Though I should most extremely dislike it, I know I could manage.
It is the simplest thing, but surely wholly unequalled for.
Do as you please; you know I trust implicitly to you.
Say whatever is right and needful for ending the matter.
Only do not tell Mr. Claude what I tell you as a secret.
That I should like very well to show him myself I forget it.

P.S. (3.)

I am to say that the wedding is finally settled for Tuesday.
Ah, my dear Miss Roper, you surely can manage
Not to let it appear that I know of that odious matter.
It would be pleasant far for myself to treat it exactly
As if it had not occurred; and I do not think he would like it.
I must remember to add, that as soon as the wedding is over
We shall be off, I believe, in a hurry, and travel to Milan.
There to meet friends of Papa's. I am told, at the Croce di Malta;
Then I cannot say whither, but not at present to England.

Anything more unsatisfactory than the conclusion of these "Amours" we have never yet read. The lover's affection for his mistress is so lukewarm that it cannot inspire him with resolution enough to pursue and overtake her, because he has missed her at a city or two, where she might have been expected to have stayed with her family. Doubtless, however, this very irresolution was a type of Mr. Clough's character. With all his endowments, natural and acquired—and they were great—with a most feeling heart, and soul full of honour, he drifted here and there in his search after the impossible, and has left behind him nothing that will be remembered. His friend and biographer, with grandiloquent haziness, says that Mr. Clough won "reverence even from many who knew him but slightly, for one so signalized and authenticated as a true man by the broad seal of nobleness." That Mr. Clough was really a very amiable and accomplished gentleman we have no doubt whatever, but we are not a whit the wiser for being told that he was "authenticated as a true man," and that he "lived a poem." We are by no means sure that we understand the meaning of this latter expression; but without any attempt at punning, we feel bound to say, that the poem which Mr. Clough lived is an unpublished one as yet, since, undoubtedly, there is nothing in this volume to distinguish him from among the hundreds of upright and accomplished men who yearly pass away from among us—pilgrims to that distant land of which we know so little.

MR. FAIRHOLT ON THE NILE.

Up the Nile and Home again. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.
London: Chapman and Hall. 1862.

MR. FAIRHOLT has been long known as a very successful artist, especially in all cases where antiquarian knowledge can be made to assist the pencil; so we were not surprised to receive at his hands a very pleasant book, which will be grateful to his many friends, and not without use to any who may be going over the ground Mr. Fairholt examined. At the same time we must caution our readers against expecting any abstruse archaeological researches, or, indeed, any information more than such a quick and intelligent traveller might be expected to convey. It was evidently no intention on the part of the writer to rival the learning of Wilkinson, or the graphic narratives of Belzoni or Hamilton; his end has been, simply, to jot down from time to time what struck him most during his travels, not caring whether this or that spot may or may not have been described more fully by some previous traveller. For all these more learned details he has naturally referred his readers to the pages of some of the writers named above; if, however, they care less for dry learning than for amusement, they cannot do better than consult Mr. Fairholt's little work. Wherever he is, they will find him a pleasant companion, with abundant judicious and shrewd remarks scattered up and down in his pages.

Mr. Fairholt travelled in company with his friend Lord Londesborough, to whom the volume is very properly dedicated, and ascended the Nile from Alexandria to the Second Cataract, on his way visiting and giving his own impressions of Cairo, the Pyramids, Beni-hassan and its tombs, Siout, Abydos, Keneb, Dendera, Thebes, Esneb, Edfou, Assouan, and Abu Simbel; from which it appears that he was enabled to examine personally, and on the spot, a very considerable number of the most valuable remains we have of ancient Egypt. He is, therefore, quite justified in giving an independent opinion of the subjects.

Mr. Fairholt's description of his landing at Alexandria is very picturesque, and a fair sample of his usual lively style. "At the wharves," says he, "and the doors of the hotels, a perfect mob of donkeys and drivers await the appearance of the travellers. It is the signal for a wild uproar; each vociferates the praises of his animal, giving its cognomen, which has been generally taken from some American or European celebrity, to gratify 'fast' travellers, whose whims are studied because they are more easily fleeced. 'Ride master, Hawadjee Effendi! Here good donkey; me good boy, you ride!' exclaims one. 'He bad boy! here good donkey; me Hassan, donkey Jack Heenan; you come here!' cries a second. 'All bad boy; all bad donkey! Here Jim Crow, him good donkey; here, ride! ride!' bawls number three; and soon they all merge into one chaos of appeal. They hustle each other, they drag the donkeys round you, and in few minutes you are in a living mass of animals and of their drivers, all struggling and clamouring in wild confusion. You fight your way gradually through, but only to discover the good generalship of the group, for the hindmost have dashed round to the front, and by the time you have reached what was the last persecutor, they have reached him also, and again you are in the centre of a noisy mob." Again, speaking of these same drivers, he adds: "They have much ready wit in getting out of a scrape. Should the donkey you ride prove a bad one, and tumble on his knees, in a moment they prevent you from pitching over his head, and dragging him up again by the bridle, look you solemnly in the face, and exclaim: 'Ah! good donkey! him better than horse!'" In another place Mr. Fairholt gives an amusing account of the way in which the English language is tortured by the native inhabitants and shopkeepers of Alexandria in their attempts to master its difficulties. "One," says he, "has boldly announced *Ingliss spocken* in his establishment; another, in his list of condiments, has 'sauces and pickles,' converted by a native painter, who knew nothing of the words or letters, into *Sancis anp pinklis*. A hotel keeper, anxious to protect his patrons from the rapacity of the boatmen, declares he can supply them with such as 'can be recommended upon;' while a drinking-shop for sailors, on the quay, is designated over its door, *Shop of croc*; so that Jack might be debarred of his drink, by imagining it to be a crockery warehouse."

Mr. Fairholt has given a pleasant and, we believe, very just picture of the present state of Alexandria, and reflects with due severity on the cruelty which has made the construction of the Mahmoudiah canal a byword; but his opinion of the nature of a journey by it is, we imagine, novel, though, in all probability, not less true. In fact, we are so accustomed to imagine Egypt a land of marvels, that we are hardly prepared for a traveller so cool and phlegmatic as our author, though, once divested of their antiquarian interests, there must be many parts of Greece and Italy, as well as of Egypt, which have no real claim to any enthusiastic admiration. Thus, speaking of this famous canal, which, till the opening of the railway, was the only way of proceeding to Cairo, he observes: "It connects Alexandria with Atfeh, on the Rosetta branch of the Nile; its monotony is perfect; the earth dug in making it is thrown up on each side in high mounds, effectually barring all view of the country; but if it were seen it would not be much worth looking at, so flat and dull is the prospect, to be equalled only in Holland or on the Lower Rhine, the mouth of the latter river being lost in streams over a shallow coast like this of the Nile." Again, in another place he remarks: "The

lower part of the Nile and the Delta is very like the lower part of the Rhine and the marshes of Holland. The stupid monotony of the scene is wearisome indeed! Yet, in defiance of all this, some enthusiasts declare 'the Nile is never monotonous.' So says one of the most modern of the creed; but his accuracy may well be doubted when he describes the sugar-stalks that strew the river bank at Minieh as the bones of the sheep slaughtered that their blood might be used in the sugar-factory there; and who also declares that the great temple at Dendera 'exists only in the imagination of Miss Martineau.'

The superstition of the native population of Egypt is perfectly analogous with that which exists more or less in all Oriental countries, nay, is by no means unknown in some semi-Christian districts, such as Southern Italy. The belief in the influence of the "Evil Eye" is universal, and the custom prevails there as elsewhere of hanging small pendants round the children's necks, with a view of defending them from this imaginary danger. "As I passed down one of the streets of Minieh," says our author, "a little child was playing beside its mother at an open door, and looked up to me with pleased curiosity, which led me to smile on it, to the great discomfiture of its mother, who snatched it hastily up, and drew it out of sight. I saw my error, and turned away, hearing the mother mutter some counter charm, fling a potsherd after me, and then hurriedly shut the door." He adds: "It will be wise of the traveller not to notice children; it is never favourably received; the poor tacitly encourage the dirt and squalor of their favourites, in order that they may have no attraction for the dreaded eye. Strangers, who have praised children, have been earnestly implored by weeping mothers to destroy so unholy an omen, by spitting in their faces, or showing some equally 'lucky' mark of dislike."

Mr. Fairholt's book abounds with pictorial illustrations, many of which are excellently done, as we should naturally have anticipated; the woodcuts especially, interspersed through the volume, are admirable. We cannot, however, speak with so much praise of the larger plates, which have been executed on stone by Mr. Vincent Brooks; these, with hardly an exception, strike us as feeble, and, in our regard for the artist, we cannot but wish that he had omitted them altogether. The "Gate of the Khan Khaleel," "Minieh," the "Interior of the Tomb at Beni-hassan," the "Bazaar at Siout," "Abydos," &c., convey no idea beyond the feebleness of their execution; a fact which we regret the more from the estimate we have always formed of Mr. Fairholt's own abilities, whenever the products of his pencil have been fairly rendered by the copyists. With regard, indeed, to some of the lithographs, such as those of "the Ramesseum," the "Great Hall of Karnak," and the beautiful ruins of the "Temples at Silsilis," we much doubt whether they would be recognised again by travellers who have seen them on the spot.

Mr. Fairholt makes some allusion to the quantity of game to be found at various places along the banks of the Nile, and states that "in about two hours a friend killed twenty-nine ducks, eleven geese, and three teal. Some persons now visit the Nile solely for the shooting;" and we hoped to have found some notice, or, better still, an effectual denial of a very ugly story that was current in the newspapers at the time with regard to the shooting exploits of some of Mr. Fairholt's own party. Mr. Fairholt can hardly be ignorant that full details were given of some battues of flamingoes and other beautiful birds, which could never have been considered as game, or required in such numbers for any scientific purpose; and that with this shameful and wanton destruction the name of his friend and patron, Lord Londesborough, was unpleasantly associated in the public mind. We should have been most thankful to have found in this book either that there was no foundation for this tale, or that the story had been grossly exaggerated; and it is with no small regret that we find he has preserved on the whole of this subject what our French neighbours would call *un morne silence*.

In conclusion, and with the few exceptions to which we have called attention, we are willing to bid Mr. Fairholt's little book God speed; and to rejoice that he was able to enjoy his visit to the East, and to return to Europe with his health greatly benefited by the change of scene, fine climate, and open-air exercise he experienced.

A Book of English Prose, selected chiefly from Recent and Living Authors. Edited by THOMAS SHORTER, Secretary of the Working Men's College; Editor of "A Book of English Poetry," &c. (T. J. Allman. pp. 440.)—Mr. Shorter has added the "Book of English Prose" to the very tasteful and well selected little volume of poetry which we noticed some few months ago in these pages. Of the collection of prose extracts before us we can speak highly. They are gathered from many and various sources; and we have not been able to find one of them which we should wish to erase. Some of the pieces are quite new to us; that, for instance, on "George Fox," page 329, by Ellwood, the Quaker and friend of Milton, which we have no hesitation in classing as one of the noblest pieces of English prose to be found in the language.

Practical Swiss Guide: a Red Book for Switzerland, the adjoining Districts of Savoy, Piedmont, North Italy, &c. By AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD. Sixth Edition. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Paris: Hachette; Galignani. pp. 218.)—A very recommendable inmate for the knapsack of an Alpine tourist. It has certainly this in its favour among the great body of its competitors, it has stood the test of experience. At the sixth edition and fourteenth thousand there should be few blunders left to correct.

THE TRIAL OF HISTORY.

The Trial of History. By the Rev. T. M. MERRIMAN. Johnson, Vt. London: Low, Son, and Co. pp. 520.

THE INGENUITY of the author of this work it is impossible to gainsay, and it is equally impossible to refuse him the credit of at least endeavouring to do a good work. It is well that all should have a tolerably accurate idea of the principal facts in the history of the world, and that a knowledge of them should be imparted in the shortest and easiest way, for it is only to the privileged few, not to the hard-worked many, that leisure is accorded for reading the many histories, each coloured according to the tastes and bias of its author, which exist amongst us, for comparing statements and speculations, and drawing up for themselves a sort of epitome, which the mere effort of weighing evidence and sifting opinions serves to fix with a tolerable chance of permanence in the mind. And Mr. Merriman has attempted to supply what is wanted for the many. He has first of all divided history into two books, one of which he entitles the "History of Religion," i.e., "The Religion which has the *Living God* as its Author and the Bible for its Law-book;" and the other, the "History of Empire;" and the chapters of each book are so arranged as to "trace out the march of Religion and Empire in parallel." Moreover, a diagram is prefixed, upon which, by means of coloured sections, Universal history is represented as divided into four Ages, called respectively, the "Patriarchal Age," the "Age of War for Power," the "Age of War for Opinion," and the "Age of Consolidation." Further, there are many subdivisions by means of horizontal and perpendicular lines, whereby an endeavour is made to point out to the student the "trail" of religion and the "trail" of empire, as well as the different periods into which it has seemed good to break up the ages; and under "each period are introduced as many names of persons or things as are found necessary to hand along the thread or 'trail' of history." By a double line of figures, also, ingeniously arranged, any century before or after Christ, with the corresponding year of the world, is shown at any point at a glance. We are sorry to be compelled to say that in our judgment the idea so ingeniously conceived is by no means well seconded by the literary execution. Even granting, which we are not inclined to do, that the division into ages is anything more than arbitrary (for we cannot concede that the wars of Charlemagne, of William the Conqueror, and others, were wars only of opinion and not for power), we should say that in point of style and composition the work is very objectionable. That the "History of Religion" should be merely an epitome of the Bible, the lives of the saints, the stories of persecutions, and accounts of various sects, is nothing but what might have been fairly expected; and that the "History of Empire" should be little more than a string of selections from Pinnock's Catechisms, or other meritorious, but not very profound, publications, is not, considering the purpose of the work, to be either wondered at or objected to, but that a more than American disregard for grammatical construction, and a more than Yankee free-and-easiness (not to say impropriety) of language, should have been indulged in, is, considering the educational nature of the book, matter certainly for regret, if not for stricture. Take, for instance, the second sentence of the preface: "But the vastness of the subject is such, and its importance being equally great, we may rest assured that its merits have not been fully set forth, nor all its practical teachings imbibed and cherished;" could any one but Mrs. Gamp explain the construction? For there is nothing in the previous sentence to which "such" can refer. Equally careless is "the true duty and station of all men is 'to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God.'" Nor are we acquainted with any animal or vegetable or work called the "Shastah of the Brahmins." We find, moreover, the following rather puzzling statement: "CAIN AND ABEL. He was the first-born of the human race." Here is a unique specimen of argument: "Since, therefore, it is not known who Melchizedek was, we are robbing no one by bestowing this honourable title upon Shem." We do not think the character of the patriarch Jacob is cleared from the aspersions which have been cast upon it, in consequence of his behaviour to his brother, by the following singular defence: "It may not all be just right; but the fact of Jacob being under the advice of his mother, and being his mother's favourite, while Esau was his father's, places them all about on the same level, whatever that level may be." Mr. Merriman apparently puts the family of the patriarchs upon a level with a few 'cute Yankees trying to overreach one another for a few dollars; for he goes on to say: "Esau now seeing that all the blessings promised to Abraham were confirmed to Jacob, began to realise the value of the trade now closed in favour of his brother." It jars rather upon English ears to read of Laban not having "made a great spread at Jacob's leaving." Here is another grammatical puzzle: "But if they were only some pictures that had been in the family a good while, and which the daughters had probably had promise of, and, when about to leave, could get them in no way but the way they did, and having never received any dowry of their father, and no prospect of any, they took what had been promised them, and left." We recommend it to those who contemplate undergoing a competitive examination as a good specimen of the sort of English they will be required to correct and render intelligible. The suggestion in the following sentence that Joseph's brethren had probably delicacies to eat whilst their brother was in the pit, though not warranted, so far as we recollect, by the words of Scripture, does credit to Mr. Merri-

man's sympathetic soul: "They then very deliberately sat down to eat, and probably of some provision, and *even dainties*, which Joseph had brought them *fresh from home*." It is clear that Mr. Merriman can appreciate the additional anguish which Joseph must have derived from the fact that his brethren had something *nice* to eat, and that it was *fresh* from the patriarchal larder; if it had only been a little *gone* he might have found balm for his wounded feelings in the reflection.

There is something almost Spurgeonian in the slang phrase and the double meaning in the following sentence: "The next difficulty to be met was, what kind of a story to tell the *old gentleman*." This was met by telling him: "This we *found*; is it thy son's coat?" And Jacob knew the coat, but not the *beasts* that tore it." Nor is there wanting a ludicrous profanity in "thus the Lord put Gideon to as sharp a test as he had the Lord with the fleece." It reads as if we were to understand that there had been a trial of wits between the creature and the Creator, in which the former had with some difficulty been worsted. That Samuel was "well along in years" at a certain period is undoubtedly true; but we cannot but think there is more vulgarity than was absolutely necessary in using the phrase. The same thing may be said of the expression, "Saul and his son Jonathan made *very good headway*, as long as they obeyed the Lord."

The story of David and Bathsheba is told rather in the style of a paternity-case in the newspapers. The king, we are told, "took her to his own bed and humbled her. She soon after informed the king that *they were both involved in trouble that would be a serious affair*."

The American dollar-worship crops out in Mr. Merriman's account of Solomon; we are told how many dollars a year, how many a week, and how many a day the wise king had; and the value in dollars of the present which the Queen of Sheba made him; but with respect to the present which was made to the Queen in return we are forced to put up with the unsatisfactory but characteristic comment, "amount not known."

Were we to cite all the eccentricities of language and expression with which the book abounds, we should become perhaps more weary than the reader, but a few more examples shall be added: "Ahab was grieved and *took his bed*," we find at Naboth's refusal to part with his vineyard; the same king, upon a certain occasion, "went into the battle without his *uniform*." Commenting upon the fact that Elijah raised the widow's son to life, Mr. Merriman remarks it was "*ample pay for his board*." Simeon is represented as saying, "Lord, *let now thy servant*," &c., as if it were an entreaty, and as if Mr. Merriman either had never seen or could not translate the Latin words "*nunc dimittis*." We are informed further, that "religious liberty has got to be *quite a promising young man*;" and much more of the same kind. But the climax of everything objectionable is reached in the conclusion, where there is an imitation apparently of Mr. Charles Read's most spasmodic incoherence:

Well may he say, If this be our fathers' trail, as for the spots, an enemy hath done this, either before or after the fathers had passed. But hold, confounded reader! stand amazed!! let thy limbs shake, and thy knees smite! believe or be damned!—these are the fathers' spots! What! blood and— Silence, man! an unbeliever's hell awaits thee unless thou receive it; the fathers' spots are these! Ah me! with faith as a grain of mustard-seed, I believe! Well has thou done to take it in! And learn thou from this not to do as they have done, that none after thee may have to say of thy spots, Ah me!

PROFESSOR ANSTED IN HUNGARY.

A Short Trip in Hungary and Transylvania, in the Spring of 1862.
By PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S. London: W. H. Allen and Co. pp. 232.

PROFESSOR ANSTED offers his readers just that pleasant mixture of science and commonplace which makes the former acceptable to the ignorant, and redeems the former from the reproach of being vulgar. This is quite enough to secure for him a rich harvest of popularity; for nothing flatters the crowd more than for a man of science to come among them and pretend that he believes they know a great deal of his special subject. The general reader may have very hazy ideas of what is meant conjured up in his mind when, in the description of a landscape, he is told of schist, lias, and oolite; but he is not the less flattered at the presumption that he must know all about it. He will meet with plenty of these covert compliments in Professor Ansted's very readable book about Hungary and Transylvania.

The volume records the adventures of a brief spring holiday, or, as the Professor terms it, "a rapid trip." The time was, and that not so very long ago, when a visit to Hungary was not so very easy a matter. What with police regulations, passports, and the necessity for Government permission, the travellers who enjoyed the many attractions of that interesting country were few and select. In the seventh edition of Mr. Murray's "Handbook for the South of Europe" published in 1858) we are told that "it is, indeed, difficult for Englishmen to obtain permission at all to enter Hungary. Even should the traveller succeed, he will probably obtain only a limited leave for a certain number of days." This information, it appears (however true of a bygone period), was slightly after date, and at the present day we have Professor Ansted's assurance that the matter is reformed altogether:

The Hungary of the present, is not, however, in any sense the Hungary there described. The traveller enters it and passes through it at his pleasure, and quits it when convenient without discovering that that there is a frontier, or that passports exist. The pistols recommended on the ground that bands of robbers may be met, are as needless as they would be in France or Germany, and

the inns, so much maligned, are in all points fully equal to the ordinary run of those in countries little accustomed to visitors, and in many respects much better. In the larger towns there will be found all the most modern appliances. Droshkys or cabs ply at the railway stations at moderate fares fixed by law, and carry the traveller to hotels where the smiling waiter, with his white napkin, is in attendance; where the inevitable loud clang announces the arrival of the guest to the boots and chambermaid; where the well appointed and perfectly clean and comfortable bedroom is shown ready for immediate use for one or more as required; and where the two candles, whether used or not, will appear in the bill next morning, just as in the great capitals of Western Europe. In the larger towns, and in many of the smaller ones, excellent cafés will be found, and the coffee or ices supplied are not excelled in Paris. The Hungarians, in this last respect, show something of their Eastern origin. Nowhere in Europe is better coffee made, and even in the little country inns where one would expect to find nothing, one may often obtain this luxury in perfection at very brief notice.

Travelling in Hungary is really now so easy and so pleasant, that there is no reason why the artist, the professional man, and even the typical tourist should not take advantage of a district in Europe where it is possible to obtain new sensations, to visit scenery not hackneyed, to study a people not yet spoiled by a large influx of travellers, and to meet those moderate difficulties and little hardships that are not only perfectly endurable, but almost pleasurable by their novelty. There are forests in Hungary, only a very few days' journey from populous cities, where the bear and the wolf are extremely abundant, and are accompanied by the lynx, of which individuals have been shot not much inferior in size to the leopard. The rivers of Hungary abound with fish of kinds seen in no other European waters.

Here is a catalogue of attractions admirably calculated to suit every taste. Coffee and ices for the gastronome, sport for the sportsman, and comfortable inns for the general traveller.

Professor Ansted does not weary us with any description of the preliminaries of his journey or with that part of it which led him over well-known ground. He takes us to Vienna, and hurries us on at once to the interesting district of the Siebenburgen. The visit to the Maros, Zsil, and Strehl Valleys are chiefly of geological interest, and it will please the general reader to hear that "the physical geography of this part of the Carpathian chain is well seen in the Valley of the Strehl, and of the small tributary entering near Hátzeg;" whilst of the Valley of the Zsil he will be delighted to learn that "the mountains enclosing the valley are old crystalline rocks, slates and mica, schists and granites, on the east and west, and hard limestones on the north."

Neither Professor Ansted nor any other traveller would be long in Hungary without discovering the Oriental origin of the people in their manners, language, architecture, and costume:

The Hungarian prides himself on his Tartar origin. To those interested in his history—and what Englishman can help feeling some interest in the struggles of a free people to retain an honourable position among more powerful nations pressing them in on all sides?—he will tell of the countries north of the Himalayan mountains which his ancestors once inhabited; he will trace his language to theirs, and will admire it the more as it differs more sensibly from the great languages of Europe. His love of show; his sense of the picturesque in dress and equipment; his quickness and cleverness, leading to little practical result; all these confirm the story he tells. Even in small matters he is more Oriental than Occidental. His pipe and coffee are luxuries enjoyed to far greater perfection at home in Hungary than among the ruling race in Vienna. His very dishes savour of the East. The *paprika* already alluded to owes its charm to the hot pepper with which it is made. The consumption of fowls is enormous. The style of building, admitting of little or no view from the house into any public place, and the style of dress—are all eminently Eastern. The complicated form of salutation, and the respectful kissing of hands, belong to another country than the busy West.

But, alas! in Hungary, as elsewhere in those parts of the world where manners and costumes and all that constitutes real nationality are still preserved, the state of transmutation bewailed by King Arthur, in the words of Tennyson, that

The old order changeth, giving place to new,

is taking place. The national language is falling into desuetude, and Professor Ansted, upon too sure grounds, prophesies its "probable decline;" whilst of the Hungarian ladies he tells us that "in large towns and cities they follow the latest Parisian fashions." The Turkish gentlemen of Constantinople, in like manner, have descended to kid-gloves and patent-leather boots. That a code of manners still exists in Hungary, may be gathered from the following passages, which we respectfully recommend to the perusal of that astute American observer, who stigmatised the peasants of Wiltshire as "a degraded race," because they touched their hats to a passing stranger:

The behaviour of children to their parents is singularly respectful. A child on entering the room, or leaving the table, will walk quietly to the father, and, taking his hand, kiss the back of it, and then kiss his cheek. The parent will then take leave of the little one by returning the kiss. Afterwards the child makes the same acknowledgement to other relatives present. The younger ones will follow the same course to a stranger, but the elder ones merely bow. All the children seem to be carefully brought up and well managed, and, as is usual on the Continent, they are much with their parents, and all the family have their meals together.

The habit of kissing the hand is retained by the lower classes throughout the south of Hungary and Transylvania, and probably in other places, as well as in the Tyrol, where it has often been remarked. If any favour has been received, that is the recognised acknowledgment; but if, in merely walking on the high-road, a parcel of youngsters are met going to, or returning from, school, the ordeal becomes serious. Each little boy or girl will come up to kiss the hand of his or her feudal superior; and should the great man be too much occupied, they fall on his friends and companions. I have had my hand kissed in this way a score of times in a few minutes, on meeting a troop of school children while in company with a gentleman inhabiting the district.

We pass over the Professor's visit to the iron and lead mines of the Zsamina. In the Ovavicza district are gold mines, and gold washings are near Kelnick, in the valley of the Berzava. "A very large and beautiful nugget, now in the Museum at Pesth, was found in the

bed of this stream by a gipsy some few years ago. It is the common occupation of the gipsies every summer, when the water is low, to work in the sands of the stream, and the result is said to be generally satisfactory.

The Professor went up the Danube in the steamers, the arrangements of which he warmly eulogises:

The fact is, that the Lower Danube steamers now are the largest, the best-appointed, the most comfortable, and in all respects the best adapted for the tourists of all river-boats in Europe. They are extremely roomy and very powerful, very well appointed, clean, with an excellent *cuisine* and good attendance, and there is a certainty of obtaining on board very fair wines and excellent coffee. They are constructed something like the great American river and lake steamers. A large saloon on the after deck, leaving only a covered gallery between it and the bulwarks, is beautifully furnished, and serves for meals and lounging. The whole of the roof of this saloon deck, and a considerable space beyond, is covered with an awning, and affords a delightful promenade, provided with seats. This is the usual resort of the company. Several small cabins, with good sleeping accommodation, are provided, but for these an extra payment is required, and the usual sleeping-place for gentlemen is below the saloon, where wide and comfortable berths are provided, and where there are also numerous sofas of smaller breadth. The ladies' saloon I did not see.

Except during the time of the great fairs at Pesth, and on other occasions of unusual resort, which are well known and should be avoided, there is no crowding on these boats, although they are tolerably supplied with passengers from station to station. The fares are low, and the tariff of prices for food and wine moderate. There is a good *table d'hôte* at one o'clock, but no one is pestered to join it, and, indeed, a large proportion of the passengers feed *à la carte*, as is the custom generally throughout the Austrian dominions. The waiters are all German.

One point only I would direct attention to in reference to personal comforts on board the Danube boats. There is a table in the sleeping saloon, supplied with basins and water for washing, but the subsequent process of drying is left to the resources of the traveller. Not having taken a towel with me, and not knowing the custom beforehand, I was rather surprised after washing my hands and asking for this convenience, to be told by the waiter whom I had summoned to my help, that no such thing was allowed. A napkin, surreptitiously purchased from the dinner-table, was the only resource.

On by the Cities of Belgrad and Semlin to Pesth and Buda, the twin capitals of Hungary, which "stand towards each other something in the relation of Westminster and Lambeth." The volume concludes with a survey of the material and principally the mineral resources of Hungary, and to some general speculations upon Hungarian politics. In these last the Professor is scarcely as happy as with his geology. We are not careful to venture very widely into the vexed sea of Austrian and Hungarian politics; but at this time of day we should have expected that no Englishman above the educational level of a brewer's drayman, needed to be told that the stories about the "atrocities" of the "woman-flogger," General Haynau, were lies of the most marvellous dimensions.

CRIMINAL LIFE.

Criminal Prisons of London and Scenes of Prison Life. By HENRY MAYHEW, author of "London Labour and the London Poor," and JOHN BINNY, author of "Thieves and Swindlers" in "London Labour and the London Poor." With numerous illustrations from photographs. London: Griffin, Bohn, and Co. pp. 634.

THE WRITERS OF THIS VOLUME have relieved the dulness of the statistics which have been carefully and laboriously collected with letter-press of a slightly "sensational" character. We have highly spiced conversations between the authors and veteran thieves who have spent two-thirds of their lives in criminal prisons or the hulks. We have, too, confessions in abundance from penitents, and no muttered threats from those whom prison discipline has hardened, that they will go and sin again at the first opportunity. The phrenologist will examine with some curiosity the forms of the heads of the prisoners, which have been very accurately taken by means of photographs. These heads are apparently nearly all of the same type, both in male and female. We have the heavy sensual jaw and mouth, the low forehead, the round bullet head, repeated *ad nauseam*; and the first thought of the reader is that the owners of this form of "the human face divine" could hardly have been saved from vicious courses by any save the most careful and lengthened training. On the other hand, there are, of course, persons of very different phrenological developments within the walls of the London prisons; and among such are to be found those who are most amenable to kindness and a well-regulated discipline. A curious circumstance has been noted by Mr. Mayhew, which bears out the experience of an excellent article in the *Quarterly Review* on "Hair"—written, we believe, by Lady Eastlake—viz., that he has seldom or never yet seen a bald convict. The *Quarterly Reviewer* consoled those who were prematurely stripped of their flowing tresses with the theory that such baldness indicated for the most part intellectual refinement and delicacy in the mental conformation. It may perhaps be generally laid down that working with the brain tends to produce baldness, whereas manual labour (possibly by promoting the health of the body) decidedly preserves the hair. A comparison between the same number of average agricultural labourers and professional men will show the correctness of this theory. Another theory, which seems abundantly proved by the statistics of the London prisons, is, that the most hopeless and incorrigible criminals are those who have in them a mixture of Irish and Scottish blood. Such criminals seem to curiously preserve the characteristic traits of both countries. They inherit the dogged perseverance and obstinacy of the Scotch character, with that readiness to shed blood and ruthless mania for vengeance which too often

marks the lower type of Irishmen. Very many of these prisoners come from Glasgow. Mr. Mayhew remarks upon the fact as a curious evidence of the so-called "civilization" of London, that it is only within the walls of a prison that the inhabitant of the metropolis can be certain of securing unadulterated food. The chicory-mocha, the lie-tea, the brain-thickened milk, the alumed bread, so unfortunately familiar to many Londoners, are unknown to the prisoner. The following bill of fare for the convicts of Pentonville prison might well make the mouths of some of our agricultural labourers water. "For dinner the rations are—half a pint of good soup, four ounces of meat every day—beef and mutton alternately, without bone, and which is equal to about half a pound of uncooked meat with an ordinary quantity of bone; besides this there are five ounces of bread and one pound of potatoes for each man, except those working in association, who have two pounds. For supper every prisoner gets a pint of gruel, made with an ounce and a half of meal, and sweetened with six drachms of molasses, together with five more ounces of bread." The breakfast is on the same liberal scale; the allowance for it being ten ounces of bread and three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, made with three-quarters of an ounce of the solid flake, and flavoured with two ounces of pure milk and six drachms of molasses. As we have before remarked, these provisions are all of the very best quality.

Mr. Mayhew tried the experiment *in propria persona* of a very brief confinement in the refractory cell:

"Would you like to step inside," asked the warder, "and see how dark it is when the door is closed?"

We entered the terrible place with a shudder, for there is something intensely horrible in absolute darkness to all minds, confess it or not as they may; and as the warder shut the door upon us—and we felt the cell walls shake and moan again, like a tomb, as he did so—the utter darkness was, as Milton sublimely says—"visible." The eyes not only saw, but felt the absolute negation of their sense in such a place. Let them strain their utmost, not one luminous chink or crack could the sight detect. Indeed, the very air seemed as impervious to vision as so much black marble, and the body seemed to be positively encompassed with the blackness, as if it were buried alive, deep down in the earth itself. Though we remained several minutes in the hope that we should shortly gain the use of our eyes, and begin to make out, in the thick dusk, bit after bit of the apartment, the darkness was at the end of the time quite as impenetrable as at first, so that the continual straining of the eye-balls, and taxing of the brains, in order to get them to do their wonted duty, soon produced a sense of mental fatigue, that we could readily understand would end in conjuring up all kinds of terrible apparitions to the mind.

"Have you had enough, sir?" inquired the warder to us, as he reopened the door, and whisked the light of his lantern in our eyes.

An owl, suddenly roused from its sleep in the daylight, could not have been more dazzled and bewildered with the glitter of the rays than we. The light was now as blinding to us as had been the darkness itself, and such was the dilatation of the pupils, that we had to rub our eyes, like one newly waked from sleep, before we could distinguish anything on leaving the place; and when we mounted the steps and entered the corridor once more, the air had the same blue tint to us as that of early morning.

From three to four per cent. of the prisoners are usually confined in the refractory cells.

A very ingenious device is mentioned whereby the wardens overcame the resistance of a desperate ruffian who swore that the moment he was let out of the refractory cell, he would have at least one of their lives:

"He had made a spring at the officer near him, and would assuredly have bitten his nose off had the warder not retreated up the stairs, so that the man was down below all alone, vowing and declaring he would have the life of the first person that tried to get him up. Well, you see, we knew we could master him directly we had him in the corridor; but as we couldn't take his life, and he could *ours*, he was more than a match for us down in the refractory ward. Accordingly the governor had to devise some means by which to get him up stairs without hurting him—and how d'ye you think he did it, sir? Why, he got some cayenne pepper and burnt it in a fumigating bellows, and then blew the smoke down into the ward where the fellow was. The man stood it for some time, but, bless you, he was soon glad to surrender, for, as we sent in puff after puff, it set him coughing and sneezing, and rubbing his eyes, and stamping with the pain, as the fumes got not only into his throat and up his nose, but under his eyelids, and made them smart, till the tears run down his cheeks as if he had been a little child. Then immediately afterwards we threw ourselves upon him, and effectually secured him against doing any further harm. Oh! no, sir, added the officer, with a smile and a knowing shake of the head, he never tried the same game on after that; one dose of cayenne pepper smoke was quite enough for him, I can assure you."

As might have been expected, the chief diseases of the prisoners are such as are known to arise from undue confinement, viz., dyspepsia and constipation, with which disorders fifty-two per cent. of the prisoners under medical treatment were afflicted. At Pentonville Prison (as we believe, elsewhere as well) an enforced system of exercise is employed to keep the prisoners in health. Mr. Mayhew, while looking at the convicts assembled in Pentonville was struck with the phenomenon of a convict with a bald head and a highly intellectual cast of countenance. This person turned out to be a German physician, who had been sentenced under a false name for stealing a portmanteau at a railway station, and who had persistently refused to give any account of himself or his friends. The foreigners, we may add, often cause the authorities of the prison some perplexity, as the governor and wardens are not generally famous for linguistic accomplishments. A Spanish physician confined in Pentonville communicated with the doctor in a hybrid mixture of dog Latin and Spanish, of which the following is a curious specimen: "Abitavid in est domo non manducavid sine panis ore potatorum, caro non posum masticare, et debilitatio apod eravid ore et enfirmetas aumentaverum, ego volo si posum sine manducare ad expensas meas, abeo domus et terras cui sua productione dad sufficiens; enfirmetas meas sunt anticuarum, ego abeo metodium in injectionem aquarum malv: calida Lac cum

decoctum Sarsaparile calidum et multarum." A little ingenuity and a slight knowledge of Latin will readily enable any one to solve this lingual puzzle, who, while attempting to do so, does not attach too much importance to the difference between nominatives and accusatives, and the first and third persons of the verb.

The medical officer of the female prison at Brixton, in his report for the year 1854, says:

"I may, perhaps, be here allowed to state that my experience of the past year has convinced me that the female prisoners, as a body, do not bear imprisonment so well as the male prisoners; they get anxious, restless, more irritable in temper, and are more readily excited, and they look forward to the future with much less hope of regaining their former position in life.

"Neither can I refrain from saying that there are circumstances which help to reconcile the male prisoner to his sentence, but which are altogether wanting in the case of the female. The male prisoner not only gets a change from one prison to another—and though small as this change be, yet it is a something which, for the time, breaks the sameness inseparable from his imprisonment—but, what is of far greater moment, he looks forward to the time when he will be employed in the open air on public works.

"The length of the imprisonment of the woman, however, combined with the present uncertainty as to the duration of that portion of her sentence which is to be passed in prison, as well as the more sedentary character of her employment, allowing the mind, as it does, to be continually dwelling on 'her time'—all tend to make a sentence more severe to the woman than a sentence of the same duration to the man."

Farther, the chaplain gives us the following curious statistics as to the education and causes of the degradation of the several women who have been imprisoned at Brixton:

"Of the 664 prisoners admitted into this prison from November 24, 1853, to December 31, 1854, there were the following proportions of educated and uneducated people:

Number that could not read at all	104
" " could read a few syllables.....	53
" " could read imperfectly	192
Total imperfectly-educated.....	349
Number that could read tolerably, but most of whom had learned in prison, or revived what they had learned in youth	315
Moderately-educated.....	None
	664

The last statistics will, we hope, do away with the fears of those alarmists who protest against what they are pleased to term "over-educating" the poorer classes. The female sojourners in Brixton prison are by no means devoid of that vanity which cynics are inclined to attribute to the sex generally. Thus we read of these prisoners scraping the walls of their cells for whitening powder to improve their complexions; of their making rings from pieces of tinfoil; and of their improvising crinolines by means of their hammock ropes, &c. One prisoner is mentioned, who filled her gown with coals round the bottom in lieu of a crinoline; and another who took off the wire from round her dinner can, and used it to stiffen her stays.

The gloomy hulks off Woolwich which frown upon the river passenger to the Nore are not without their comforts and even luxuries. Mr. Mayhew gives the following as some of the books in the hulk library:

"Marcel's Conversations on Natural Philosophy," Paley's Works," "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," Sturm's "Reflections on the Works of God," "Persian Stories," "Recreations in Physical Geography," "The Rites and Worship of the Jews," "The Penny London Reader," "First Sundays at Church," "Stories from the History of Rome," "Short Stories from the History of Spain," "Swiss Stories," "Scenes from English History," "Rodwell's First Steps to Scottish History," "Stories for Summer Days and Winter Evenings," "Easy Lessons in Mechanics." There are in all 1099 volumes upon the shelves.

In reply to our questions as to the books that are the most popular among the convicts, and the rules on which they were issued, we were informed that each prisoner had a right to have a book, and to keep it ten days. If he wanted it longer, he could generally renew the time. The books most in demand were Chambers's publications, and all kinds of histories and stories. Very few asked for Paley's "Moral Philosophy."

"I think," continued our attendant warder, "that 'Chamber's Miscellany,' 'The Leisure Hour,' and 'Papers for the People,' are generally preferred before other publications. There is a great demand for them. We haven't got 'Dickens's Household Words,' or I dare say it would be in request. The chaplain objects to it being in the library."

Why the chaplain should object to *Household Words*, unless, indeed, his own contributions have been refused, it is not very easy to say.

That the author's prison visits were not always altogether devoid of danger may be guessed from the following account of an inmate of Millbank prison:

We were about to peep into another cell in the next passage, when the warder pulled us back, saying, "Be careful, sir; that's a blackguard fellow in there. He's broken all his cell repeatedly, and is one of the most desperate men on the face of God's earth. You'd better mind, or he'll throw something out upon you if he sees you looking." The man was lying down when we first peeped through the inspection slit, but hearing voices he jumped up, and commenced pacing to and fro in his cell. "He's a young fellow, too—i.e. he, sir?" He's one of those uncultivated brutes we get here occasionally, that doesn't know B from a bull's foot, as the saying is, and wants only hoofs and horns to make a beast of him. You had better come away, or he's sure to job something out through the inspection slit, and perhaps blind you for life; nothing would please him better."

We have sedulously avoided all disquisitions on prison discipline, &c., for the very good reason that on this point, perhaps more than on any other, philanthropical "doctors disagree." Those readers, however, who wish to know what can be said for and against the silent system; for feeding the prisoners well and for feeding them scantily; for giving them useful work to do or for employing them in mechanical operations which bring no results, will do well to turn to Mr. Mayhew's volume.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

British Columbia and Vancouver's Island: Comprising a Description of these Dependencies; their Physical Character, Climate, Capabilities, Population, Trade, Natural History, Geology, Ethnology, Gold Fields, and Future Prospects. Also an account of the Manners and Customs of the Native Indians. By DUNCAN GEORGE FORBES MACDONALD, C. E. (Late of the Government Survey Staff of British Columbia, and of the International Boundary Line of North America), Author of "What the Farmers may do with the Land," &c. With a Comprehensive Map. London: Longman and Co. pp. 524.

THIS VOLUME is a peculiarly seasonable one at the present time. Day by day numbers of young Englishmen, induced by the glowing accounts of British Columbia which have appeared in the daily papers, are throwing up comfortable, if not lucrative, posts to hazard their lives and fortunes in that distant and little known colony. Great as is the risk of the male owner of the most stalwart arms in such a venture, it is small compared to that incurred by the governesses and seamstresses who are being shipped off with very doubtful benevolence to a land which they are assured is overflowing with milk and honey as well as husbands.

Mr. Macdonald boldly says that few, if any, persons have had the same opportunities of acquiring a real knowledge of British Columbia as himself. He states that he has been employed professionally for months together by the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works of British Columbia, and by the British North American Boundary Commission, as well as by "private individuals." We have no reason to believe Mr. Macdonald other than an unprejudiced reporter of what he heard and saw in the much vaunted colony of British Columbia, and though his book is not a very admirable specimen of authorship *per se*, its writer is apparently quite clear-headed and observant enough to make us attach very considerable importance to his opinions.

Following Mr. Macdonald as our guide, we may say at once that British Columbia is very far from being the Arcadia which Mr. Gladstone's fertile imagination has represented it to be. It is a rugged iron land of bitter cold and blasting heat, of swamps and limestone rocks impregnated with magnesia; a land where, to use the magniloquent language of Mr. Macdonald, the "woods are silent or resound only with the harsh scream of birds, or the fearful cry of beasts of prey; no troops of feathered songsters fill the air with melody, or welcome in the breath of spring with the voice of gladness and the notes of love." Mr. Macdonald is very angry with the "interested writers" who have declared its climate to be "superior to that of Devonshire and quite Italian."

It is to be hoped that good land may yet be discovered in the unexplored regions of British Columbia. Still it is hard to believe that this dependency will be fully peopled, or that its natural capabilities will render it a desirable home for Britons. It wants fine land; it wants prairie; it wants climate; it wants everything, except snow, sleet, and rain. It has not the American prairie nor the Australian plain, so beautiful, fertile, and fitted for pasturage and husbandry. Its agricultural and grazing facilities are incomparably inferior to those of the United States, the Cape, New Zealand, Australia, or the Canadas. When the intending emigrant hears of the mellow Italian softness of the climate, the balmy fragrance of the atmosphere, the serenity of the sky, that the mere upturning of the plough is all that is needful to convert the whole territory into a fruitful garden, let him not believe one word of it; it is all untrue. British Columbia is a miserable country, neither adapted for cattle nor suited for cereals. To the bold and intrepid, who desire a wandering and restless life, who believe in the chances of getting rich by the lucky acquisition of gold, these regions offer certain inducements; but to the industrious, prudent, orderly, and virtuous man, all would be wretchedness. There are so very many contradictory accounts of the state and prospects of this territory, that the Englishman who may be thinking of emigrating thither, must be utterly bewildered. These inconsistent statements arise, in a great measure, from the interest or prejudice of the writers; and the present work has been solely prompted by an honest and earnest desire to warn my countrymen against much of what has been written of the salubrity of climate and the fertility of soil. These have been greatly exaggerated, and those who believe in such reports must certainly meet with disappointment.

New Westminster, the capital of the colony, is a village, with a population of about 300 souls—an odd place, apparently, into which to import the surplus female population of England. As a proof of its stagnation, Mr. Macdonald relates that a town lot of this sorry little capital, which he had purchased for 385*l.*, he was afterwards obliged to dispose of for less than half its value. This was also the case with the other lots which he had been unfortunate enough to become the possessor of.

The writer admits, however, that men of capital will be almost certain to find a remunerative field for it in British Columbia. The mineral wealth of the colony is undoubtedly very great, and mining operations will employ a vast amount of capital and give back large returns. The purchase of gold, lending money on mortgages, and the lumbering trade will also well repay the outlay of the prudent speculator. Lumbering promises, according to Mr. Macdonald, to be one of the chief occupations of British Columbia for many hundred years to come, the chief obstacle in the way of its successful prosecution being the great difficulty of transporting supplies into the interior for man and beast.

Mr. Macdonald gives a graphic account of the Columbian gold fever, which seems to have affected those who came within its influence in just the same way as the same disease in California and Australia. Persons the most unfit sold all that they had and hastened to the diggings. Others borrowed money at the most usurious rate of

interest, which they speedily expended. It is to be remembered that even to the sturdiest and most skilful miner gold digging is but a lottery.

I know an adventurer who, being seized with the auromania, visited the golden shrine on the banks of the Fraser, and dug for six weeks without finding a speck of the "shining mischief," and, after spending his all in "grub," yielded in despair, sadly disheartened and penniless. A few hours thereafter a stranger tried the luckless hole, and, having continued the excavation for a couple of days, was rewarded with 90% worth of gold. It is such isolated cases of success that keeps up the feverish excitement attendant on the digger's life; but fortune does not always reveal nuggets to her votaries. Gold-hunting is quite a lottery, except when conducted under the operation of capitalists, and companies associated for the sake of the command of the requisite funds. Three-fourths of the gold produced from the Californian and Australian diggings result from judicious expenditure of large capital, and employment of the necessary machinery for crushing the quartz, separating the ore, and extracting the metal. There is no doubt as to the great extent of auriferous country in this dependency, and its minerals must for long, if not for ever, constitute its principal source of wealth; but, as the Yankee remarked, "though there is plenty of gold, it takes a tarnation quantity of silver to get it."

The best season for mining on the Fraser River is not the summer, as, in consequence of the melting of the summer snows, the richest bars are inundated up to the middle of September. When the severity of winter allows, they can be worked for the five or six succeeding months.

To give an idea of the labour and cost of some operations, it may be mentioned that in the southern mines of California tunnels five feet by six feet are driven upwards of a mile in length. In these two men only can work at a time, and the current rate of pay is from 16s. to 20s. a day, and several of these tunnels have taken from four to five years to complete. Moreover, it not unfrequently happens that after all this labour and expense not a cent's worth of gold is obtained. However, when successful, the stuff is wheeled off on a wagon tramway to a convenient spot, where the "dirt" is washed in long boxes, some a thousand feet in length, and as much as a hundred tons are put in at a time. A box of this size requires thirty inches of water to wash, or rather to sluice, the dirt; and in some cases it has to be conveyed in wooden aqueducts upwards of sixty miles at an enormous outlay. The charge for a thirty-inch volume of water is 26s. for every ten hours. Of course in these subterranean works blasting is resorted to, which often proves fatal to the inexperienced workman. One claim, extending to some forty feet of gravel, is washed by two streams playing upon it with a pressure of sixty feet. The owners use 120 inches of water at a cost of 6% per day, and the labour of six men, and realise a daily average of 50%. This claim was opened at an outlay of 1000%, which was chiefly expended in running a tunnel some 400 feet through solid rock. In this tunnel are placed sluices and riffles for saving the gold. At night the lower end of the tunnel is closed, and the upper part watched, to prevent thieves from robbing the sluices. The owners believed that they had earth sufficient to keep them at work for at least three years, and that it would pay them equally well throughout. This claim is worked on the plan of hundreds which pay so well in California.

Mr. Macdonald gives the following sombre sketch of the state of society in the mining districts:

Night and day bands of murderous-looking ruffians prowl about and commit the most atrocious robberies. Indeed, no accounts of the discomfort and crimes encountered at the gold-fields, however exaggerated, can come near the reality. No man thinks of moving from his tent, by night or by day, without every barrel of his revolver charged and ready for use. At the British Columbian mines, as at all others, the miner dare not lie down at night without his deadly weapon at his side, and a companion on the watch to guard him from murder and robbery. Thus they work, and watch, and sleep, and live, in constant dread of death. Some have attached to their treasury box dogs of the fiercest kind, to whom human blood is more than palatable. At the darkest hour of night the agonising shriek and the muffled cry is heard of some poor wretch who is gagged or murdered. But you dare not interfere unless you desire to be by yourself shot, and to have your tent sacked. Even in the broad light of day, from hiding-places in the clefts of the rocks, from the eternal snows of the Rocky Mountains, with no witness but the all-seeing eye of God, have ascended many a cry from lips which never opened more. At Black Rock Bar, on Rock Creek, on July 10th last, two men, respectively named Frank Porter and David Barr, had a dispute about a mining claim, when Porter shot Barr through the heart. Barr died instantly, and the murderer has not yet been arrested. This is, however, but one instance out of a hundred. All the passes to these regions have become extremely dangerous, being infested by Indians who plunder wayfarers with perfect impunity. Arrest is impossible, and the Government is unwilling to proceed with the strong hand, fearing that the first blow would be followed by an expensive and bloody Indian war. Their policy is, however, unsound.

Mr. Macdonald occasionally treats his readers to a little sentimental moralism which reminds us somewhat of the commencement of the Westminster boy's theme on virtue: "There is nothing more virtuous than virtue." What is the use of such rubbish as the following: "It is truly wonderful how constant is the feverish pursuit after money. For gold men sacrifice health, character, and life itself, even gratitude and affection . . . The man who makes himself a slave to gold is a miserable wretch indeed, winning for his prize the 'dead sea apple,' golden without, but ashes within. A man may be very rich and yet be very worthless," &c. Such stuff as this might pass muster in the school-boy theme of some little George Osborne, at ten next birthday, but it is sadly out of place in the ponderous volume of an elderly gentleman.

We may add, that the size of this volume has been greatly, and by no means advantageously, increased by the reprinting of sundry wordy and not very grammatical letters, which have appeared from time to time in the daily newspapers, on the subject of British Columbia. Mr. Macdonald makes sundry attacks upon the Governor of the colony, who had the audacity to differ from our civil engineer on several matters of policy. These personalities sadly detract from the interest of the book, and occasionally make us doubt how far we ought to trust its writer's judgment and discretion.

Of Vancouver's Island Mr. Macdonald speaks much more favourably than of British Columbia. Its climate is far milder than that of the colony on the main land. This mildness of climate is owing to its being in a great measure sheltered from the north and east winds.

Mr. Macdonald says:

It may fairly be said, therefore, that the climate of Vancouver's Island is the mildest and most healthy in British North America. There are occasionally heavy falls of snow, but it soon melts away. The wild apple trees are in full blossom in June, and the native berries are ripe and abundant in July. The island possesses but a poor Flora, however, and no new varieties of plants have been found. Its surface is chiefly woodland, and contains valuable coal-fields. The soil, though somewhat light, is well adapted to such crops as are commonly raised in this country; and, unlike British Columbia, many patches of good prairie land are scattered over the island. There are no high mountains; and although dreary precipitous rocks characterise the coast, there are several snug little harbours or arms of the sea indenting the island for considerable distances, and happily, too, through some of the most eligible localities for agricultural settlements.

The scenery of the inland country is very fine, and presents many views of surpassing grandeur and loveliness, reminding the Scottish traveller of his native land.

There is quite enough interesting and useful matter in the five hundred and odd pages of this volume to make up a fair sized handbook. Mr. Macdonald has really reliable information to give any person who is anxious to become acquainted with the advantages which British Columbia offers to the intending emigrant. But the mere "leather and prunello" so largely predominate in the shape of wordy disquisitions, feeble personalities, and reprinted rubbish from old newspapers, that we can by no means congratulate the author on having produced a book which deserves, even though it may not command, success.

CAPTAIN GRONOW.

Reminiscences of Captain Gronow, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and M.P. for Stafford; being Anecdotes of the Camp, the Court, and the Culis, at the Close of the Last War with France. Related by HIMSELF. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 8vo. pp. 245.

THIS IS A VERY LIVELY, well-written, and amusing book, and the author speaks of himself with becoming modesty, seeing the temptations he had to magnify himself through the scenes in which he mixed, and the remarkable personages with whom he was brought in contact. There is a kindliness in the Captain's manner, too, and he has omitted many anecdotes which might have proved acceptable to those who delight in scandal, but which would have failed to interest or edify the general public.

Captain Gronow takes us back in time some half a century. "Fifty Years Ago" would not have been an inappropriate title to his work. He takes us back to the days of high collars, buckles, shorts, and gaiters, when hair-powder and pig-tails had not yet disappeared. To the days of the dandies, Hessian-boots, pantaloons, and *chapeaux bras*. To the days when our mothers in pelisses and ignorant of bustles appeared straight as an arrow from the breast to the heels, when they wore bee hive bonnets and leghorns, drank tea and loved scandal rather. To the days when our fathers drank much wine, gambled much, duelled much, and intrigued more than was seemly. We are introduced to the Brummells and Alvanleys of the day, to Sir John Waters, Colonel Wardle, "Romeo" Coates, "Monk" Lewis, Byron, D'Orsay, and other male celebrities; to Mrs. Clarke, Lady Jersey, Lady Cork, Catalani, Fanny Elssler, and many other lady celebrities. Of course we have the Prince Regent, Queen Caroline, and Alderman Wood. Then the Captain has much pleasing gossip about Hyde Park, Almacks, and the clubs and hotels of the past. He was in the Peninsula, was present at Waterloo, resided in Paris with the army of France, and consequently has much to say about the aspect of the French metropolis and its society about fifty years ago. In passing, he confirms Victor Hugo's statement that Cambronne's supposed reply to the challenge to surrender, of "*La Garde ne se rend pas*," never was made. "It was an invention of after times, and he himself always denied having used such an expression."

One or two extracts will give the best idea of the Captain's manner; and first of dining and cookery in England fifty years ago:

England can boast of a Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and many other illustrious poets, clearly indicating that the national character of Britons is not deficient in imagination; but we have not had one single masculine inventive genius of the kitchen. It is the probable result of our national antipathy to mysterious culinary compounds, that none of the bright minds of England have ventured into the region of scientific cookery. Even in the best houses, when I was a young man, the dinners were wonderfully solid, hot, and stimulating. The menu of a grand dinner was thus composed: Mulligatawny and turtle soups were the first dishes placed before you; a little lower, the eye met with the familiar salmon at one end of the table, and the turbot, surrounded by smelts, at the other. The first course was sure to be followed by a saddle of mutton or a piece of roast beef; and then you could take your oath that fowls, tongue, and ham, would as assuredly succeed as darkness after day.

Whilst these never ending *pièces de résistance* were occupying the table, what were called French dishes were, for custom's sake, added to the solid abundance. The French, or side dishes, consisted of very mild but very active attempts at Continental cooking, and I have always observed that they met with the neglect and contempt that they merited. The universally adored and ever popular boiled potato, produced at the very earliest period of the dinner, was eaten with everything, up to the moment when sweets appeared. Our vegetables, the best in the world, were never honoured by an accompanying sauce, and generally came to the table cold. A prime difficulty to overcome was the placing on your fork, and finally in your mouth, some half-dozen different eatables which occupied your plate at the same time. For example, your plate would contain, say, a slice of turkey, a piece of stuffing, a sausage, pickles, a slice of tongue, cauliflower, and potatoes. According to habit and custom, a judicious and careful selection from this little bazaar of good things was to be made, with an endeavour to place a portion of each in your mouth at the same moment. In fact, it appeared to me that we used to do all our compound cookery between our jaws. The dessert—generally ordered at Messrs. Grange's, or at Owen's, in Bond-street—if for a dozen people, would cost at least as many pounds. The wines

were chiefly port, sherry, and hock; claret, and even Burgundy, being then designated "poor, thin, washy stuff." A perpetual thirst seemed to come over people, both men and women, as soon as they had tasted their soup; as from that moment everybody was taken wine with everybody else till the close of the dinner; and such wine as produced that class of cordiality which frequently wanders into stupefaction. How all this sort of eating and drinking ended was obvious, from the prevalence of gout, and the necessity of everyone making the pill-box their constant bedroom companion.

The last charge at Waterloo is thus described:

It was about five o'clock on that memorable day, that we suddenly received orders to retire behind an elevation in our rear. The enemy's artillery had come up en masse within a hundred yards of us. By the time they began to discharge their guns, however, we were lying down behind the rising ground, and protected by the ridge before referred to. The enemy's cavalry was in the rear of their artillery, in order to be ready to protect it if attacked; but no attempt was made on our part to do so. After they had pounded away at us for about half an hour, they deployed, and up came the whole mass of the Imperial infantry of the Guard, led on by the Emperor in person. We had now before us probably about 20,000 of the best soldiers in France—the heroes of many memorable victories; we saw the bearskin caps rising higher and higher as they ascended the ridge of ground which separated us, and advanced nearer and nearer to our lines. It was at this moment the Duke of Wellington gave his famous order for our bayonet charge, as he rode along the line: these are the precise words he made use of—"Guards, get up and charge!" We were instantly on our legs, and after so many hours of inaction and irritation at maintaining a purely defensive attitude—all the time suffering the loss of comrades and friends—the spirit which animated officers and men may easily be imagined. After firing a volley as soon as the enemy were within shot, we rushed on with fixed bayonets, and that hearty hurrah peculiar to British soldiers.

It appeared that our men, deliberately and with calculation, singled out their victims; for as they came upon the Imperial Guard our line broke, and the fighting became irregular. The impetuosity of our men seemed almost to paralyze their enemies: I witnessed several of the Imperial Guard who were run through the body apparently without any resistance on their parts. I observed a big Welshman of the name of Hughes, who was six feet seven inches in height, run through with his bayonet, and knock down with the butt end of his firelock, I should think a dozen at least of his opponents. This terrible contest did not last more than ten minutes, for the Imperial Guard was soon in full retreat, leaving all their guns and many prisoners in our hands. The famous General Cambronne was taken prisoner fighting hand to hand with the gallant Sir Colin Halkett, who was shortly after shot through the cheeks by a grape-shot.

We have an anecdote of Colonel Kelly and his blacking:

Among the odd characters I have met with, I do not recollect any one more eccentric than the late Lieutenant-colonel Kelly, of the First Foot Guards, who was the vainest man I ever encountered. He was a thin, emaciated looking dandy, but had all the bearing of the gentleman. He was haughty in the extreme, and very fond of dress; his boots were so well varnished that the polish now in use could not surpass Kelly's blacking in brilliancy; his pantaloons were made of the finest leather, and his coats were inimitable; in short his dress was considered perfect.

His sister held the place of housekeeper to the Custom-house, and when it was burnt down, Kelly was burnt with it, in endeavouring to save his favourite boots. When the news of his horrible death became known, all the dandies were anxious to secure the services of his valet, who possessed the mystery of the inimitable blacking. Brummell lost no time in discovering his place of residence, and asked what wages he required; the servant answered, his late master gave him 150*l.* a-year, but it was not enough for his talents, and he should require 200*l.*; upon which Brummell said, "Well, if you will make it guineas, I shall be happy to attend upon you." The late Lord Plymouth eventually secured this phoenix of valets at 200*l.* a-year, and bore away the sovereignty of boots.

One other extract, respecting the Hon. George Talbot, and the way in which he trusted to Providence:

I have a very vivid recollection of George Talbot, a brother of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, and who was a fashionable man about town, of whom there are many anecdotes in circulation. The only one that took my fancy was related to me in Paris, where he was as usual in the midst of the gayest of the gay, recklessly spending his money, and oftentimes resorting for resources to the gambling-table, where at last he was thoroughly pigeoned.

Talbot had tried in vain all the usual means of recruiting his empty purse. Being a Roman Catholic, like most of the members of one of the oldest families in Great Britain, he was a regular attendant upon the ceremonies of his Church, and acquainted with all the clergy in Paris; so he took the resolution of going to his confessor, unburdening his conscience, and at the same time seeking counsel from the holy father, as to the best way of raising the wind. After entering minutely into his condition, and asking the priest how he could find funds to pay his debts and take him home, the confessor seemed touched by his tale of woe, and after much apparent consideration recommended him to trust in Providence. Talbot seemed struck with such sensible advice, and promised to call again in a few days. This second visit was made in due course; he again mourned over his condition, and requested the priest's advice and assistance. His story was listened to as before, with much commiseration, but he was again recommended to trust in Providence. Talbot came away quite crest-fallen, and evidently with little hope of any immediate relief. After the lapse of a few days, however, he appeared again before his confessor, apparently much elated, and invited the worthy abbé to dine with him at the Rocher du Cancale. This invitation was gladly accepted, the holy father not doubting but that he should have all the delicacies in the land, to which, in common with the rest of the clergy, he had no objection; nor was he disappointed. The dinner was *recherché*; the best the establishment could furnish was placed before them, and most heartily and lovingly did the worthy abbé devote himself to what was offered. At the end of the repast the *carte à payer* was duly furnished; but what was the astonishment of the reverend guest when Talbot declared that his purse was completely *au sec*, and that it had been a long time empty; but that upon this occasion, as upon all others, he trusted, as the abbé had advised him, in Providence.

The Abbé Pecheron, recovering from his surprise, and being of a kind and generous disposition, laughed heartily at Talbot's impudence, and feeling that he had deserved this rebuke, pulled out his purse, paid for the dinner, and did what he should have done at first—wrote to the members of Talbot's family, and obtained for him such assistance as enabled him to quit Paris and return home, where he afterwards led a more sober life.

The Captain has numerous anecdotes respecting royal and exalted parties, generals, *parvenus*, and blacklegs, and respecting gamblers, duellists, and five-bottle men. His retentive memory and easy style have enabled him to produce a most readable book.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE.

Papers of an Undergraduate; being a Selection from the Manuscripts of the late William Threlkeld Edwards, of Pembroke College, Cambridge. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. pp. 156.

WE SUPPOSE that no youth of average ability and literary tastes has ever yet reached the age of twenty-one without having written a considerable quantity of nonsense both in prose and verse. That very much more paper has not been provided for the use of trunk-makers and cheesemongers is of course to be attributed to the fact that most of us, as we grow in years, grow also to some small extent in common sense, and that as we become more acquainted with the intricacies of spelling and grammar, the sesquipedalian words and hobbling rhymes which so enchained our young affections manifest themselves to us in all their naked deformity. Mr. Edwards had not reached his twenty-first year at the time of his premature death by drowning in the Cam in June 1859. He left behind him as we are informed a considerable quantity of manuscript writing, from which the poems and other papers contained in this volume have been selected. Our own opinion is, that had Mr. Edwards lived a few years longer he would not have been desirous of any higher fame for the poetry and prose of which we have specimens in this volume than may have accrued from their publication in such modest journals as the *Cambridge Terminal Magazine*, &c.

We quote the following poems, respectively yclept "Madonna" and "The Ashamed One," as fair specimens of Mr. Edwards's muse.

MADONNA.

Low in prayer devoutly bending,
I beheld the pale Madonna;
Sunshine falling soft upon her,
With the halo round her blending.
She within her hand was grasping,
With a tremor in her fingers,
As in trees at evening lingers,—
To her holy bosom clasping

That symbolical white flower
Of her agony the meekest
Allegory and the sweetest,
Which within their southern bower
Christian maids behold with weeping,
By the sweet remembrance pained;—
Pure white flower, with purple stained,
From the triple leaflet leaping.

THE ASHAMED ONE.

Slowly roaming in the gloaming,
Went I through our little town;
Brightly gleaming hues were streaming
From church-windows softly down.
Music billows 'mid the pillars,
Surged and floated o'er and o'er:—
Looking, listening, faint eyes glistening,
Stood a woman by the door:—
Tall and slender, fair and tender;
Yet her face was worn and wan;

Gay her clothing, but a loathing
Shook her as she looked thereon;
Weeping, weeping, nearer creeping,
To that holiness within;
Half-despairing, never daring
In to take her shame and sin.
Was I dreaming?—Brightly gleaming,
Came a form with white wings near—
"Hope, poor sister."—Then it kissed her,
And she entered free from fear.

The vile cockneyism of rhyming "her" with "Madonna," and "billows" with "pillars," seems to us odd as coming from the pen of a Cambridge Undergraduate. We can hardly suppose that Mr. Edwards was of that stern stuff of which senior wranglers are made; and we trace few or no signs in his poetry or prose that he had much familiarity with the classics. Even Beaton's "Greek Iambics" might have taught him that Shakespeare was not the earliest author of the apothegm that "the good die young," seeing that Menander (*vide* Beaton) had long previously written

ὅτι οἱ ἀγαθοὶ ἀποθνήσκουσιν νῆες.

Mr. Edwards's prose is not much more to our taste than his poetry. The former is remarkably florid, or rather turgid; and here and there, when the author is not puzzling himself and his readers with the "subjective" and the "objective," we light upon a gem which might have come from the pen of Mr. Tupper or Dr. Cumming:

Our heart has deepest affection for all the gentleness and awfulness of the world, for that graciousness of nature revealed in every bud and dewdrop, in the wavy range of the mountains; revealed alike in the stream, and the trees that bend down to it, and the flowers that grow brighter for it, and the bird that sings with it. We cannot help getting sentimental; we wrap ourselves round with this beauty, or at least with something to remind us of it. We have flowers woven in our carpets; we hang flowers on our walls; our girls shall have rosebuds figured on their delicate morning dresses.

We may add—and we do it with pleasure—that, though as prose and poetry Mr. Edwards's writing seems to us feeble enough, there runs throughout much of his book a vein of earnest religious feeling, which clearly shows that, short as Mr. Edwards's life had been, he had yet found time to choose the better part.

The Influence of Railway Travelling on Health. From the "Lancet." (Robert Hardwicke. pp. 152.)—A neat and handy reprint of the series of papers which appeared in our medical contemporary under this title. The evidence collected by the gentlemen who conducted the inquiry is very valuable, and it certainly tends to show that the effects of continual or even frequent railway travelling is by no means beneficial to health, and that (excepting in the case of persons of rarely robust constitutions) the amount of good which "city men" are held to derive from living in the country is more than neutralised by the shock and damage to the system caused by the continual commotion of the human frame in railway carriages. Some of the facts disclosed are very curious. We could have wished, however, that the inquirers had pushed their researches to the extent of ascertaining the moral results of some of the physical effects of railway travelling. A journal like the *Lancet* was under no obligation to blink that part of the question, and we thoroughly believe that inquiry would lead to an intelligible explanation of very awkward cases which have but too frequently occupied the attention of the courts of law. The pathological summary and general cautions to travellers with which the inquiry terminates cannot be too familiarly or too widely known:

It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the accumulated evidence which accomplished observers of health and disease have contributed to our report on the influence of railway travelling on the various organs and parts of the body in health and disease.

The efficiency of the rapid concussions incidental to railway travelling in developing or aggravating epilepsy, clonic spasm, cerebral softening, and spinal softening, has been studied, not by the light of vague conjecture, but upon the authority of strictly-observed cases in the practice of Sir Ranald Martin, Dr.

Brown-Séquard, Dr. Radcliffe, Mr. Ernest Hart, and others. The particular influence of cold and draught has been brought out prominently by Dr. Williams; while this has been placed in necessary juxtaposition with the exact inquiries as to ventilation and relative purity of the air in railway carriages by Dr. Angus Smith. The mischief following from undue retention of the secretions is sufficiently and practically illustrated in the case by Mr. Hilton. The nature of the impressions on the eye, so well studied by Sir David Brewster, has been traced to its pathological consequences by Mr. White Cooper. Dr. Fuller's ingenious observations on the part played by the auditory nerve in conveying to the brain strong and incessantly repeated impressions of sound, are of a practical and suggestive character. This is, no doubt, one cause of the peculiar effects of continued railway travelling which had not been well known, and of which the mischief is preventable. The almost certainty with which a long railway journey will, in some pregnant women, produce abortion, has been well illustrated in the communications by Dr. Meadows and Dr. Grailly Hewitt. The acceleration of the pulse in railway travelling is one of the indications of the extent to which this form of passive exercise taxes the system; but all physiological deductions require to be received with great reservation, as the disturbing elements are so many and various.

There are only two classes of persons especially likely to be injuriously affected by moderate railway journeys, even though frequent: they are persons advanced in life and of weakened power, and those who are subject to the special diseases which have already been studied in this relation. The actual exertion, the excitement, the mental strain, the peculiar influences of the motion of a railway carriage, indicate its dangers to those first mentioned. These constitute a small minority. But there are a number of persons who, although not far advanced in age, are yet the subjects of various conditions of ill health depending on insidious degenerative disease of the brain and heart. The season-ticket holders of the railways are, in large numbers, men who have passed the best years of their life in hard and exhausting employment of mind and body. They are the successful merchants; the senior partners of flourishing firms, which they have built up by a life of labour; half-retired tradesmen; half-invalid bankers, *et id genus omne*. We can now see that it is by the injuries which have resulted to these men from their constant travelling to and from town that an impression has become current as to certain mischiefs which habitual travelling inflicts. When it was known that such a banker, who comes up fifty miles three or four times a week, has to lie down half an hour before he can sign a cheque; that such a well-known chemist has suffered from symptoms of brain excitement since he bought his new house by the sea and travelled daily to London; or that a certain barrister has found himself obliged to pay for his journey by epileptic seizures, the alarm soon extended beyond reasonable limits. But few men can endure without suffering to travel fifty or a hundred miles daily to their business for any length of time. The influence of the journey itself is heightened by many accessory conditions to which we have adverted; and the present construction of the rails and carriages is such as to deprive the traveller of all those mitigations by which his discomfort might be diminished and his health safe-guarded.

Catching the train.—Amongst the unprecedented collection of cases brought under our notice during this inquiry, there have been recorded several of serious mischief, and even death, from persons in ill health hurrying to catch trains, and sitting down, heated and breathless, in the draught caused by the moving of the train which they have just managed to be in time for. It is almost exclusively at large termini that these cases have occurred, and that the cause of them obtains. Now, this rushing in at the last moment, we are informed, is becoming more frequent; and consideration of the condition in life of those who constitute the majority of season-ticket holders would indicate how this evil arises. We believe it would be advantageous to public health and safety, however harsh it may at first appear, that the doors at termini should be closed five minutes previous to the departure of each train, so that sufficient time should be allowed for passengers to quietly settle themselves, and also for the officials, who are often (as one of them graphically expressed it) "torn to pieces" just at the last moment. It is well known that the difficulties with luggage, which this arrangement would obviate, are frequently causes of delay in starting trains. Then there is high speed to make up lost time or want of punctuality, both of them fraught with danger to passengers.

Cautions to habitual travellers.—It has been shown that the injurious effects which habitual railway travelling produces on some who escape such influences when only taking occasional journeys are very marked. In such persons heedless continuance comes to be a cause of disease. In some, there have been no previous symptoms that they could recognise, or such as would have deterred them from undertaking the daily journey; and thus the season-ticket is taken, and has soon to be disused, or the health suffers. In all cases the evidence points to the conclusion that the injurious influence slowly and gradually increases whilst the cause remains—that tolerance is not established by persistence.

It is too much the custom, when adopting a country residence on a railway line, to make no new arrangements of business according to the diminished time for work which the daily interval between the morning and evening trains allow. Hence that hurry, anxiety, and working of the brain at high pressure, which of all things tend to develop in susceptible persons such injurious effects on health as habitual railway travellers often experience. The remedy for this is obvious: "Cut your coat according to your cloth"—"Mene tenus propria vive"—"Selon le pain il faut le couteau,"—are saws proved to be wise. But we believe that no person is justified in undertaking a series of continuous journeys by rail under the conditions alluded to (if under any circumstances), without previously consulting his medical attendant as to their probable effect on his health, the precautions he should adopt, and the warning symptoms which he may not safely disregard. In aid of such decisions, we trust that these reports, now brought to a conclusion, may prove helpful.

Thoughts on the Dwellings of the People, Charitable Estates, Improvement, and Local Government in the Metropolis. By THOMAS HARE. (Sampson, Low, Son, and Co.)—To the thoughtful philanthropist this little pamphlet by Mr. Hare offers matter for useful reflection. It discusses the question of providing wholesome and cheerful dwellings for the poor, a problem which has long occupied the attention of the benevolent, and which has lately been forcibly brought before men's minds by Mr. Peabody's munificent gift of money to be laid out with that view. We say "to be laid out," because, although Mr. Peabody left the destination of his money to be determined upon by the trustees whom he nominated, there can be little doubt that the suggestion which he attached to the noble gift, that something should be done towards ameliorating the dwelling-places of the poor, will have all the force of a command. The gist of Mr. Hare's advice is founded upon the plan of arranging dwelling-places in flats, as it is generally practised on the Continent:

If I might attempt to figure to the mind what such a building might be, I would suppose a spacious street, with lofty edifices on either side lighted by windows over the entire front, as (for one example) the *façade* of the Town

Hall of Brussels. One block is as large as that which abuts on the Junior United Service Club, and on Charles-street and Norris-street in the Haymarket, with as many stories as the new hotels lately erected at the London-bridge and Victoria Stations. The ground-floor is in commodious shops, and over them are the residences of the tradesmen, each a distinct house, having no communication with the buildings above. The third floor consists of suites of handsome apartments with all the accommodation and privacy of separate houses, for the educated portion of the less wealthy classes—curates, and other ministers of religion, teachers artists, clerks in offices of Government, in the law, and in commerce, medical and other professional men practising in the locality, and persons with incomes of 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year—rooms which, being on one level, materially economise domestic service. A fourth, a fifth, and a sixth floor is divided into dwellings of more or less accommodation, each floor separately approached by two convenient staircases at opposite extremities of the block, and leading to convenient passages or galleries, upon which the apartments open. The corridors might be lighted partly through openings front and back, and partly from above, by which thorough ventilation would be ensured. In each block there might be a lift, as in the new London hotels, with a cage of adequate size, for raising every heavy article, or even persons when necessary, to each floor. One man, attending this apparatus, would probably do more than could be done by the personal labour of fifty. A volume might be written on the facilities for economy of labour, of time, and of domestic expense which could be combined in such a structure, and the comfort which may be afforded by joint and ready access to wash-houses and baths, and in the summer to a kitchen which may be used in common by several families, to store-rooms for furniture on occasions of removal to a distance, and other advantages.

We have no doubt about the excellence of the plan in a large city, and should be glad to see it adopted; but we much doubt whether, without considerable difficulty, it would be possible to persuade the people of England to adopt it. Our own opinion, based upon a belief in its feasibility, is rather in favour of the scheme so often and so powerfully advocated by Mr. Charles Pearson, the intelligent Solicitor to the City of London. This is to build working men's villages within a reasonable distance from the metropolis, and to modify the arrangements of the railway companies so as to obtain easy transit backwards and forwards at a reasonable rate.

Accepted Addresses. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Author of "The Seven Sons of Mammon," "Dutch Pictures," &c., &c. (Tinsley, Brothers. 1862. pp. 307.)—This little volume, which is very fairly entitled to its name of "Accepted Addresses," contains a number of short essays and sketches, contributed at various times, by Mr. Sala, to different periodicals. Many persons, we are disposed to think, will prefer these fugitive pieces to some of the more ambitious works which bear the author's name. That Mr. Sala is a very shrewd as well as kind censor *morum* is undeniably shown by the pages before us, and the literary skill and power of word-painting in some of these brief essays is very remarkable. We select, almost at hap-hazard, a specimen of Mr. Sala's handiwork. It is a cab case, which is literally coming off day by day during the present Exhibition season in our police courts:

A CAB CASE.—Badge 9999 is summoned by a nervous-looking old gentleman in a white hat and buff waistcoat, for overcharging him, abusing him, being drunk, refusing to show him his badge or give him a ticket; in short, for committing an almost endless series of offences under Mr. Fitzroy's Act. Mr. Lambswool, the plaintiff, arrived a day or so previous at the railway terminus in Shoreditch, from Lowestoft. Upon his arrival in London he placed himself and luggage under the care of Thomas Buck, badge 9999, and desired to be driven to the "Flower Pot" in Bishopsgate-street. The conscientious Buck drove his fare a pleasant jaunt about Hoxton and Kingsland, and eventually landing him at the "Flower Pot," demanded three shillings as his fare, sixpence for waiting (*i.e.*, while Mr. Lambswool descended from his vehicle to purchase a penny bun), and one and sixpence for three separate parcels, consisting of a sandwich-box, a worsted comforter, and a copy of "Uncle Tom." His claim being demurred to, Mr. Buck threw the articles in question violently on the pavement, made use of abusive, derisive, and defamatory language, requested to know whether Mr. Lambswool considered himself to be a gentleman; adding his own personal conviction that he was not, but rather a "sweep," a "duffer," a "shoful," and a "moucher," and ultimately challenged him to fight for any amount. Being requested to show his badge, he, after much pressing, and several refusals, exhibited it upside down—it thereby appearing as 6666. Being importuned for a ticket, he at length produced one numbered 4206. To these manifold and accumulated accusations, Mr. Buck pleads "Not Guilty;" but the charge being clearly brought home to him, and Mr. Lambswool further deposing that defendant's wife and four small children had waited on him that morning with an acknowledgment of Mr. Buck's guilt and entreaties for mercy (said wife being defendant's *maitresse en titre*, and said children borrowed from another cabman's wife), a decision is come to in Mr. Buck's case, which leads to his conveyance in the afternoon, and in her Majesty's van, to the House of Correction; there to dwell for two months, not exactly—

In adamant chains and penal fire,

but in oakum picking and water-gruel.

"The Murderous Ischvostchik" is very tragical story, very well told. We cannot recommend to lovers of the *dolce far niente*, in this July weather, a more amusing companion than this volume of "Accepted Addresses."

A Handbook of Volumetrical Analysis. By ROBERT H. SCOTT, M.A., T.C.D. (Longmans. pp. 107.)—The value of this little handbook must be judged of by practical chemists. It contains a minute and practical description of the methods of analysis known as volumetrical, which differ from those in ordinary use in this respect, that they do not cause any one constituent of the body under examination to enter into a compound which may be separated from the solution and weighed directly; but they determine the constituent indirectly by the amount of some reagent which is exactly requisite to effect some chemical action on it. The methods by which this is effected are very minutely explained.

A Selection of Interesting Extracts for Use in Schools and Families. By THOMAS OLIPHANT, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh. (Edinburgh: John Mac-laren. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. pp. 328.)—The extracts in this volume are specially intended for the use of pupils from nine to twelve years of age, and a marked prominence has therefore been given to Natural History, Incidents of Travel and Adventure, Descriptions of Places, and Historical Events. The selections, we may add, are from verse as well as prose.

Bible Truths and Shakespearean Parallels; being Selections from Scripture, Moral, Doctrinal, and Preceptual. With Passages Illustrative of the Text, from the Writings of Shakespeare. (Whittaker and Co. pp. 142.)

—The author, while compiling this little volume, seems pretty steadily to have kept in his mind Euclid's definition of parallel lines, as not a few of the so-called parallels in these pages are so far from being likely to meet, that they appear to have little or no connection with one another. On the other hand, some of the parallels are very interesting, and reflect credit on the taste and industry which has placed them side by side. We quote the second chapter as a specimen.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF ADVERSITY.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.
They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them; I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters, in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble.—Jer. xxxi. 9.
And the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.—Is. xxv. 8.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.—Matt. v. 4.
Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.—John xvi. 20.

The liquid drops of tears, that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

KING RICHARD III. Act IV. Scene 4.

Wipe thine eyes:

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

CYMBELINE. Act IV. Scene 2.

How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Act IV. Scene 3.

Modern Metre: A Medium for the Poets of the Day. No. II. (Tallant and Co.)—The forthcoming number of this amusing periodical tends to give us an impression rather amusing than exalted of the qualities of the "poets of the day." "The Wind" is a poem supposed to be written by a young lady, with whose skirts the wanton breezes have been making more free than welcome:

Boisterous wind!
Rough and unkind—
You are the most impudent fellow I know;
What terrible havoc you make when you blow!
You push us all over,
And make our clothes cover
Our ocular globes, that we may not discover
The very next step we might take with our feet—

Another contributor, yclept "Aunt Deborah," celebrates the death of a flea:

Alas! poor Flea! 'tis luckless hour
That places now within my power
My little midnight foe—
Oh! thou hast led me such a chase,
Hopping in and out each place,
I can't now let thee go—
Thou art the thing I do so hate,
Ah—yes! I so abominate
Thy little tickling ways—

The reader will probably, by this time, be satisfied with "the poets of the day."

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea. Translated into English Verse. (David Nutt. pp. 131.)—We have many translations of the "Faust," but few of "Hermann and Dorothea." The anonymous translator of this version has done his work with elegance and commendable accuracy. It is in blank verse, and the following tirade of the worthy doctor against the fickleness of mankind will serve for a specimen:

Such, truly, is mankind! all are alike,
And ever on the gape, when sorrow falls
Upon a neighbour! Every one slips out
To watch a fire, as it drives along,
Or some poor criminal condemned to die.
Now, every one walks forth to gloat upon
The misery of the exiles, and none thinks
That afterwards, and probably ere long,
A loss like theirs may happen to ourselves.
I hate this lightness; and it dwells in men.

The wise, high-minded pastor then replied—
He was an honour to the place—still young,
But knowing life, and all his hearers' wants.
The worth of Holy Writ he deeply felt—
Which tells the state and destiny of man—
And knew, besides, the highest worldly lore—
And thus he spake:—I love not to find fault
With what good Mother Nature has bestowed

By way of harmless impulse on mankind.
What sense and reason cannot always do,
Such a propensity, which leads us on
So strongly, may. If curiosity
Did not entice us with its potent charms,
Say! could man ever apprehend how fair
Is the connection of this universe?
He first desires to find out something new
And then, with unremitting effort, seeks
For what will profit, and at last desires
The good which raises and ennobles him.
His lightness is, in youth, a cheerful friend,
Hiding all danger from him, and, at once
Obliterating every trace of grief
As soon as ever it has passed aside.
Truly that man is to be praised who, when
He comes to riper years, forms for himself
A sound discretion from such buoyancy—
Who, both in sadness and prosperity,
Strives well and boldly—perfecting each
good,
And finding out a remedy for ill.

The Farm and Fruit of Old. A Translation in Verse of the First and Second Georgics of Virgil. By a MARKET GARDENER. (Sampson Low, Son, and Co. pp. 57.)—Most of the translators of the Georgics have been men much more familiar with dictionaries and lexicons than with ploughs and harrows; and hence their versions have smelt somewhat too much of the lamp, and too little of the field. We do not know anything of the antecedents of the "Market Gardener," but he has undoubtedly produced a fresh, vigorous, and correct version of the two first Georgics, which, we trust, will in time be followed by a similar version of the remaining two.

A Guide to the Pyrenees, especially intended for the Use of Mountaineers. By CHARLES PACKE. With Maps, Diagrams, and Tables. (Longmans. pp. 130.)—The beginning of the Long Vacation is the period when guide-books come as naturally into season as green peas do in June, and here is an excellent one. The most exigent tourist could scarcely require a neater, handier, or more compendious little pocket volume than this. It is a gem among guide-books, containing almost everything that is requisite, nothing that is redundant, an admirable specimen of typography, the maps abundant and excellent, and of the most convenient size and form possible. Those who have any desire to visit the Pyrenees ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Packe, who has proved himself not only a very active tourist, but a very efficient compiler of a guide-book.

The plan of arrangement adopted is very similar to the excellent one used by Mr. Murray in his unrivalled series. Perhaps, if we might suggest the existence of a deficiency, it would be that the information as to hotels and prices is hardly full enough.

Tourrier's Ten Thousand Useful French Words, Classed in Sixty-one Chapters. (D. Nutt, &c. pp. 227.)—An excellent collection of French words arranged on the natural system; that is to say, classified according to the subjects, the birds, fishes, fruits, &c., and after a list of the substances, a collection of phrases to show how they are used. As this is the way in which we all practically learn our own language, we must confess to a preference for it over the old style of learning the rules of the language first, and the words which they are to govern afterwards.

Melchior's Dream, and other Tales. By J. H. G. Edited by Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. Illustrated by M. S. G. (Bell and Daldy. pp. 192.)—A collection of simple tales, neither very artful in construction nor very remarkable in execution; but of sound morality, and to be highly recommended as innocent pabulum for youthful minds. "Melchior's Dream" is directed against selfishness. It points out to a discontented boy that there is more advantage to him in cultivating the love and affection of his brothers and sisters than in enjoying the solitary benefit of being an only child.

Plain Lectures on Astronomy. By the Rev. W. N. MOLESWORTH, M.A. (Manchester: A. Ireland and Co. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. pp. 69.)—There is nothing objectionable in these lectures: they are well-composed, readable abstracts of the theories now generally received among scientific astronomers, and may be, therefore, used as introductory lessons in the science.

The Banks of the Forth: a Descriptive and Historical Sketch. (Alloa: James Lothian. pp. 96.)—These pages contain a fund of local information as to all the remarkable places on the picturesque Forth. It is arranged in the form of a trip up the river, and will be interesting not only to the inhabitants of that part of the country, but also to the tourist.

We have received a large series of educational primers published by Messrs. Darton and Co. The figures upon the title-pages afford a better testimony of their recognised value than any criticism we can offer. Thus we have *Blair's First, Second, and Third Mother's Catechisms*, the hundred and twenty-ninth edition.—The first and second *Catechisms of Biography*. By the Rev. T. Wilson.—The first, second, and third *Catechisms of Natural Philosophy*, by the same.—The *Catechisms of Botany, Agricultural Chemistry, Gospel History, Astronomy, History of England, English Grammar, Bible History, Geography, Common Things, Natural Philosophy for Children, Modern History, and Music*, and the *Child's First Catechism*, all by the same author.

We have also received, in continuation of "Nichol's Series of Standard Divines—Puritan Period," the first and second volumes of *The Complete Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D., Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge; Preacher of Gray's-inn, London.* Edited, with Memoir, by the Rev. Alexander Balloch Grosart. (Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet and Co.)—*Scriptural Coincidences; or, Traits of Truth.* By J. Duncan Craig, M.A. (Samuel Bagster and Sons.)—*The Flag of Truce. Dedicated to the Emperor of the French.* By a White Republican. (James Ridgway.)—*Ross's Monthly Toilet Magazine.*—*Christian Churches: the Noblest form of Social Life.* By Joseph Angus, D.D. (Ward and Co.)—*Duffy's Hibernian Magazine.*—*Statement of the Moslem Mission Society, with a Short Account of the Remarkable Opening for its Operations among the Bedouin Tribes recently Settled in the Pashalik of Aleppo.* (Rivingtons.)—*The Manchester Field Naturalists' Society. Report of the Committee.* (Whittaker and Co.)—*Kingston's Magazine for Boys.*—*The Primary Necessity for Increased Docks and Basins at Portsmouth. A Letter to Lord Palmerston.* By Rear-Admiral the Hon. Joseph Denman. (James Ridgway.)—*Catalogue of the Special Exhibition of Works of Art of the Medieval, Renaissance, and More Recent Periods, on Loan at the South Kensington Museum, June, 1862. Part I.* Edited by J. C. Robinson, F.S.A. (G. E. Eyre and W. Spottiswoode.)—*A Notice of Menton. Supplementary to "Nice and its Climate."* Reissued, with additional Observations and an Account of San Remo. By Edwin Lee, M.D. (W. J. Adams.)—*Vichy and its Mineral Springs.* By Edwin Lee, M.D. (John Churchill.)—*Etat-Actuel d'Algérie Publié d'après les Documents Officiels.* Par ordre de S. E. Marechal Pelissier, Duc de Malakoff. Sous la Direction de M. Mercier-Lacombe, Conseiller d'Etat. (Alger: Imp. Bowyer.)—*The Last Judgment: a Poem. In Twelve Books.* New Edition. (Longmans.)

PERIODICALS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" for July is a very staid and sober number. It contains, however, two very interesting papers, one on the "International Exhibition"—a subject of which we are at length beginning somewhat to weary—and a second on the famous "Bicentenary," from which Dissenters are now striving so earnestly to make a little politico-religious capital. Of the new mode of attacking the Church of England the *Quarterly* says:

The purely destructive enterprise is put aside for the present. It is not professedly renounced, far less abandoned; but, for the present, till better days shall dawn, it is not to be ostentatiously avowed or vigorously pushed. And those champions who have had the good fortune not to commit themselves to it are henceforth to use language of studied moderation. They are to profess an inexhaustible tenderness for Church property, and a religious regard for the sanctity of tithes. The alarming watchwords of the Liberation Society are not to cross their lips. In their stead they are to be furnished with a totally different pattern of cry, properly fitted up with bran-new sentiments and facts. In pursuance of the new policy, it would even seem that a change of commanders has taken place. For the coming campaign generals have been appointed who are likely to command the confidence of the newly-joined allies. It is needless to say that Dr. Foster will give no more evidence. Mr. Miall and "the noisy political agitators" are publicly disclaimed by influential Dissenters. Mr. Miall himself even tries to escape by explanations of a far-fetched character from the too candid phrases of his "Nonconformist Sketchbook." In the campaign which this bicentenary celebration is to commence, it is evident, from the speeches that have been already delivered, that the weapons employed will be of a sympathetic and sentimental character. Mr. Bright, with his unmanageable rockets, which only put his own side to rout, is to be sent ignominiously to

the rear. To avoid exasperating debates, operations are to be conducted in the House of Lords, where the burly Cleon of the Liberation Society will be unable to assist the Church with one of his invaluable invectives. In his place the Dissenting cause is to be represented by the mild oratory of Lord Ebury, whose meek helplessness under the fire of his episcopal adversary's wit is more likely to excite pity than defiance. The object of the attack is no longer to be the union of Church and State, but only the Act of Uniformity: "Comprehension," not "Confiscation," is to be the cry.

The article on the Exhibition roundly rates the Commissioners for their general mismanagement. We can now only quote one or two items out of the many charges made against them:

The Commissioners were not much more lucky in their publications than they were in the building and its arrangements. The humiliation to which they had to submit in withdrawing Mr. Palgrave's red handbook, after owning that their interest in it was measured by 2d. for each copy sold, is punishment enough for the folly they committed in sanctioning a book which, though bearing a name so respectable, had the misfortune of alike offending the criticised by its freedom and the critics by the crudeness of its composition. Mr. John Hollingshead, having adopted the wiser though less Spartan system of general laudation, has been allowed to sell in peace "A Concise History of the International Exhibition of 1862, its rise and progress, its building and features, and a summary of all former Exhibitions. Illustrated. Printed for her Majesty's Commissioners" (to recapitulate its somewhat dithyrambic title.) This Hollingshead's Chronicle of the nineteenth century is a work in which a large amount of miscellaneous information is served up in a style which often reminds the retrospective reader by its garrulous pomposity, less of the quaint annalist of the sixteenth century, than of Dr. Dillon's narrative of the Lord Mayor's progress to Oxford.

Macmillan's Magazine for July opens with a portion of a story for children, by Professor Kingsley, parts of which are very beautifully written. Dr. Whewell lectures more earnestly than eloquent on the English hexameter nuisance. The editor contributes a good review of Mr. Clough's poems, which, in our opinion, he considerably over-praises. Mr. Dicey, in his Correspondence from America, has but little to say about politics. He gives his readers, however, very interesting Sketches of Emerson and Hawthorne, as well as of "Class-day at Cambridge." Mr. Dicey's residence at our English Cambridge makes his description of its American sister doubly interesting:

The students are quieter apparently than our English ones; or, at any rate, you see less of them about the streets. Once or twice in the evenings I heard snatches of noisy songs as I passed the college buildings, which, coupled with the jinglings of glasses, called back recollections of college supper parties. Otherwise one saw or heard but little of the students, and those one did meet with had none of that air of being the owners, possessors, and masters of university precincts, peculiar to the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. The age of the students is about the same as in our own universities. Twenty-one is, as with us, the average age at which students take their degrees, or rather close their college course; for taking one's degree is by no means the usual termination of the university career. There is no distinctive dress worn by the students or professors. The college discipline is very like our Cambridge one, except that the students are treated more like men than schoolboys, and, I should gather, with success. The students may or may not live in the college-rooms, according to their own choice. There are many more students than rooms, and at the commencement of each year the vacant rooms are allotted, by lottery, amongst the freshmen. If the lucky winners like to sell their privilege, they are at liberty to do so; and, practically, the poorer students generally make something by the sale of their privilege. Why men should wish to live in the smallest of old-fashioned college rooms, instead of in comfortable lodgings in the town, is a mystery that no man can comprehend after the age of one-and-twenty; but the wish prevails in Cambridge, U.S., as well as in Cambridge, England. Of late years the system of commons has been given up, and the students take their meals in clubs or at boarding-houses. The students are obliged to attend lectures, and chapel in the morning. The prayers, which are very short, are worded so as to contain nothing offensive to the tenets of any Christian sect, and must, I fancy, be curious specimens, in consequence, of moral common-places. On Sundays there is service held at college, according to the orthodox form, as the Calvinist faith is called in New England; and students who do not go to church elsewhere are expected to attend it. Parents, however, may fix what form of worship their sons shall attend, and the majority of the students who come from near Boston pass their Sundays at home. In glancing over a list of the students, I saw that they belonged to some dozen religious denominations, and that about three in a hundred avowed no preference for any form of religion. Of the students belonging to the different sects, about a fifth or sixth were church members. I do not mean by this that they were Episcopallians, but that, according to American custom, they had professedly declared themselves members of the church to which they might belong, and were therefore admitted to its communion. The average expenses of the university course is, I was told, from 150*l.* to 250*l.* per annum, but in many instances I think this estimate must be much exceeded. At the class-day I was present at, four students kept open house for all their friends, and I was told they had ordered refreshments to be provided for one thousand persons. Considering the style of the entertainment, it must have cost a dollar a head at the very least; and a thousand dollars (200*l.*) is rather a large sum even for our own "curled darlings" to spend on an entertainment. Though the outlay was talked of as unreasonable, it was not regarded as anything very unusual.

When the orations were over, we strolled through the old college rooms, where the students had prepared luncheons for their friends, and where every stranger who came was welcomed with that frank cordiality which seems to me so universal a characteristic of American hospitality. Then, having eaten as much ice-cream and raised pies and lobster-salads as our digestions would permit of, we wandered off through the pleasant college grounds, and, in defiance of academical decorum, smoked cigars upon the lawn of a college professor, who invited us to the act by his own example. Later in the afternoon, there was dancing in the college hall, on whose walls hung quaint pictures of old-fashioned Puritan benefactors, and in whose midst was suspended the famous six-oar outrigger boat of Harvard College, which beat the Hale boat a year ago, doing the distance in the shortest time ever known across the Atlantic. At any rate I was told so, and I believe it accordingly. The dancing seemed to me very good; but the hall was overpoweringly hot, and, for my part, I preferred the open green, where there was music also, and where all the world was allowed to dance. It was in itself a curious instance of American freedom, and also of American good behaviour. The green is open to the high road, and the whole of the Cambridge world—or of the Boston world, for that matter—might have come and danced there; probably everybody who cared to dance did come. But the whole company was as well behaved, as quiet, and as orderly, as they would have been in a London ball-room. I could not help asking myself,

without a satisfactory reply, whether such a scene would be possible at the backs of the Cambridge colleges, or in the Christ Church meadows, and whether, if it were possible, our young university swells would dance as freely in the midst of any of the Oxford or Cambridge shop-girls who chose to come, accompanied by their sweethearts and mothers. The dancing was followed by a sort of farewell romp of the departing students round an old elm-tree, wherein the chief amusement seemed to be the destruction of each other's hats. Then, in the evening, there was a reception of the students and their friends at the president's house, and an exhibition of Chinese lanterns and rockets on the college green, where, judging from the groups I met strolling about in the dim evening light, I should say that many flirtations of the day must have been ratified by declarations and vows of eternal fidelity. *Chi lo sa?* And after the guests and relations and ladies had gone home, I rather suspect the students made a night of it over the *débris* of the cold collations. This, however, is mere suspicion. They may have gone to bed when we did, or have quenched their thirst with the lemonade they provided for the ladies; but I own I doubt it.

Mr. Dicey and his Northern friends were waiting at Boston for a true account of the so-called Federal victories when his letter was despatched. He concludes it thus:

Meanwhile there is one fact I deem worth recording here. It so happened that I was present at a gathering of Secessionists on the evening when the news of McClellan's defeat was first generally known. I could understand, though I did not sympathise with, the exultation with which these gentlemen received the intelligence. But I was pained to see that the real cause of their exultation was not that the Confederates had won a doubtful victory, but that this victory would give England a pretext to interfere. Their real hopes were based, not on the success of the Confederates, but on English interference in their behalf. I remember as a child having learnt that England was the home of the free, and that the slave and the oppressed looked to her for succour. It seems that now the *roles* are changed, and that it is the slave-owner and the oppressor who look to England for succour. I trust that in saying so I wrong my own country, but I wish that I felt surer of the faith that is in me.

Fraser's Magazine for August concludes a review of Mr. Trollope's "North America" with the following admirable words:

It would, in conclusion, be a graceless omission if any spectator of this bitter struggle should fail to notice the noble qualities shown upon both sides. Nowhere in the world has the ancient boast of Pericles, that each man in Athens places his person at the State's disposal in the greatest number of capacities, and with the most graceful versatility, been so literally fulfilled as both by North and South. Nowhere in the world have intelligent freemen consciously plunged into such an unfathomable gulf of difficulties with unbroken self-confidence rather than give up on the one side independence, on the other the lifelong dream of a mighty nationality. Say what anybody likes, the sight exhibited for six months past in New York is without a parallel, and challenges present admiration, be the thundercloud which is gathering as black as it may. No tax bill, scarcely any revenue, a debt which, let Mr. Chase or Mr. Dawes say what they like, cannot be less than 250,000,000*l.*, a country in which, boundless as are its resources, taxation by excise is an impossibility, and by aggravated customs duties a suicidal mistake—these are singular antecedents from which to deduce a conclusion of Government securities at a premium, at a moment when the expenditure of each day grows and increases like a tidal wave. Turn again to the South, and estimate the privations to which she has voluntarily submitted, the efforts which for fifteen months she has sustained. Is this a country to be subdued and held down like Venetia or Poland? Venetia and Poland had no such anterior heritage of liberty, and were therefore incompetent to secure for themselves one tithe of the consideration already accorded by the world to the Confederate States. In the midst of gloom and perplexity, of doubt and dismay, there is only one fact which affords firm standing-ground to the spectator—the fact that already Southern independence is a *fait accompli*. But there is another fact not less inexorably demonstrated to the Northern States, if they could only see it. This is not the place to emphasise the vast elements of greatness which they have shown in this struggle, or the many circumstances which make their pride and self-confidence excusable and natural. They have taught the world much; they have got one thing to learn. There is the noblest of futures still before them, if they will submit to learn one lesson. It is a lesson which the American nation never could have learnt without some such intensity of misfortune as they are swiftly and eagerly resolute to bring on themselves, and which a world in arms against them would have been powerless to teach. It is, that all the vast resources, the mighty growing population, the indomitable elasticity of character, the diffused intelligence, are nothing worth to make a great nation, unless one element is added. Precious indeed will be the legacy bequeathed by this war, by the years of suffering, shame, and agony which it will entail, if the simple truism which we are about to enunciate is eventually learnt. It is—that there can be no true greatness without humility!

A. K. H. B. lectures at some length in his usual style "Concerning Disagreeable People."

It is hardly necessary to mention among disagreeable people, those individuals who take pleasure in telling you that you are looking ill; that you are falling off, physically or mentally. "Surely you have lost some of your teeth since I saw you last," said a good man to a man of seventy-five years; "I cannot make out a word you say, you speak so indistinctly." And so oblige, and so thoroughly devoid of gentlemanly feeling, was that good man, that, when admonished that he ought not to speak in that fashion to a man in advanced years, he could not for his life see that he had done anything unkind or unmannerly. "I dare say you are wearied wth preachin' to-day; you see you're gettin' frail now," said a Scotch elder, in my hearing, to a worthy clergyman. Seldom has it cost me a greater effort than it did to refrain from turning to the elder, and saying with candour, "What a boor and what a fool you must be, to say that!" It was as well I did not; the boor would not have known what I meant. He would not have known the provocation which led me to give him my true opinion of him. "How very bald you are getting," said a really good-natured man, to a friend he was meeting for the first time in several years. Such remarks are for the most part made by men who, in good faith, have not the least idea that they are making themselves disagreeable. There is no malicious intention. It is a matter of pure obtuseness, stupidity, selfishness, and vulgarity. But an obtuse, stupid, selfish, and vulgar person is disagreeable. And your right course will be to carefully avoid all intercourse with such a person. . . . The present writer has a relative, who is Professor of Theology in a certain famous University. With that theologian I recently had a conversation on the matter of which we have just been thinking. The Professor lamented bitterly the unchristian features of character which may be found in many people making a great parade of their Christianity. He mentioned various facts, which had recently come to his own knowledge, which would sustain stronger expressions of opinion than any which I have given. But he went on to say that it would be a sad thing if no fools could get to heaven, nor any

unamiable, narrow-minded, sour, and stupid people. Now, said he, with great force of reason, religion does not alter idiosyncrasy. When a fool becomes a Christian he will be a foolish Christian. A narrow-minded man will be a narrow-minded Christian; a stupid man a stupid Christian. And, though a malignant man will have his malignity much diminished, it by no means follows that it will be completely rooted out. "When I would do good evil is present with me." "I find a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and enslaving me to the law of sin." But you are not to blame Christianity for the stupidity and unamiability of Christians. If they be disagreeable, it is not the measure of true religion they have got that makes them so. In so far as they are disagreeable they depart from the standard.

A writer in the *Dublin Magazine* for August—after asserting that Mrs. Browning was a greater poetess than Sappho—nay, that her equal had never yet been—thus sums up: "None can deny her greatness. But the blemishes which we see in her works, the spots which here and there obscure the solar disc of her fame, may teach us, may teach women especially, a weighty lesson. The function of women is—not to write, not to act, not to be famous—but to love." What is the meaning of this Hibernian logic? Because Mrs. Browning "will, doubtless, rank as the greatest poetess the world has ever known," and because she has left behind her poems, some of which "are of their kind perfect," therefore her function was to love. But why could she not love and write poetry too?

A grave and reverend Senior in a chapter on "Bygone Manners and Customs" thus discourses of London sixty years ago:

We remember looking down from the top of the Monument nearly threescore years ago, and seeing beneath our feet a very different sight from that at present presented to the view. Just beneath was the old Gothic London-bridge, which dammed up the river, and when the tide turned set going ponderous waterworks, and creaking pumps, which uplifted the Turbid Thames water, or rather forced it up for the supply of the city—that water which the citizens now hold in such disrepute. New wide streets open beneath that fine column; the old Custom-house has vanished, and in point of workmanship, though not in outline, the finest bridge in the world spans the river. Except the church of St. Saviour's, all the near view seems utterly foreign to the eyes that looked upon it at the first-mentioned period, and all is for the better twenty times over. Sir Christopher Wren's Church, on the verge of the river, too, is cleared of its previous incumbrances. What millions of pounds have been expended on bridges, wharfs, and docks, within the gazer's vision, none of which were in existence at the time of which we speak; to say nothing of the hissing steamboats, gliding along as it were by magic, which have superseded the miserable Thames wherries, and their boatmen's impositions upon passengers. Thus, on every side, motion is cheaper and far more commodious, and the poorest may partake in it.

Tower-hill, the Golgotha of regal vindictiveness, as well as of punishment for crime, has been made into a neat square, and planted; and the likeness of the spot to that in the extant pictures of the execution of the rebel lords in 1745 is difficult to make out. The posts of the scaffold—they were seen there for centuries—are not now to be traced as to their exact site, and the Tower-ditch is made into a garden, still overlooked, it is true, by the "Towers of Julius." All this is utterly different in aspect from what we remember it, and speaks at all events for the placability of the guns that still peep harmlessly through the embrasures. What scenes does not the sight of that fortress recall? Among the latest of the more serious we recollect was that of Horne Tooke, when the effort was made to convict him and others on a charge of treason. On entering the Tower, after the first day's trial, having a slight cold, and feeling his throat affected, he put up his hand to it, and said to his guards, "This is a ticklish place, gentlemen, just now."

The *Dublin Magazine* contains a fair and thoughtful article on the American Civil War, from which we quote the following passage:

The hope of restoring the Federal Union was for ever cast aside when President Lincoln introduced the measure of emancipation for the district of Columbia. This was the real "nulla pax cum Roma." Victories in the field, though numerous and overwhelming, could not recover the States finally sent adrift by this proceeding. It is true that the intended complement of this legislation was a national purchase of the property of the planters in slaves, but as such an enterprise could not be immediately undertaken or carried out universally, the slaveowners could have no faith in it, and were driven to desperation. Their sacrifices then rose to the height of heroism. They burned their cotton, and left their lands in tens of thousands for the camp of General Beauregard. There was no alternative for them, and the Federals now reap the results of the military vigour which the acquiescence of the Northern population in the emancipation idea produced in the South. It is remarkable that the Northern States, without an exception, endorsed Mr. Lincoln's policy. The party numerically strongest in the State had always supported the principle of slavery, so far as to condemn the aggressive interference with it by which the Abolitionists stirred up ill-will; but when the struggle, so long kept off with difficulty by extreme concessions to the Southern section, had actually arisen, their impulse was to say, Let us once and for ever terminate our connection with the system, and free ourselves from its fatal coils. The great majority of the American people, therefore, are now Abolitionists, and that very fact proof is given that though the South may be hedged within a narrow boundary, it can never be subdued. If President Lincoln is to accomplish the task upon which the hearts of the greater portion of the Northern people are set, he must let the Confederacy go, content to confine it to its proper slave-farm, the Gulf States, where its "peculiar institution" may linger for a quarter of a century longer, under a nominal Republic which shall be a real absolutism. In a former article this magazine modestly expressed a belief that things were tending in such a direction, and all that has subsequently occurred, down to the latest tidings from Richmond, has confirmed those speculations.

LYING NEWSPAPERS.—The authorities are again making war on the provincial press. It appears that some newspapers have been telling lies, as newspapers will unfortunately do sometimes, and one has been suppressed and another "warned" a second time. The first, the *Orléanais*, of Orléans, asserted the other day—so M. Rouland, the *interim* Minister of the Interior, tells us—that so great was the distress in the district that the manufacturers only kept their workpeople employed one day out of four, in order to preserve them from starvation. The assertion appears to have been a gross falsehood and misrepresentation, and as the *Orléanais* was already under the infliction of two "warnings," the Minister demanded its suppression, and the Emperor signed a decree to that effect. The other case is that of the *Progrès de Lyon*, "warned" a second time for a false report of what occurred at a Ministerial council, narrated with "evident bad faith." Both the above journals appear to have been lying very loudly, as the Americans would say.

MISCELLANEA.

THE THIRD CONVERSAZIONE of the Society of Arts for the present season is arranged to take place at the South Kensington Museum, on the 8th of October.

The President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians have issued cards of invitation to a conversazione at the College to be held on the 6th inst.

The Polytechnic Institution has added to its attractions a model of the Hartley pit shaft and the yard seam at which the fatal accident occurred. Mr. Thomas Cousins (who is described in the advertisements as having "lost two boys in the pit") attends to render the model intelligible by his, no doubt, very vivid explanations.

On Friday last, the 25th ult., the annual delivery of speeches and award of prizes took place at the City of London School. The proceedings bore excellent testimony to the thriving and creditable state of that valuable institution. In the evening the trustees, friends, and patrons of the school dined at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, under the presidency of Mr. Alderman Hale, a gentleman who who has always taken the warmest interest in the school and to whose zealous labours its present prosperous state is to a large extent due.

The first annual distribution of prizes at the Stationers' Company's New Grammar School, Bolt-Court, took place on Tuesday last, the 29th ult., in the presence of the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Stationers' Company. The report of the examiners, Mr. C. Townshend, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Dr. C. Schaible, testified very favourably to the present state of the school.

The drawing for the prizes at the Crystal Palace Art Union was fixed to take place at Sydenham yesterday, the 31st ult.

Mr. Bedford is exhibiting at the German Gallery, New Bond-street, a collection of the photographic pictures, taken by him when he accompanied His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the East. The series comprises 172 views of remarkable buildings and localities in the Holy Land, Syria, Egypt, Constantinople, and the Mediterranean, and furnishes a complete outline of the four months' tour taken by his Royal Highness and suite.

Among other "international" events which have been brought about by the Great Exhibition was an international banquet of dentists. It took place under the auspices of the College of Dentists, at the Freemason's Tavern, and was attended by dental professors from all parts of the world. The men of science, it is said, displayed a thorough acquaintance with both the structure and the use of teeth.

Since the burial of Lord Macaulay, near the Poets'-corner of our national mausoleum, a piece of paper only, with the words "Lord Macaulay's grave" written upon it, served to show where his remains were deposited. A tablet has, however, lately been placed over the grave. Unlike those recently let into the nave of the Abbey to perpetuate the memory of Mr. R. Stephenson, C.E., and Dr. J. Hunter, it is devoid of all ornament, and bears the following simple inscription: "Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, born at Rothly Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800. Died at Holly-lodge, Campden-hill, December 28, 1859. 'His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.'"

Mr. R. Macpherson, the eminent photographer of Rome, open this day, until August the 23rd, an interesting exhibition, at the Architectural Galleries, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street. This exhibition consists of upwards of four hundred photographic views of Rome and its vicinity, taken by Mr. Macpherson himself. These works admirably illustrate the Ancient City and its most distinctive features—the sculpture of the Vatican and the choicest relics of ancient art. We believe that Mr. Macpherson exhibits them in order to give amateurs an opportunity of enriching their collection with copies of those *chefs d'œuvres* of photographic art.

The following description has appeared of the Royal Mausoleum now being built in the Royal grounds, at Frogmore, to the memory of the late Prince Consort: "It is situated about 100 yards from that of the late Duchess of Kent. A more secluded spot could not have been selected, the site being surrounded by many different species of flowering shrubs and trees of a large growth, while close by is a beautiful specimen of the deciduous cypress, the dark shades of which will contrast well with the stones of the tomb. The building is being erected from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. A. J. Humbert, the architect, and consists of a central cell with four transepts branching north, south, east, and west, with a porch adjoining the western transept. The whole floor is supported by brick vaults of massive work, which at the same time form chambers, with loopholes for the purposes of ventilation and the prevention of damp rising to the superstructure. They are entered by a small flight of stone steps. The central cell will be lighted by three light semicircular-headed windows in the clerestory, which will be externally decorated with Aberdeen granite shafts and heads. The copper roof of the central cell (which is octagonal on plan) rises from the wall heads to the apex with a flat pitch in the manner of an Italian campanile, and will be surmounted with a gilt cross. Under this roof will be the sarcophagus for the remains of the Prince Consort. The reclining statue of the Prince will be executed by Baron Marochetti. The four transepts are square on plan, are lighted by windows similar to those in the clerestory of the central cell, and will have pedimented copper roofs. The porch, which will be entered by a handsome flight of stone steps, will be lighted with circular-headed three-light windows, with shafts and heads of Guernsey granite, and the front will be supported by monolithic granite columns, similar to those already finished in the mausoleum of the Duchess of Kent. The whole of the exterior will be decorated with Aberdeen and Guernsey granite, and with red Mansfield and various other stones. The interior will be in different coloured marbles and stone. The building is in the Italian style, reminding one of the campanili at Pisa. As the erection stands upon a base of concrete, six feet in thickness, there is very little probability that the symmetry of the mausoleum will be marred by settlements. The erection, which is seventy feet in length, and the same in height, will be adorned by several statues. The foundation-stone, which was laid by her Majesty the Queen, bears the following inscription: "The foundation-stone of this building, erected by Queen Victoria in

pious remembrance of her great and good husband, was laid by her on the 15th day of March, A.D. 1862. "Blessed are they that sleep in the Lord." The builder is Mr. George Dines; the erection being under the supervision of Mr. Thomas, the clerk of the works.

At the Strand Theatre an agreeable little farce has been produced from the pen of Mr. J. P. Wooler, entitled "Marriage at Any Price." It is exceedingly well acted by Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Ada Swanborough, Miss F. Hughes, Mr. J. Rogers, Mr. Parselle, and Mr. J. W. Ray.

At the St. James's Theatre Mr. William Brough's extravaganza "Endymion" has been revived under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan. The principal parts are sustained by Miss Herbert and Miss Clara St. Casse.

The subscription list at Her Majesty's Theatre having terminated, Mr. Mapleson has ventured upon a series of operatic performances at cheap prices. This will enable such of our visitors as have not yet seen the opera-house to do so at a less expensive rate than they would have to pay at the height of the season.

On Saturday last, the 26th ult., was inaugurated on Islington-green, with much state and ceremony, a new drinking-fountain and statue, in honour of the memory of Sir Hugh Middleton, the founder and maker of the New River. The memory of the worthy knight was warmly appreciated.

At the recent holding of an examination at an Edinburgh school, Professor Blackie is reported to have made the following eccentric observations on the subject of music: "I consider the proper soul of a good school is evidently here—I mean music, and nothing but music. We Scotch have neglected music very much in our schools. We seem to think it is nothing but a sort of very elegant thing, by which young ladies may amuse stupid gentlemen in stupid drawing-rooms after stupid dinner parties. I hope we are getting above that idea, which I know was perfectly common in Scotland some thirty or forty years ago. I hope you have got above that idea, and know now the great harmoniser of the soul, without which everything else in man is apt to get into a state of disobedience and revolution, in things sacred and in things profane, if, indeed, there can be anything profane about that noble and divine art. I doubt very much whether music ever can be profane; and I'll give you two tests to find out whether you are in a good state of mind, morally and religiously. If you are jealous or discontented, or spiteful in any way—if the devil has got hold of you, or about to get hold of you by the back of the neck, I tell you there are two things you cannot do. You cannot pray and you cannot sing. No person when his mind is out of tune can sing with his throat in tune—that is impossible. You'll never commit murder singing a hymn."

At the Annual Meeting of the Art Union of England, held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, a report was read, from which it appeared that the affairs of the Society are in something like a condition of failure. The report complained of the apathy of those who were the original promoters of the scheme. The artists who contributed during the first season had withdrawn their contributions during the second, and seeing that to be the case the committee made an attempt to extend the basis of the operations and to induce subscribers to come forward by presenting to each member for the third season a work of art in value to the subscription. Notwithstanding the subscription list had fallen far short of what was required, there being upon it only 1449 names, which was equal to 760*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*, but which, after the payment of expenses, would leave no fund for distribution in prizes. Under these circumstances the committee recommended, not that the union should be immediately dissolved, but that they should reopen the subscription list, and let the present season run on until March next, when another lithograph after Baxter would be forthcoming for a second subscription, the same having been contracted for some time ago. The adoption of that course would entail no additional expense, and there were funds and property in hand fully equal to the demands upon the union. After some conversation it was agreed to pursue the course proposed by the committee, in the hopes that the prospects might brighten by the month of March.

The Emperor of the French has presented fine specimens of Gobelins and Beauvais tapestry to the South Kensington Museum. The present was notified by the following decree from Marshall Vaillant:—

Palais des Tuileries, Paris, le 12 Juillet.

Monsieur l'Administrateur.—Je m'empresse de vous informer que Sa Majesté l'Empereur, voulant reconnaître le gracieux accueil qui a été fait au Jury Français par le directeur et les inspecteurs du Musée de Kensington, a daigné m'autoriser à accorder, en son nom, à cet établissement les produits des manufactures des Gobelins et de Beauvais ci après indiqués savoir:

Une tapisserie représentant le Christ au tombeau, d'après, comme spécimen de l'œuvre des Gobelins.

On tauteuil comme spécimen de l'œuvre de Beauvais.

Recevez, Monsieur l'Administrateur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée,

Le Maréchal de France, Ministre de la Maison de l'Empereur, VAILLANT.
Monsieur Batin, Administrateur des Manufactures Impériales des Gobelins et de Beauvais.

Pour copie conforme.—L'Administrateur des Manufactures Impériales des Gobelins et de Beauvais. (Timbre.)

Several interesting *pièces* of correspondence have appeared in connection with Victor Hugo's great romance, "Les Misérables." The Duc d'Aumale has written to the poet a touching and most worthy letter in acknowledgment of the high appreciation which the latter entertains of the character of the late Louis Philippe. More lately the following correspondence has taken place between Barbès, the revolutionary chief, and Victor Hugo. It appears that when the former was condemned to death, Hugo pleaded for his life to Louis Philippe, and the boon was granted. This fact is referred to by Hugo himself in "Les Misérables," and has produced the following correspondence:

CHER ET ILLUSTRE CITOYEN.—Le condamné, dont vous parlez dans le septième volume des Misérables, doit vous remercier d'être ingrat.

Il y a vingt-trois ans qu'il est votre obligé!... et il ne vous a rien dit.

Pardonnez-lui! pardonnez-moi!

Dans ma prison d'avant février, je m'étais promis bien des fois de courir chez vous, si un jour la liberté m'était rendue.

Rêves de jeune homme!... Ce jour vint pour me jeter, comme un brin de paille rompu, dans le tourbillon de 1848.

Je ne pus rien faire de ce que j'avais si ardemment désiré.

Et depuis, pardonnez-moi ce mot, cher citoyen, la majesté de votre génie a toujours arrêté la manifestation de ma pensée.

Je fus fier dans mon heure de danger, de me voir protégé par un rayon de votre flamme. Je ne pouvais mourir, puisque vous me défendiez.

Que n'ai je eu la puissance de montrer que j'étais digne que votre bras s'étendît sur moi! mais chacun a sa destinée; et tous ceux qu'Achille a sauvés, n'étaient pas des héros.

Vieux maintenant, je suis, depuis un an dans un triste état de santé. J'ai cru souvent que mon cœur ou ma tête allait éclater. Mais je me félicite malgré mes souffrances, d'avoir été conservé, puisque sous le coup de votre nouveau bienfait, je trouve l'audace de vous remercier de l'ancien.

Et puisque j'ai pris la parole, merci aussi, mille fois merci pour notre sainte cause et pour la France, du grand livre que vous venez de faire!

Je dis: la France, car il me semble que cette chère patrie de Jeanne d'Arc et de la révolution était seule capable d'enfanter votre cœur et votre génie, et, fils heureux, vous avez posé sur le front glorieux de votre mère une nouvelle couronne de gloire!—A vous, de profonde affection,
A. BARBÈS.

La Haie, le 10 Juillet 1862.

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS CITIZEN.—The condemned one of whom you have spoken in the seventh volume of "Les Misérables," must appear to you ungrateful. For twenty-three years he has been under an obligation to you, and he has not spoken.

Pardon him! pardon me! In my February prison, I often promised myself that I would seek you, if one day liberty should be restored to me. This, however, was but the dream of a young man. Liberty came only to find me cast as a broken straw into the whirlwind of 1848.

I was then unable to accomplish that which I had so ardently desired; and then—pardon the expression, dear citizen!—the majesty of your genius always checked the expression of my thoughts.

I felt proud in the hour of my danger, to see myself protected by a ray of your light. I could not die since you defended me.

Why had I not the power to show myself worthy to have your protection thus extended towards me? But every man has his destiny; and those whom Achilles saved, were not all heroes. Now, I have grown old; and my health, for a year past, has been bad. I have often thought that my head or my heart was about to fail me. But I congratulate myself, in spite of all my sufferings, that I am preserved; since, under this new benefit, I have mustered courage to thank for the former one. And since I have begun to speak, let me thank you a thousand times on behalf of our holy cause, and on behalf of France, for the great work you have finished.

I say "France," because it seems to me that this dear country of Joan of Arc, and of the Revolution, was alone capable of giving birth to your heart, and to your genius; and, as a happy son, you have placed on your mother's glorious brow a new crown of glory.—Yours, &c.,
A. BARBÈS.

The Hague, July 10, 1862.

Hauteville House, 15 Juillet, 1862.

MON FRÈRE D'EXIL.—Quand un homme a, comme vous, été le combattant et le martyr du progrès, quand il a, pour la sainte cause démocratique et humaine, sacrifié sa fortune, sa jeunesse, son droit au bonheur, sa liberté, quand il a, pour servir l'idéal, accepté toutes les formes de la lutte et toutes les formes de l'épreuve, la calomnie, la persécution, la défection, les longues années de la prison, les longues années d'exil, quand il s'est laissé conduire par son dévouement jusque sous le couperet de l'échafaud, quand un homme a fait cela, tous lui doivent, et lui ne doit rien à qui que soit. Qui a tout donné au genre humain est quitte envers l'individu.

Il ne vous est possible d'être ingrat envers personne. Si je n'avais pas fait, il y a vingt-trois ans, ce dont vous voulez bien me remercier, c'est moi, je le vois distinctement aujourd'hui, qui aurais été ingrat envers vous.

Tout ce que vous avez fait pour le peuple, je le ressens comme un service personnel.

J'ai, à l'époque que vous me rappelez, rempli un devoir, un devoir étroit. Si j'ai été alors assez heureux pour vous payer un peu de la dette universelle, cette minute n'est rien devant votre vie entière, et tous, nous n'en restons pas moins vos débiteurs.

Ma récompense, en admettant que je méritasse une récompense, a été l'action elle-même. J'accepte néanmoins avec attendrissement les nobles paroles que vous m'envoyez et je suis profondément touché de votre reconnaissance magnanime.

Je vous réponds dans l'émotion de votre lettre. C'est une belle chose que ce rayon qui vient de votre solitude à la mienne. A bientôt, sur cette terre ou ailleurs. Je salue votre grande âme.
VICTOR HUGO.

[TRANSLATION.]

Hauteville House, July 15, 1862.

BROTHER IN EXILE!—When a man has been, like you, the soldier and the martyr of progress—when he has, for the holy cause of democracy and humanity, sacrificed his fortune, his youth, his right to happiness, his liberty—when he has, for the sake of the ideal, accepted every form of struggle, test, calumny, persecution, deflection, lengthened imprisonment, and protracted exile—when he has been led by his devotion under the scaffold's knife—when a man has done this, others are indebted to him, but he owes no man anything. One who has given everything to his species cannot be indebted to an individual.

It is not possible, therefore, for you to be ungrateful to anybody. If I had not done, 23 years ago, that for which you are now good enough to thank me, it is I—I see it distinctly now—who would have been ungrateful towards you.

All that you have done for the people I accept as a service rendered personally to myself.

At the epoch to which you refer I fulfilled a duty—a strict duty! If I was then so fortunate as to be able to pay you a trifle of the common debt, that was as nothing compared with your life-long devotion, and we all still remain not the less indebted to you.

My recompense—admitting that I merited a recompense—was in the action itself. I accept, nevertheless, with thankfulness, the noble sentiments which you express; and I am profoundly touched by the magnanimity of your gratitude.

I respond to the emotion which marks your letter. It is a thing of beauty, this ray of light which comes from your solitude to mine. Before long, in this world or another, I shall salute your noble soul!
VICTOR HUGO.

BOOKMAKING IN BENGAL.—The *Indian Reformer* says that of late the Bengalee press has become very active. "Every day almost a new volume, whether in prose or in verse, issues from the vernacular press, and Bengalee authors are already numbered by hundreds." The works are said to be marked by "poverty of thought, meanness of conception, and effeminacy of style. Every one who can write a decent letter publishes a book; and the man who can versify in jingling rhyme sets himself up for a poet."

BOOK NEWS:

A BOOKSELLER'S RECORD AND AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S REGISTER.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S treatise on the Aims and Extent of a National Museum of Natural History appears opportunely to explain and to justify his project, which was so imperfectly and unfairly brought before the House of Commons six weeks ago. Mr. C. J. Riethmüller, in a small volume of 130 pages, has written the life of his friend the late Frederick Lucas, the editor of the *Tablet* and Member of Parliament for Meath. Mr. Congreve has printed his two lectures on Elizabeth of England which he delivered last winter in Edinburgh. Mr. Francatelli has added to the literature of cookery an English and Foreign Confectioner. Mr. Parker has brought out a new edition of Rickman's *Styles of Architecture in England*, a work which, published more than thirty years ago, was one of the earliest causes of the present favour for Gothic architecture. Professor Renan's criticism of the Book of Nabathæan Agriculture, in which he asserts that it must have been written in the third or fourth century after instead of five or six centuries before Christ, has been published by Messrs. Trübner and Co. The Rev. N. Darnell has made a translation in two volumes of Professor Döllinger's introduction to the history of Christianity, entitled "The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ." Dr. Gaussen's work on the Canon of the Holy Scripture is also published for the use of English readers. Mr. Packe has just produced in good time for vacation tourists a *Guide to the Pyrenees*. Mr. Johns has written for the Christian Knowledge Society a volume on British Birds and their Haunts. "Cache-Cache," or Hide and Seek, a tale in verse by Mr. W. Davy Watson, is all we have to note in the way of poetry. In fiction we have the completion of Mr. Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip;" "Barren Honour," by the author of "Guy Livingstone;" Mrs. Gordon Smythies' "True to the Last;" Mr. Blakiston's "Hearts are Trumps;" and a revival of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Basil" published seven or eight years ago when his reputation as a novelist was not what it is now.

There is little doing in the book world, and hardly anything of the least interest to report. The quiet autumn season is on us with more than its usual dullness. Some of the most active publishers tell us, that for any sales they are making they might shut up and do their business briskly in one or two days of the week instead of dragging over six. The prospects for October are good, and various books whose titles are highly attractive figure in many announcements. It seems to be generally admitted that under the new tariff the trade with America in books new and old is at an end unless some mode of circumvention can be devised. At the worst the calamity is not a very great one. Some 60,000*l.* to 80,000*l.* per annum would cover the total cost of all American purchases of books from England. Some firms will miss severely their shares of this sum, but we usually find in trade that when one door closes another opens.

Notwithstanding the complaints of our French neighbours as to inactivity in the book-trade, figures would show that matters are not so bad after all. The general commerce for the month of June last was 1886 metrical quintals, valued at 1,131,600*fr.*—figures considerably higher than those representing the same month in 1860 and 1861. The special commerce is equally satisfactory, being higher in quantity and value for June last, than in the June of the past two years. If we take the first six months of the present year the results are not all discouraging. We find that the quantity of books exported was 11,000 metrical quintals, representing 6,600,000*fr.* (264,000*l.*) in value, against 9,879 metrical quintals in 1860, valued at 5,927,400*fr.*, and 10,526 metrical quintals in 1861, valued at 6,315,600*fr.* And there appears to be no falling off in the production of books. In the week ending on Saturday last the *Bibliographie de la France* had a list of 241 articles. Many of these, it is true, do not rise to the dignity of a volume, and a great many are reprints, but enough remains to show that the printer is not quite idle. Among the strictly speaking new books we find a few novels, as Amatov's "Histoire d'un Bouton;" Bertrand's "Au fond de mon carnier," and De Charolais' "Le Capitaine de la Belle-Poule." Further we have a romance translated from the Arabic by Dr. Perron, formerly of the Medical School of Cairo, having for its title, "Glaive des Couronnes (Seif el Tijân)." The splendid work by Jacquemart and Le Blant, on the Artistic, Industrial, and Commercial History of Porcelain is now finished. The work is accompanied with enquiries into the subject, and emblems used in the decoration of porcelain, the marks and inscriptions which indicate the place where the article was manufactured, the prices which the principal known objects have obtained, and the collections in which they are preserved. The work is illustrated by copper-plates engraved by Jules Jacquemart. The Paris publisher of the work is Teubener. Another splendid work has made its appearance, which the wealthy alone can purchase, "Souvenirs de Jerusalem." It has been published by the French Squadron of the Mediterranean. The designs, twelve in number, and of the folio size, were designed by Rear-Admiral Paris, and are beautifully lithographed by Messrs. H. Clerget, Bachlier, Gaildrau, and Fichet. M. Azema has written a History of

the Isle of Bourbon from 1643 to 20th December, 1848. The publisher is Plon. These are among the principal publications of the past week.

Pagnerre published yesterday, "La Nouvelle Babylone," the letters of a country gentleman in Paris to see its sights and people; and in these there is plenty of material to make an amusing and interesting volume. The author is M. Eugene Pelletan. The same day appeared the eighth and last volume of "L'Histoire de la Revolution de 1848," by M. Garnier-Pagès, and the tenth volume of Victor Hugo's translation of Shakespeare, under the division "La Société." The same publisher promises us, in the course of next fortnight, the twelfth and last volume of Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution; and, "Musique et Musiciens," by Oscar Comettant. Other promises are made for October next, among them the second and last volumes of Carnot's Memoirs, by his son. An important work, albeit one not likely calculated to attract the attention of that undefined mortal, the "general reader," from the pen of Dr. Clément Juglar, and published by the house of Guillaumin and Co., celebrated for its publications relating to the science of political economy, is entitled "Des Crises Commerciales," and investigates the periodical return of commercial panics in France, England, and the United States. M. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the distinguished naturalist, who died in December last, left, unpublished, chapters xviii., xix. and xx. of his celebrated work, "Histoire Naturelle générale des règnes organiques, &c." The chapters mentioned were in MS., and the family have thought that it should be published as it stands, without additions or retrenchments, and for that purpose handed it over to the publishers, Masson et Fils, who announce, by its means, the completion of the work, which cannot fail to be gratifying to naturalists. A seventh edition of Hugo's "Les Misérables" is in course of publication, in parts. The work has been translated into German, with the author's sanction, by A. Diezmann, and with the title "Die Armen und Elenden." The third volume of the "Catalogue général des Manuscrits des Bibliothèques publiques des Départements," published under the auspices of the Minister of State, has just appeared. This noble work has great value and interest to the historian, the genealogist, the archaeologist, and men of letters in general. This new volume comprises catalogues of the manuscripts of the libraries of St. Omer, Epinal, St. Mihiel, St. Dié and Schlestadt. The fourth volume of the same collection is in the press, and will contain the catalogue of the manuscripts of the library of Arras.

In biography we have the first volume of a work entitled, "Sept générations d'Exécuteurs (1688—1847), Mémoires des Sanson," by H. Sanson, who is no doubt a descendant of the Sansons of the seventeenth century, to whom France was first indebted for correct maps and valuable contributions to geographical science. The first Sanson, though but a map-maker, was a man that the king (Louis XIV.) delighted to honour, and often admitted him into his councils. He was shrewd and intelligent, and his works testify to the amount of his correct geographical knowledge in that age.

M. Jaquot, alias Eugène de Mirecourt, has taken note of us in "Nos Voisins les Anglais." We have not seen the work, but knowing his style well, we should expect an amusing if not a very veracious work. We should trust his rough and ready facts, however, rather than the caricatures of M. Assolant.

A few curious discoveries have lately been made relating to the great Molière which it may be well to place on record in our columns. 1. A deed establishing that Jean-Baptiste Poquelin Molière lent, the 14th December, 1670, to Jean-Baptiste Lully, director of the King's music, and his wife the Demoiselle Lambert, a sum of 11,000 livres, represented by an annuity of 550 livres. The deed is signed J. B. P. Molière, J. B. Lully, and Lambert. 2. The contract of marriage of Madame Bejart, widow Molière, with Isaac-François Guérin, of date the 21st May, 1677, before Maître Lemaistre, notary of Paris. 3. The will of Madeleine Bejart, residing at Rue St. Thomas of the Louvre, of date the 2nd January, 1672, appointing Armande Bejart her universal legatee, after the payment of particular legacies, and Madeleine Esprit Poquelin de Molière her niece by substitution. Pierre Mignard is named testamentary executor. The inventory of Madeleine Bejart, of the 12th March, 1672, contains a procuration from Molière to his wife Armande, of the said 12th March, in order to accept the legacy made to her by her sister. This procuration, annexed to the inventory, is signed J. B. P. Molière. The inventory, signed P. Mignard, relates that besides sumptuous furniture and plate there was in ready money 17,900 livres in louis d'or and pistoles of Spain. It is thought that these discoveries may lead to the discovery of the inventory made after Molière's death (17th February, 1673), and of papers of succession which may be preserved in the ancient office of some notary. Besides the historical and literary interest attaching to these documents, they have a commercial value on account of the signatures of Molière. An insignificant paper bearing his prized signature sold not long ago for more than 20*l.*

Last week Mr. Brown, of Messrs. Longmans, laid the foundation stone of their new premises in Paternoster-row. The ruins of Messrs. Blackwood and Son's house have been removed, and building is now going on rapidly.

DR. JOHN DAVY has a volume just ready on Some of the more Important Diseases of the Army. It will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. "THE TWO CATHERINES," a novel in two volumes, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

DRYDEN'S POETICAL WORKS, with a Memoir of Dryden, by the Rev. R. Hooper, and Cowper's Poetical Works, with a Memoir, by Mr. John Bruce, F.S.A., will form Messrs. Bell and Daldy's next additions to their Aldine Edition of the British Poets.

THE REV. DR. VAUGHAN, of Doncaster, has in the press a volume of Lectures on the Epistle to the Philippians.

A WORK on the Book of Job, by the late Rev. Dr. Croly, is announced by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons.

MR. W. T. KIME, of Louth, has nearly completed his memorial volume of reprints on the Death of the Prince Consort, and it will likely be ready for publication in the course of next month. Mr. Kime has selected from the newspapers and magazines all the best pieces of writing concerning the mournful event.

MESSRS. TURNER AND CO. announce translations of the "Liber de Antiqua Legibus" of the city of London, and the "Chroniques de London," by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and of the Inner Temple.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF BISHOP PATRICK has been discovered by Mr. J. D. Denman, St. John's College, Cambridge, and has been purchased by the Dean and Chapter of Ely. Its date is 1674.

THE BOOKSELLING DEPARTMENT of the business of Mr. C. J. Skeet, 10, King William-street, Strand, will in future be carried on by Mr. Simpson, who for the last twelve years has had the management of it. Mr. Skeet will henceforth confine his attention exclusively to publishing and the American trade.

THE REV. DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS has a sermon in the press entitled, "Persecution on Account of the Word," referring to his own trials on account of "Essays and Reviews."

"RAISING THE VEIL," a novel, in two volumes, by Mr. John Pomeroy, will be published immediately by Mr. Bentley.

A NOVEL, by Mr. George Macdonald, author of "Within and Without," "Phantastes," and other works, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

MESSRS. TINSLEY BROTHERS, JOHN MAXWELL, HENRY VIZETELLY, AND G. A. SALA.—About a fortnight ago Messrs. Tinsley Brothers published a small volume entitled "Accepted Addresses," made up of contributions chiefly from the *Welcome Guest*, by Mr. G. A. Sala. On the 14th of February last Mr. Sala sold to Messrs. Tinsleys "all his copyright estate and interest, present and future, vested and contingent," in the articles composing the volume of "Accepted Addresses;" and on the 18th of July he signed the Stationers' Hall transfer to Messrs. Tinsleys. So far all seemed fair sailing, and Messrs. Tinsley Brothers might as well have expected any other improbability as a Chancery suit growing out of such a trifling and harmless transaction. Several of the articles, as has been said, were from the *Welcome Guest*, which magazine Mr. Henry Vizetelly, in 1859, sold to Mr. John Maxwell; and Mr. Maxwell, thinking that this reprint of Messrs. Tinsleys was an infringement of his copyright in the *Welcome Guest*, moved for an injunction "to restrain Messrs. Tinsley Brothers from publishing, selling, or otherwise disposing of a work entitled 'Accepted Addresses,' or such parts thereof as consist of 'The Perfidy of Captain Slyboots,' 'Poor Robin Redbreast,' 'The Journeyman Carpenter,' and other stories occupying about one-third of the volume." Mr. Maxwell stated further in his bill, that he had just published a small volume, part of a series of a Shilling Volume Library, entitled, "The Ship-Chandler, and other Tales," in which were included some of the tales printed in the "Accepted Addresses," the copyright of which he also had purchased from Mr. Sala. Mr. Vizetelly's evidence in such a case was evidently of the first importance, and in an affidavit he asserted, that in selling the *Welcome Guest*, "I most particularly and repeatedly informed Mr. Maxwell that I had no right or interest whatever in any of Mr. Sala's articles that had appeared in the *Welcome Guest* any more or otherwise than forming a part of the *Welcome Guest*." So far the case was plain enough, but on the evening before the case came on Mr. Maxwell extracted an affidavit from Mr. Sala, in which he threw a doubt on his right to sell his articles out of the *Welcome Guest* to Messrs. Tinsley Brothers; and Mr. Malins in court, on behalf of Mr. Maxwell, rested the whole case on Mr. Sala's doubt as to his ownership in what he had taken to market. The Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Stuart, however, could not be led astray in so plain a matter, and at once refused the injunction desired by Mr. Maxwell.

THE SCOTSMAN, the *Times* of Scotland, has just entered into the occupation of new and handsome offices, which have been erected at an expense of between 7000*l.* and 8000*l.* The building is in the old Scottish baronial style. The ground floor is the publishing office, which serves also for the *Scottish Farmer*, which is now generally understood to be connected with the *Scotsman*. At the back is the machine-room, where there are two Hoe printing machines. The counting-room is on the first floor, which is fitted up very elegantly. A door on the left leads to the spirited proprietor's room, Mr. Ritchie, who, though now above eighty, takes a keen and active interest in the concern, and comes in nearly every day to the office. Next to his is the editor's (Mr. Russell's) room—the brain of the establishment, being appropriately situated next door to the pocket. Piles of blue books, letters, and newspapers lie in confusion about the room. The fine whiteness of the maple-wood desk is sullied with ink, and even the walls have not escaped the spatters which Mr. Russell throws off from his pen when in hot haste he dashes off a leader about the Chancellor's Budget, with the confused telegraphic summary of that night as his text, or when he pours forth a flood of humour and ridicule about some intolerance, or any ecclesiastical or municipal imbecility. Opposite the desk, and jutting out from the wall, there are half a dozen pipes, with counting-house, machine-room, sub-editor, reporters, &c., printed upon them. These are speaking tubes, by which communication is insured in a moment with any part of the house. A miniature hoist—a very ingenious contrivance—takes up copy from the editor's hand to the compositors, all that is required to carry the copy up a storey being the pull of a cord, the compositors being warned by the ring of a bell of what is coming. Next door, again, is a room occupied by Mr. Findlay, who takes a general charge of the literary department, and indeed of all the other departments of the paper. Mr. Findlay is supplied with equal facilities of communication as Mr. Russell. Adjoining this is the sub-editor's room, and the rooms of reporters and other members of the literary staff, fitted up in a beautiful and substantial style. Up stairs is the printers' room, a very large apartment, capable of holding some sixty men with comfort, with a first-rate light from the roof, which is mostly glass. At night, light is supplied by means of sun-lights. The highest storey is fitted up as a dwelling-house for the superintendent of the premises.

MR. HOTTEX, of Piccadilly, has commenced to issue his monthly catalogue as a periodical entitled *The Old Bookseller*, interspersing the titles and prices of his books with gossip and anecdotes.

MRS. GASKELL's forthcoming novel will be entitled "Sylvia's Lovers."

MR. JAMES SPENCE, the author of "The American Union," the most popular book on the war which has appeared in England, has a pamphlet on the Recognition of the Southern States, just ready.

A VOLUME in quarto with drawings of every species of British Seaweeds, from Professor Harvey's "Phycologia Britannica," with descriptions by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Bell and Daldy.

AN ELEMENTARY HISTORY of the Prayer-book, by the Rev. Francis Procter, Vicar of Witton, Norfolk, will be published in the course of this month by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

DR. BERTHOLD SEEMAN has a volume in the press giving an account of a Government mission to the Vitiu or Fijian group of islands.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.—In the Arches Court on Friday, last week, the articles in the two cases against the Rev. Dr. Rowland Williams and the Rev. H. B. Wilson, reformed in accordance with the recent judgment of Dr. Lushington, were admitted, and one month allowed to each defendant to plead an answer to them as amended.

WE HAVE AT LAST the prospect of a first-rate and trustworthy account of Japan. Sir Rutherford Alcock, her Majesty's Envoy, is engaged in the preparation of a narrative of his three years' residence in "The Capital of Tycoon." It will be published by Messrs. Longman and Co., in two volumes, amply illustrated with maps and pictures.

AN INDEX to the *Edinburgh Review*, vols. 81 to 110, is in the press.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, LEIPZIG.—At the last meeting of this society the following persons were elected members: Professor Klein, of Vienna; Domherr Advocat Dr. Wendler; Woldemar Schulz, of Dresden, and Mrs. Kerr, the translator of "Ranke's Servia."

A VOLUME of Essays by the late H. T. Buckle is announced by Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., of New York.

THE LATE EARL OF ABERDEEN'S LIBRARY, with his furniture and wine, in Argyl House, London, is to be sold this month.

A TRANSLATION of the FRITHIOF SAGA, from the Norwegian, by the Rev. R. Muckleston, is in the press.

A NEW EDITION of Dr. Watson's Practical and Medical Hints for Pedestrians is in preparation, by Messrs. Bell and Daldy.

COMMANDER R. C. MAYNE, R.N., now serving in London as Commissioner to the International Exhibition for Columbia and Vancouver Island, is preparing for publication by Mr. Murray an account of his four years' residence in these far off regions, with a description of their forests, rivers, coasts, and gold-fields, and their capabilities for colonisation.

MESSRS. STRAHAN AND CO., late of Edinburgh, and now of Ludgate-hill, will publish this month "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," a novel in two volumes, and "Parish Papers, Personal, Social, and Congregational," both by the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod; a popular edition of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," by A. K. H. B.; and "Praying and Working, being some account of what Men can do when in Earnest," by Mr. W. F. Stevenson.

MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON concluded their seven days sale of a vast collection of books and prints on Monday, 21st July, the total amount realised being 1875*l.* We give below the prices brought by the most interesting lots, placing at their head the "Volume of Early Printed Theological Tracts," which included the earliest works printed in England for the Church by Caxton and Pynson. This unique and extremely interesting volume was bought by Mr. Boone for 200*l.*, its destination probably being the British Museum. A very fine copy, in 2 vols., of "Genealogical History of the House of Yvery," privately printed by H. Woodfall in 1742, 14*l.* 10s. (Quaritch). "Baker's History and Antiquities of the County of Northampton," with portrait and numerous plates, 12*l.* (Broughton); the same purchaser securing "Bridges and Whalley's History and Antiquities" of the same county for 15*l.* 15s. A complete series of the "English Chronicles," in 13 vols., 26*l.* (Broughton). "Sir Henry Chauncey's Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire," a very fine and perfect copy, extremely rare, 12*l.* 15s. (Boone). Clutterbuck's History and Antiquities of the County of Hertford, 3 vols., 22*l.* 10s. (Penfold). "Domesday Book, in 4 vols., 20*l.* 10s. (Quaritch). "Drake's History of York," 11*l.* (Broughton). "Dugdale's Monasticon," 17*l.* (Allen). "Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire," illustrated with an engraving of Shakespeare's tomb, 11*l.* 5s. (Upham). In three portfolios, 67 coloured plates by Fowler, of Gothic Architecture in England, Mosaic Pavements, Stained Glass Windows, &c., 23*l.* 10s. (Quaritch). "Gough's Sepulchral Monuments in Great Britain," 69*l.* (Boosworth). "Holme's Academy of Armory," one of the rarest of heraldic works, 13*l.* (Upham). "Horsley's Britannia Romana; or, the Roman Antiquities of Britain," 15*l.* 15s. (Broughton). "History and Antiquities of Dorset," 28*l.* (Broughton). "Typographical Collections relating to the County of Kent," 4000 engravings, 10*l.* (Longhurst). "Newcastle Reprints and Tracts," with woodcuts by Bewick, 12*l.* 15s. (Richards). "Mathia's Pursuits of Literature," with upwards of 300 portraits, in 2 vols., 14*l.* (Anonymous). "Nash's History and Antiquities of Worcestershire," with Addenda by the Rev. J. Blakeway, 2 vols., 13*l.* (Penfold). "A Collection of Advertisements and Paragraphs from Newspapers," made by Daniel Lysons, 1722 to 1808, 2 vols., 10*l.* (Anonymous). "Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens of England, from the Conquest to the Year 1707," 10*l.* (Broughton). 4 vols. "Surtees' History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham," 25*l.* 10s. (Anonymous). "History of the College of Bonhommes at Ashbridge, Bucks," afterwards the residence of Lord Chancellor Egerton, 10*l.* 10s. (Upham). "Vicars' England's Worthies," 1642 to 1647, a fine original edition, with portraits, 17*l.* (Thorpe).

UNITED STATES.—A WOMAN'S RIGHTS MAGAZINE is to be started in Boston, in October, under the editorship of Mary L. Booth and Marie E. Zakrzewski, M.D. It is to appear twice a month, and each number will consist of sixteen pages quarto.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE's two large volumes on North America, which sell in England for thirty-six shillings, have been reprinted as a half-crown book by Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York.

"THE AMBER GODS AND OTHER STORIES," by Miss Harriet E. Prescott, is announced by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields of Boston.

SENSATION HEADINGS.—A great public meeting in support of the Government was convened in Union-square, New York, which, according to the *Times* correspondent, was a miserable failure, not above 6000 persons at any time being present, and they were dispersed by a violent thunderstorm. The New York papers on the other hand speak of 100,000 at least having assembled; and the *Herald* heads its report, commencing with the picture of a spread eagle, and the motto, "E pluribus Unum," with the following sentences displayed in large type:—"The Union. The Crisis. Overwhelming Outpouring of the People. The Enormous Crowd at Union-square yesterday. The Metropolis Speaks in Thunder Tones for the Union. Over Fifty Thousand Citizens in Council on the Affairs of the Nation. No Foreign Intervention to be Tolerated. The Crushing out of a White Flagman in a Flask. One United Voice from Fifty Thousand Throats for the Union One and Inseparable. No Step Backward. Speeches,

Songs, Odes, and Cheers. The sudden and refreshing Shower of Rain. Thunders of Applause from the People, and Thunder from Heaven for the Great Cause. Terrible Energy of the People for the Suppression of the Rebellion. One Union, one Country, one Destiny. Tremendous Enthusiasm for Little Mac and our Gallant Army. Millions of Men and Millions of Money for the Preservation of our Great Republic. Our Country, 'tis for Thee," &c., &c.

FRANCE.—The destruction by fire of the Town-hall of Bordeaux has swept away a collection of rare and curious historical documents, extending over eight hundred years, and many of peculiar interest to the English historian, as relating to the period of English rule in Guienne.

M. ROULAND, Minister of Worship and Education, has issued an order that in all the elementary schools a library of books, suitable for children, be instituted; and with the order he has sent out instructions for the selection and organisation of the libraries.

M. THIERS has settled with his publisher to write the History of the Restoration. The 20th and last volume of his History of the Empire, relating the story of the Hundred Days and the Battle of Waterloo, will be published on the 6th inst.

M. LE VICOMTE DE LA GUERONNIERE'S new paper is to be called *La France Politique, Scientifique, et Littéraire*. Its principles are to be "frankly Liberal and prudently Conservative."

M. LAMARTINE has failed to negotiate a loan, and now he appeals to the public to help him by a lottery to raise 40,000*l*. The tickets are only 2*d*. each.

THE VOLNEY PRIZE, for the best work on Comparative Philology, has just been awarded by the French Academy to Professor Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language."

DUKE PASQUIER will beat the Duke of St. Simon in the voluminous character, if not in the interest, of the memoirs which he has left behind him. It is said that they fill more than forty volumes, and that their author has left funds for their publication, and otherwise provided for their safety.

"THE MEMOIRS OF CANTIER" have been seized by the police. It was a work much read, and full of very curious revelations somewhat in the style of Vidocq's publication, but entering into details which are found by the authorities to compromise too deeply the operations of the spy system and detective machinery in France.

THE LIBRI COLLECTION.—The third and most valuable portion of this immense library has just been sold off by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, at prices in marked contrast to those realised by the first and second portions. The purchases were chiefly made by booksellers, probably on commission. The following are a few of the lots which brought the highest prices:—

Lot 3. "Le Romans d'Agolant, en vers Français." Manuscript on vellum of the 13th century, written in double columns, on sixty-one leaves; in the original wood covers, folio. Sec. XIII. This unpublished and almost unknown romance is one of the most ancient specimens of the French poetry of chivalry—155*l*.

73. "Bible (La) abrégée en vers Français." MS. on vellum, written at the commencement of the 12th century, on ninety-six leaves, in long lines, in small folio, parchment. Sec. XII. A very important MS. for the history of French poetry, of which it is certainly one of the most ancient monuments—100*l*.

83. Bonaventura (S.) Breviloquium, M.S., on vellum, of the commencement of the 14th century. The binding of gilt metal, with a border of boughs, in which are encased precious stones and ancient cameos, is of great elegance. The enamelled plaque in the centre seems in workmanship much more ancient than the MS.; 4*to*, Sec. XIV. This volume is, without doubt, the prettiest of the collection, and, as a work of the goldsmith and jeweller, incomparable. This gem belonged to the church of St. James, at Leige—142*l*.

137. "Chrestienne de Pisan, the Fayt of Arms of Chivalry." Folio, morocco, gilt edges, by Berekford. W. Caxton, 1489. Magnificent copy, in perfect preservation. Fetched 255*l*.

141. "Cicero de Officiis, Paradoxa et Versus xii. Sapientum." Folio, black letter, blue morocco, gilt edges. Moguntia. "Johannus Fust. finitum Anno M.CCCC.LXV." (1465). This book is considered to form an epoch in the history of typography, it being the first classic ever printed—145*l*.

177. "Dante, la Divina Commedia." MS. of the 14th or beginning of the 15th century; on vellum, with miniatures, folio, marbled half-dentelle borders, gilt edges (ancient binding). Sec. XIV. XV. magnificent volume—105*l*.

The first day's sale realised upwards of 2000*l*.

201-4. Disegni Antichi. Ten original drawings, by Leonardo di Vinci, the most remarkable of which is a sketch with inscriptions, representing the combat waged by the Evil Passions and Fortune against Genius, who is advancing to enlighten the world with torch in hand. It is truly a wonderful composition—"Disegni Antichi." "Petri Pauli Rubeni, architectura studia et delineationes manu propria," folio. An admirable collection formed more than two centuries ago. A collection of fifty-two original drawings, executed in the 17th century, in pen and ink and in water-colours, by the celebrated Gio. Francesco Barbieri, surnamed Il Guercino, of Cento, and a volume of nearly 200 original Drawings by great masters. These four lots fetched 418*l*.

226. "Evangelium." MS. on vellum of the sixth century, in uncial letters, folio, silver-gilt binding of the tenth or eleventh century, ornamented with partition enamels and bas-reliefs, enriched with rock crystals, polished, but not cut (encabuchon), Sec. VI. Although here we have nothing but fragments of the Gospels, these fragments are of such antiquity, and the uncial writing of such beauty, that the volume may be considered one of the most precious in existence—165*l*.

227. "Evangelium." MS. on vellum of the 10th century, with miniatures. The covering is of gilt metal, decorated with enamels of the period in the style of those of Limoges—160*l*.

228. "Evangelium." MS. on vellum of the 11th or 12th century, with miniatures. The binding is of gilt copper, richly enamelled, with heads in relief. It is of Limoges workmanship, apparently of the 12th century also, folio, Sec. XI, XII. This magnificent volume, of which the binding is enriched with enamels of the greatest beauty, and executed originally for the MS., contains the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John—125*l*.

229. "Evangelium." MS. on vellum of the 11th or 12th century, with miniatures. The contemporary binding, in silver-gilt, is richly ornamented with figures, pearls, and precious stones. 4*to*. Sec. XI, XII.—140*l*.

278. "Homiliez et Sermones, cum Lectionario Veterum Patrum; nempe, Augustini, Bedæ," &c. MS. on vellum of the 7th or 8th century, in double columns. Folio, morocco, in compartments, by Sumter. Sec. VII, VIII.—161*l*.

279. "Homiliez Varie et Vite Sanctorum." MS. on vellum, written in the 12th century, in double columns, in a covering of metal gilt and enamelled, adorned with precious stones and antique cameos. Folio, Sec. XII. The centre figure, as well as the enamels, bears the appearance of very great antiquity—115*l*.

285. "Horatii (Q. Fl.) Carminum libri IV., accedunt Epodon liber nec non Carmen seculare." MS. on vellum of the 9th century, small square folio, in ancient binding, with metal ornaments. Sec. IX. Magnificent MS. of 72

leaves, admirably written in long lines in Caroline minion letters, and in perfect preservation—250*l*.

303. "Josephus (Flavius) de Bello Judaico." MS. on vellum, folio, adorned with admirable miniatures, written at Florence in 1492, by the celebrated calligraphist Neri di Filippo di Cini de Rinuccini, for Pope Leo X. Sec. XV.—200*l*.

305. "Juvenalis (Jun.) Satyræ cum Scholiis." MS. of the ninth century, on vellum, folio, Sec. IX.; magnificent MS. in perfect preservation, written in minion Caroline letters, with the rubrics and initials of each verse in rustic capitals of various colours—250*l*.

317. "Lectionarium." MS. on vellum, of the 11th or beginning of the 12th century, written in red and black, with a covering of sculptured ivory (both sides of cover forming a diptych), ornamented with gilt and silver metal work, consisting of figures in alto-relievo and sparsely cut enamels. Folio—360*l*.

321. "Liber Decretalium." MS. on vellum, of the commencement of the 14th century, in very ancient binding of gilt metal, richly ornamented with antique cameos and precious stones, having in the centre a plaque of carved ivory. 4*to*.—110*l*.

The second day's sale realised nearly 4000*l*.

At the third day's sale the following works were sold:—

Lot 428. "C. Ovidii Nasonis (P.) de Arte Amandi lib. III., et de Remedis Amoris lib. II." MS. of the 15th century, on vellum on 88 leaves, adorned with miniatures, borders, &c., 8*vo*, green morocco, gilt edges (ancient binding), Sec. XV.—125*l*.

429. "Ovide: XXI. Epistres des Dames illustres, traduites (sic), par le reuerend pere en Dieu Monseig. Levesque de Angoulesme." MS. of the end of the 15th century, on vellum, with miniatures, small folio, red morocco, in compartments, gilt edges (ancient binding)—530*l*.

445. "Petrarca (F.) Triomfi." MS. of the 15th century, on vellum, small folio, ruscia. An exquisite MS., enriched with miniatures, unequalled for delicacy of design and splendour of colouring, by the celebrated Attavente. Nothing can be more beautiful than the medallions, the angels, the flowers, the animals, &c., which enrich this Petrarch—100*l*.

456. "Pigafetta"—Pigafetta (Anthoine). "Navigation et descouuerment de la Inde superieure et Isles Malucque (sic) ou naissent les cloux de Girofle faite par Anthoine Pigafette Vincentin, Chevallier de Rhodes." MS. of the 16th century, on vellum. A magnificent unpublished MS. of the original narrative of Magellan's voyage, and quite unique—135*l*.

459. "Plinii (C.) Historiæ Mundi." Folio, morocco, "Basiline, ex officina Frobeniana, 1545." Magnificent French binding of the 16th century. This copy is in the binding of the celebrated Louis de Sainte Maure, Marquis de Nesles, who, in 1559, was given by France as a hostage to Elizabeth, Queen of England—116*l*.

476. "Preces Pæ cum Calendario." MS. of the 15th century, on vellum, in 8*vo*, old binding: a MS. of the Florentine school, ornamented with nine miniatures of extraordinary beauty and preservation—160*l*.

500. "Saadi." The complete works of the poet Saadi, in Persian MS. of the 16th century, with paintings: folio, morocco (an elegant Oriental binding). This magnificent MS. consists of 356 leaves, all with admirable ornaments in gold and colours—100*l*.

501. "Sallustii (C. Cr.) Opera." MS. of the 15th century on vellum; folio, ancient binding. This admirable "Sallust" was executed for Antonio Altieri, whose arms are painted at the bottom of the first miniature—100*l*.

515. "Statii (Papinii Succi) Thebais." MS. on vellum of the 9th century; folio (nearly Ageda shape), Russia. A very beautiful MS., and of excessive rarity—155*l*.

The third day's sale yielded 2,695*l*.

527. "Tewdrannckh; The History of the Adventurous Deeds and Perillous Actions of the valiant and famous Hero and Knight, Tewdrannckh" (a metrical romance in German); first and best edition, folio, with 118 beautiful engravings on wood, by Hans Scheufelein, Jost von Negker, and other eminent artists, richly illuminated; Nurnberg, 1517. Magnificent copy, printed on vellum, and quite complete, of this famous metrical romance, written at the instigation of the Emperor Maximilian by Melchior Pünzing—125*l*.

541. "Tristan; Roman de Tristan du Leonois." MS. of the 14th century, on vellum, with miniatures, morocco, folio. The precious MS. consists of 127 leaves, in double columns, executed in the first years of the 14th century; miniatures adorn the bottom of a large number of pages—155*l*.

543. Troves (Romanede). Cestue liure parouls don siege et de la destrucion de Troie. Et pourquoi Troie fu destruce et isilliee." MS. of the 13th century, on vellum, in double columns, with miniatures, folio—105*l*.

559. Vite Sanctorum. MS. on vellum, of the 11th century, with a covering of the same ancient date, in gilt metal, ornamented with pieces of rock crystal, polished but not cut, and with ancient enamels, quarto, Sec. XI. 120*l*.

650. Music. Paraugon (Le) des Chansons" (Lyons, circa 1538). A precious collection, containing 256 songs, set to music by the most illustrious composers of the 15th and 16th centuries. The edition is very fine. At the commencement of the volume is the following:—*Payé ce volume 60*l*. (1500*l*.) à M. Tross.* Singular enough, M. Tross has repurchased this valuable collection at an advance of 20*l*., the lot being knocked down to him at 80*l*.

The entire proceeds of this part of M. Libri's library amounted to 10,320*l*.

TRADE NEWS.

PARTNERSHIPS DISSOLVED.—Clarke and Winstanley, Wigan and elsewhere, printers.

P. Keating and W. H. Watkeys, Water-lane, Newcastle-street, Strand, and White Hart-street, Drury-lane, stationers.

J. H. and J. W. Smethurst, Manchester, printers.

BANKRUPTS.—Charles William Boosey, 40, St. Mary-at-Hill, City, lithographer, July 29, at eleven.

Thomas Harper, Cheltenham, newspaper proprietor, July 30, at eleven.

Moss Hyams, 7, Commercial-street, Whitechapel, stationer, August 5.

Joseph James, Hanley, bookseller, July 31, at eleven.

Thomas Bilton Lloyd, Manchester, law stationer, August 4, at eleven.

Bankrupts' Court, Manchester.

Frederick Erskine Manners, 23, Blenheim-street, Chelsea, advertisement agent, August 1, at twelve.

James Perraton, King-street, Snow-hill, stationer, August 5, at one.

Charles Ritchie, Fell-street, City, stationer, August 1, at one.

John Slater, Market Kason, news-vendor, August 13, at 12, Bankrupts' Court, Kingston-upon-Hull.

ON THURSDAY, 24th July, was held the adjourned examination meeting of Mr. George Stiff, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, London Journal &c. The bankrupt was described as a newspaper proprietor, of Beulah Spa Villas, Norwood, and 334, Strand. The petition was dated March 20, 1862. The meeting for choice of assignees was fixed for the 7th of April, when an accountant was

appointed showing Journal, cash account last exact but in journey gess and articles, Harill burn and Haywar Johnson street, 70 Morning balance timber; Walter ing and paper; stationer and leas Whitebe

Ainsworth Alinsworth Alice Low Annual R Anstin on Barren H Binn's El Bishop's Blakleton Blamire Bradshaw Casar's Chalmers Chandler Coleridge Collins's Congreve's Cooper's Cox's The Denton's Dickens's Dierrell's Dollinger's Dyer's No Edwards's Elizabeth Elvey's P Fletcher's Francatelli Freeman's Freeman's Gausson's Gibbon's Goulburn Graham (H) Grev's Tal Griffiths's Heathcote Howitt's Illustrated Intellectual Z Zingari John's Br Johnstone's Juvenalis Keane's Y Kearley's Loftus's London Jo Lord's Sea Lucas (F) Magnet St McComb's McCosh's J McDermot's Macdonald's Macnaught Myles's Pl Moran's F Munro's F Murphy's My Country Newman's Observation Owen on a Oxenham's Pach's Gu Partridge's Paterson of Pusey's P Railway R Rati's Rel Renan on Rickman of Ridge's O Rules for the Sacred Po Scott's Har Seinte Mar Shipton's B Shorter's B Smith's F Smith's H Smythies's Tanner's M Templeton Thackeray's Todhunter Tourner's T French's N Trompe's S Tuckett's P Visit to the Watson's C Watson's E Way of the Weir of the What do you Williams an Williams's Winslow's

Adams's Dr Allen's Prin Allar (The) Barnard's T Barnwell's Bonney's S

appointed to prepare a deficiency account, and also a profit and loss account, showing the profit and loss arising from the several journals called the *London Journal, Guide, Weekly Times, and Morning Chronicle*, respectively, and also a cash account for six months preceding the bankruptcy. The meeting for his last examination and order of discharge was appointed for the 22nd of May, but in consequence of the accounts not being ready, that sitting was adjourned until 24th July. Amongst the creditors unsecured are Messrs. Burgess and Ward, Mendip Paper Mills, near Wells, 514l.; Mr. Pierce Egan, for articles, &c., in *London Journal*, 223l.; Farrington, Farringdon-street, 2157l.; Harriell and Sons, Farringdon-street, 628l., for printing-machine rollers; Hepburn and Sons, Long-lane, Southwark, 32l., for repairs to printing-machine; Hayward and Howley, 62, Lower Thames-street, 1530l. for paper; W. S. Johnson, St. Martin's-lane, 110l., for printing; Lawson and Co., 18, Bouverie-street, 70l., for printing; Marr and Co., for type for *London Journal* and *Morning Chronicle*, 36l.; M. Murray, Paper Mills, Wandsworth, 10,742l. for balance of cash and goods account; J. Sandell, 148, Waterloo-road, 138l., for timber; B. Smith and Son, Wine Office-court, Fleet-street, 230l., for printing; Walter Sully, 672l., for materials, labour, &c., on different publications; Spalding and Hodge, Drury-lane, 10,230l.; Townshend and Co., Kent, 213l., for paper; T. Stevens and Co., Slough, 116l., for paper; J. B. Thomson and Co., stationers, Long-acre, 1029l., for paper, and balance of interest in copyright and lease of *Morning Chronicle*; Wrigley and Son, Budge-row, 40l., for paper; Whitehead Brothers, Royal George Mills, Manchester, 92l., for machine-cloth.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ENGLISH.

Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard, illustrated, cheap edition, 8vo 3s boards
Ainsworth's Tower of London, illustrated, cheap edition, 8vo 3s boards
Allen Lowther, or, Gleanings of the Past, 1s cloth
Annual Retrospect of Engineering and Architecture, Vol. I. 7s 6d cloth
Anstyn on the Preparation, &c. of Limes and Cements, foolscap 8vo 5s cloth
Barren Honour, by the Author of "Guy Rivington," 2 vols 14s cloth
Binn's Elementary Treatise on Orthographic Projection, 8s cloth
Bishop's Gloss, Trips, Quartette, &c. Book I. oblong 1s sewed
Blackstone's Hearts are Trumps, 2 vols post 8vo 21s cloth
Blamire (W.). Biographical Sketch of, by Lordale, 8vo 1s sewed
Bradshaw's Guide through Paris and its Environs, 16mo 2s 6d cloth
Caspar's Grammar of the Arabic Language, edited by Wright, 15s cloth
Chalmers's Commercial Discourses, cheap edition, 12mo 1s sewed
Chandler's Practical Introduction to Greek Accusatives, 8vo 10s 6d
Coleridge's Dictionary of the Oldest English Words, 8vo 2s 6d half-bound
Collins's Basil, new edition, crown 8vo 5s cloth
Congreve's Elizabeth of England, 2nd Lecture, foolscap 8vo 2s 6d sewed
Cooper's Red Rover, foolscap 8vo 1s sewed
Cox's The Future, 12mo 1s cloth
Denton's Anecdotes: Religious, Historical, &c., third series, 8vo 1s 6d
Dickens's Works, Library Edition, illustrated: Pictures from Italy, &c. 7s 6d
Disraeli's Young Duke, new edition, foolscap 8vo 1s sewed
Dollinger's Gentle and Jew in the Temple, by Darnell, 21s cloth
Dyer's Notes on Political Mistakes, 8vo 1s sewed
Edwards (late W. T.) Papers of an Undergraduate, foolscap 8vo 4s cloth
Elizabeth's Derry, new edition, 8vo 3s 6d cloth
Elvey's Psalter; or, Canticles and Psalms for Chanting, 8vo 7s 6d cloth
Fletcher's Parliamentary Portraits, third series, post 8vo 7s 6d cloth
Francatelli's English and Foreign Confectionery, illustrated 12mo cloth
Freeman's Prince and the Peasants, Vol. II. 8vo 1s cloth
Freeman's Sketch of the Temahou, or Toward, Language, 8vo 6d cloth
Gausson's Canon of the Holy Scriptures—Science and Faith, 10s 6d
Gibbon's Decline, &c. of the Roman Empire, by Chalmers, new edition, 15s
Gourbun's Thoughts on Personal Religion, second edition, foolscap 8vo 6s 6d
Graham (Gen.), Memoirs of, by his Son, crown 8vo 12s cloth
Grev's Tables, showing the Superannuation Allowances, &c. 8vo 3s
Griffiths's Index to Willis Proved in Oxford, royal 8vo 3s 6d cloth
Heathcote's (G. V.) Seven Sermons, 12mo 2s 6d cloth
Howitt's Rural Life of England, third edition 8vo 12s 6d cloth
Illustrated London News, Vol. XI. folio 18s cloth
Intellectual Observer, Vol. I. illustrated, crown 8vo 7s 6d cloth gilt
J. Zingari, Origin, Rise, Progress, Results, 8vo 1s sewed
John's British Birds in their Haunts, illustrated, 8vo 12s cloth
Johnston's Dictionary of Geography, new edition, revised, 8vo 30s cloth
Juvenal's Satire, English Notes by Prior, 12mo 4s 6d cloth
Kearney's Young Gardener's Educator, 8vo 6s 6d cloth
Kearley's Links in the Chain, foolscap 8vo 3s 6d cloth
Lefferts's Legal Handbook for Publicans, new edition, 8vo 1s sewed
London Journal (The), Vol. XXXV. 4to 4s 6d cloth
Lord's Sea Fish and How to Catch Them, foolscap 8vo 1s sewed
Lucas (F.), a Biography, by Bethmüller, crown 8vo 4s 6d cloth
Magnet Stories, Vol. IV. foolscap 8vo 2s 6d cloth
McComb's Guide to Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, &c. foolscap 8vo 2s 6d
McComb's Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation, second edition, 5s
McDonald's Guide to the International Exhibition, fourth edition, 1s
Macdonald's British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, 8vo 12s cloth
Macnaughten's Hindu and Mohammedan Law, edited by Wilson, second edition, 6s
Miles's Plain Treatise on Horse-Shoeing, fourth edition, small 4to 2s sewed
Moran's Bible Lessons for Sabbath-School Teachers, second edition, 12mo 3s
Munro's Fern Vale; or, the Queensland Squatter, 3 vols 31s 6d cloth
Murphy's Lectures on Midwifery, second edition, 8vo 12s 6d cloth
My Country, History of British Isles, edited by Broome, 2 vols 8mo 6s 6d cloth
Newman's To Parents and Guardians, and Others, illustrated 13mo 5s
Observations on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, new edition, 2s 6d cloth
Owen on a National Museum of Natural History, 8vo 6s cloth
Owenham's English Notes for Latin Elegiacs, fourth edition, 12mo 3s 6d
Packer's Guide to the Pyrenees, foolscap 8vo 6s cloth
Partridge's Our English Months, crown 8vo 6s cloth
Paterson on Military Drawing and Surveying, plates, oblong folio, 21s cloth
Pusey's Parochial Sermons, Vol. II. fourth edition, 8vo 7s 6d cloth
Railway Library: Maxwell's Dark Lady, 8vo 1s sewed
Rai's Relative Value of Round and Sawn Timber, royal 8vo 8s half-bound
Renan on the Book of Nathanael Agriculture, post 8vo 3s 6d cloth
Rickman on Styles of Architecture in England, sixth edition, by Parker, 21s
Ridge's Ourselves, Our Food, and Our Physic, second edition, 12mo 1s 6d
Rules for the Game of Croquet, with Illustrations, 4to 2s 6d sewed
Sacred Poetry, nineteenth edition, royal 32mo 2s 6d cloth
Scott's Handbook of Volumetric Analysis, crown 8vo 4s 6d cloth
Seine Marherite, in Old English, edited by Cockayne, 8vo 7s 6d cloth
Shipton's Precious Gems for the Saviour's Diadem, 18mo 2s 6d cloth
Shorter's Book of English Prose, 12mo 3s 6d cloth
Smith's Freemasons's Hall Addresses, 12mo 1s cloth
Smith's History of Wesleyan Methodism, Vol. III. third edition, post 8vo 10s 6d cloth
Smith's True to the Last, 3 vols post 8vo 31s 6d cloth
Tanner's Memoranda on Poisons, second edition, 32mo 2s sewed
Templeton's Engineers, Millwrights, and Machinists' Assistant, second edition, 2s 6d
Thackeray's Adventures of Philip through the World, 3 vols 31s 6d
Tolhurst's Algebra for Colleges and Schools, third edition, crown 8vo 7s 6d cloth
Tourner's Ten Thousand Uses of French Words, 12mo 2s 6d sewed
Trench's Notes on the Miracles of Our Lord, seventh edition, 8vo 12s cloth
Trollope's North America, second edition, 2 vols 8vo 34s cloth
Tuckett's Prize Designs for Covered Homesteads, 8vo 5s cloth
Visit to the Exhibition, in Eight Changeable Pictures, 4to 2s sewed
Watson's Cache-Cache, a Tale, in Verse, foolscap 8vo 1s cloth
Watson's Eight Lectures at the School of Musketry, Hythe, 3s 6d cloth
Way of the Wilderness, and other Poems, crown 8vo 2s 6d cloth
Weird of the Wentworths, a Tale of George the Fourth's Time, 2 vols crown 8vo 21s
What do you Think of the Exhibition? edited by Kempt, 8vo 1s 6d
Williams and Lund's German Commercial Correspondence, 4s 6d cloth
Williams and Lund's French Commercial Correspondence, 4s 6d cloth
Williams's Female Characters of Holy Scripture, second edition, foolscap 8vo 5s 6d cloth
Winslow's Sympathy of Christ with Man, foolscap 8vo 5s cloth.

AMERICAN.

Adams's Duties of the Citizen to Civil Government, 24mo. 64 p.
Allen's Primary Geography, on the Basis of the Object Method of Instruction, 4to. 53 p.
Altar (The) at Rome. 2nd Series. Select Verses and Prayers for Domestic Worship, 12mo. 336 p.
Barnard's The "C. S. A." and the Battle of Bull Run. With Maps. 8vo. 138 p.
Barnwell's Game Fish of the Northern States of America, and British Provinces, 12mo. 324 p.
Booney's Seaman's Compass and Chart, for Daily Use, Afloat or Ashore, 18mo. 208 p.

Book of Vespers; an Order of Evening Worship. With Select Psalms and Hymns. 12mo. 116 p.
Byrne's Researches and Observations on Pelvic Hernia, &c. 8vo. 44 p.
Christian (The) Sabbath: its History, Authority, Duties, Benefits, &c. 12mo. 271 p.
Deussen's The Master, 12mo. 570 p.
Emerson and Flint's Manual of Agriculture, for the School, the Farm, &c. 12mo. 306 p.
Fetridge's Harper's Handbook for Travellers in Europe and the East, 12mo. 480 p.
Gould's John Doe and Richard Roe; or, Episodes of Life in New York, 12mo. 312 p.
Hall and Whitney's Report on the Geological Survey of the State of Wisconsin, 8vo. 455 p.
Hobart's Companion for the Festivals and Fasts of the Protestant Episcopal Church. 23rd edit. 12mo. 231 p.
Kimball's Students Abroad, 12mo. 261 p.
Kirke's Among the Pines, 12mo. 330 p.
Parrott's Harry's Mistakes, and Where they Led Him: a Tale for Boys. 18mo. 178 p.
Phin's Open Air Grape Culture, 12mo. 375 p.
Picture (The) Lesson Book. Part I. 16mo. 32 p.
Proceedings of the Educational Convention, held at Oswego, N.Y., Feb. 1862. 12mo. 45 p.
Smith's The Insertion of the Capsular Ligament of the Hip-Joint, &c. 8vo. 44 p.
Southworth's Love's Labour Won, 12mo. 383 p.
Stoddard's The Morgesons, 12mo. 239 p.
Tatol's Investigations into the Laws of English Orthography and Pronunciation, 8vo. 92 p.
Trotter's Naval Text-Book and Dictionary. 2nd and revised edit. 12mo. 450 p.
Trow's New York City Directory, Vol. LXXXVI. for the year ending May 1, 1863. 8vo. 1063 p.
Williams's Practical Guide to the Study of the Diseases of the Eye, &c. 12mo. 317 p.
Worthing's First Lessons in Mechanics; with Practical Applications. 12mo. 192 p.

FRENCH.

Actes de l'Académie impériale des sciences, belles-lettres et arts de Bordeaux. 5e serie. 23e année. 1861. 8. 475 p. Paris
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GARDAR SVAFARSSON, a Swede, who had property in Zealand, undertook, about the year 861, a voyage to the Söder Islands, west of Scotland, to demand and bring home his wife's heritage. When he had sailed through Pentland Firth, between Scotland and the Orkney Islands, a violent storm arose, which drove him westward into the Atlantic Ocean. He came to the coasts of an unknown land, and found that it was an island. On the north side of the island Gardar landed in a bay, which he called Skialfandi, built some huts, remained there during the winter, and gave the place the name of Husarik. In the spring he returned to the Continent, came to Norway, and praised much the island he had discovered as an excellent and beautiful country, covered with wood. From him the island was called Gardarsholm. Some years afterwards it happened that Naddodd, a great viking, on a voyage from the Faroe Islands to Norway, was likewise driven by the storm far into the ocean, and reached the same unknown land which had been discovered by Gardar. He, and his followers climbed a high mountain to ascertain whether they could see smoke, or any sign that the country was inhabited: but no such sign did they behold: they saw only lofty Alpine tracts, whose peaks were covered with snow, for which reason Naddodd, when he went home, much snow having by that time fallen, gave the country the name of Snowland. The report that went forth about the large unknown country far away in the ocean, roused the desire in a great renowned viking, Floke Vigdereson, to visit the island and obtain a more intimate knowledge thereof. For that purpose, after he had made an abundant offering to the gods, he sailed from Rogaland in Norway, and took with him three ravens. He sailed first to Hjalaland, or the Shetland Islands, then visited his friends in the Faroe Islands, and thence started on his voyage of discovery. After long sailing on the open sea he let loose the first raven. It took the way back to Faroe. After again sailing a considerable way he let the second raven loose. It flew up into the air, but came back to the ship, because it could nowhere perceive land. The third raven, finally, when let loose, darted forward. Floke followed the course which the raven took, got sight of land, and descended on the unknown coast. He found a bay so full of fish, that he and his followers, charmed with this abundance, neglected the hay harvest, so that the cattle they had with them died during the winter. The spring, likewise, was very cold. Floke therefore returned, came again to Norway, and got, on account of his ravens, the name of Raven-Floke. He spoke with exceeding bitterness of the country. Herjol, on the other hand, one of his followers, had both good and evil to say of it; while Thorulf, another of his followers, was warm in praise of the newly discovered island, and said that butter dropped there from every stalk that grew—wherefore he got the name of Butter-Thorulf. As much drift-ice had been found on the north side of the island, Floke gave it the name of Iceland, and this name it has retained to our own day.—From the Swedish of Strinholm.

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Table Spoons	33 0	40 0	44 0	58 0	54 0	60 0	54 0	58 0
Table Forks	31 0	38 0	44 0	56 0	51 0	64 0	56 0	60 0
Dessert Spoons	25 0	32 0	36 0	40 0	37 0	45 0	40 0	44 0
Dessert Forks	24 0	30 0	34 0	42 0	37 0	48 0	42 0	46 0
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12 Dessert Forks	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0	0	2	15	0
12 Dessert Spoons	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0	0	2	15	0
12 Tea Spoons	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0	0	2	15	0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 0	0	2	15	0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 6 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0	0	2	15	0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0	0	2	15	0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6	0	2	15	0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 0	0	2	15	0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0	0	2	15	0
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